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MAXIM

DECEMBER 2003

BEEN BAD?

How to get more
holiday sex than
you deserve!

DEADLY TALES!

White slavery,
kid zombies,
and hip-hop
murders p.138

WEENIE CHOMPING

Start winning p.74

OUR GIFT TO YOU!

SHANNON ELIZABETH

UNWRAPPED! ➔

FREE INSIDE
USA's
SEXIEST
NURSE!
P.52

GIFT GUIDE BLOWOUT!

- ➔ JACUZZI WITH PLASMA TV
- ➔ 3,000 CLASSIC VIDEO GAMES
- ➔ YOUR VERY OWN ISLAND
- ➔ LEG-HUMPING ROBO DOG
- ➔ '69 FENDER STRATOCASTER
- ➔ AND 50 MORE KICK-ELF GIFTS

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37 elves
died to
bring you
this issue!



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10:30 am	11:00 am	11:30 am	12:00 pm	1:00 pm	1:30 pm
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See back of game pack for details.

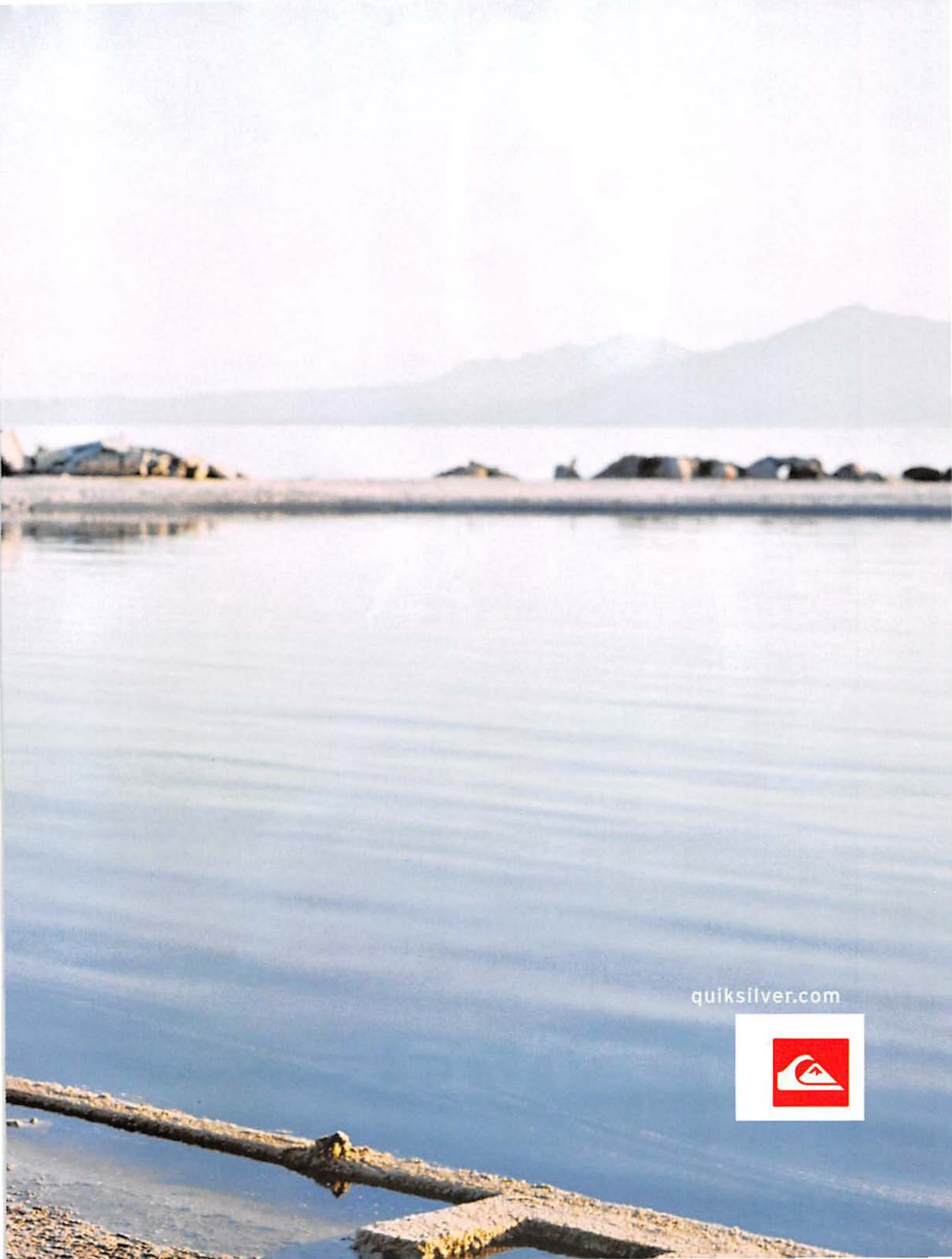
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DECEMBER

MAXIM

110

COVER GIRL
SHANNON ELIZABETH

She gave dorks hope as a horny foreign exchange student in *American Pie*. Now her moans turn to shrieks in the upcoming horror flick *Cursed*.

The Earth cracked when her top snapped open

Features



With this ring, I me wed, p.108



True love, p.122

Pillows need fluffing, ma'am? p.128



p.166



Life before Friendster, p.120



WE WANT ANSWERS!

108 HUGO WEAVING

As Agent Smith in *The Matrix* and Elrond in *Return of the King*, Hugo Weaving will rule geek conventions for years to come. But is he good or evil?

SELF HELP

120 IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE

So another year has passed and you're still living over your parents' garage? Take our quiz and find out if your life is a steaming pile of donkey chocolate...or not.

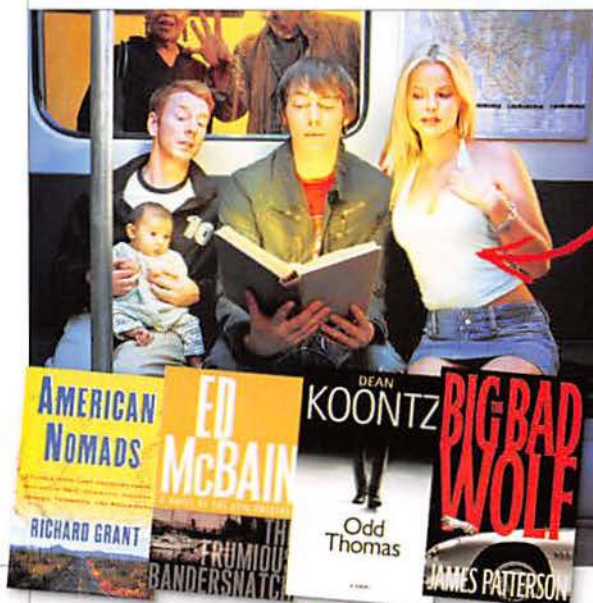
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PULP FICTION
BRAIN CANDY

Best-selling authors give us a juicy sneak peak at their latest thrillers. Plus: Richard Grant introduces us to the open road and every trucker, cowboy, and hooker he met along the way.



YOU'VE GOT MAIL

122 CARDS OF THE STARS

Celebs write cheesy holiday cards—just like us! Ashton submits his wish list to Demi, Kobe tries to patch things up with Vanessa, and some stupid ones, too!

SPACE INVADER

128 TRICIA HELFER

In sci-fi's *Battlestar Galactica* miniseries, Tricia plays a seductive alien robot who tricks a man into divulging military secrets that jeopardize Earth. And women wonder why we keep our distance emotionally.

JUST THE FACTS

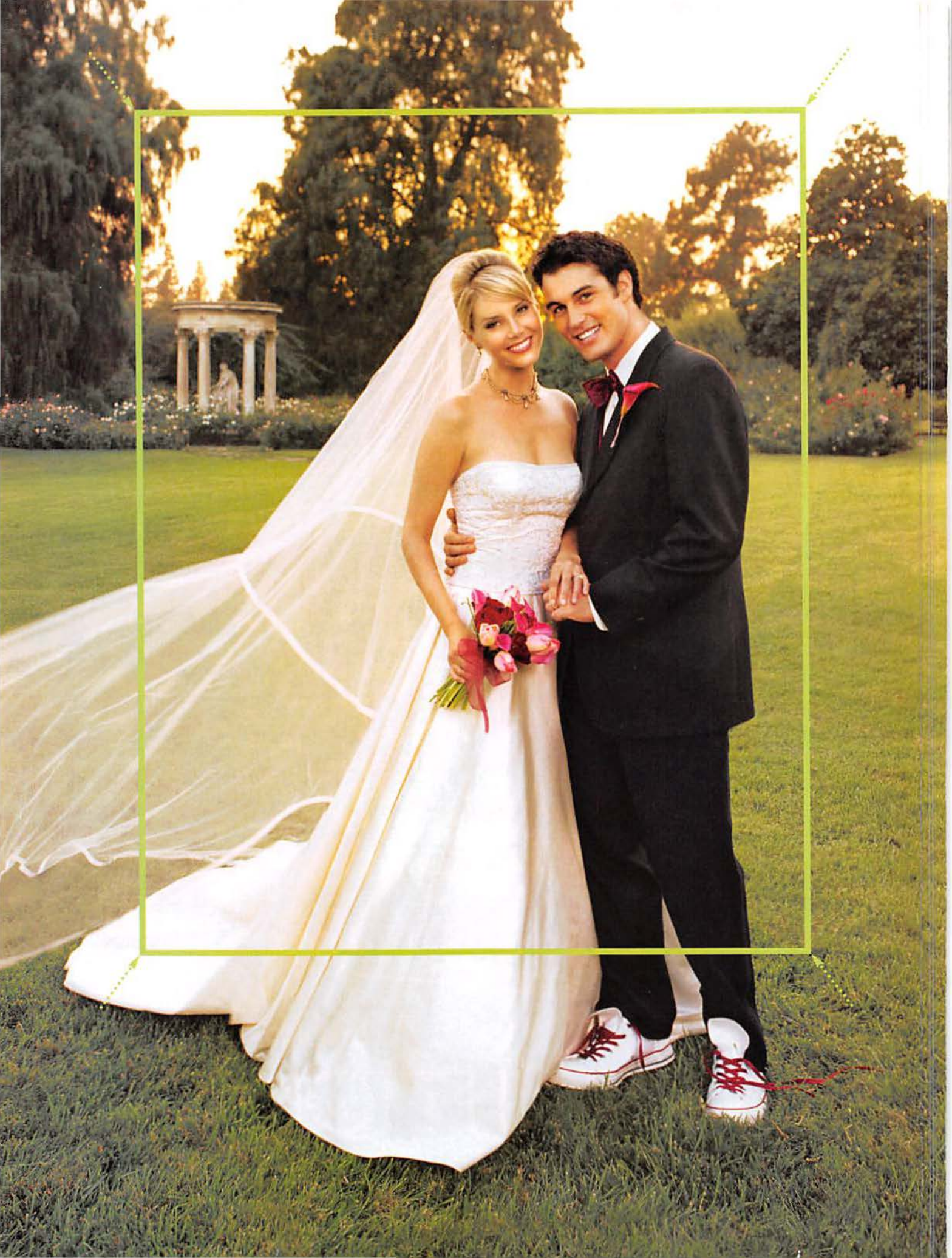
166 EVA LONGORIA

Finally, a reason to watch another cop show. The Latina beauty and Texas native joins the cast of ABC's *L.A. Dragnet*. She can...damn! All outta night-stick jokes.

The nature of man



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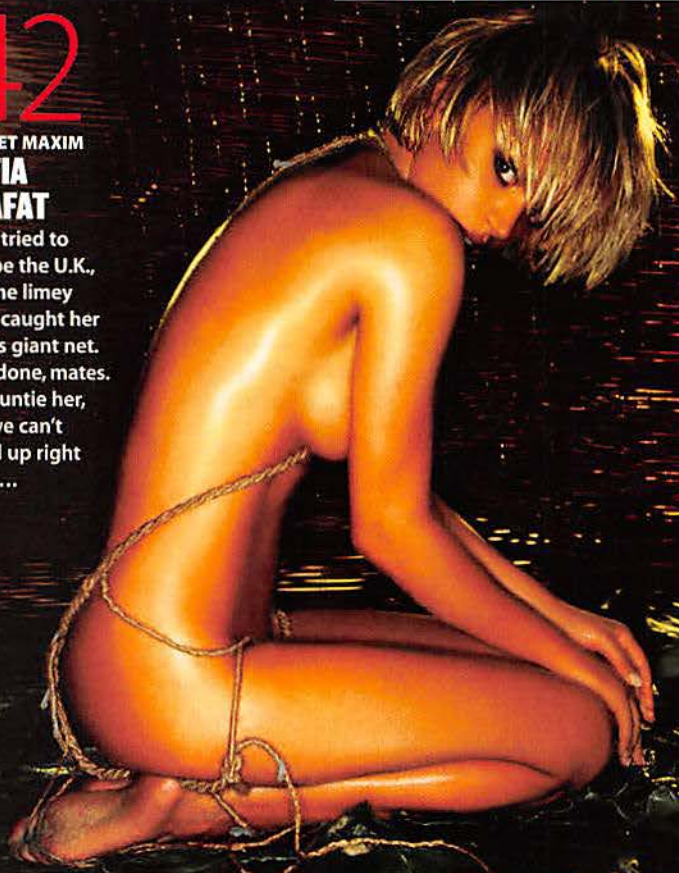
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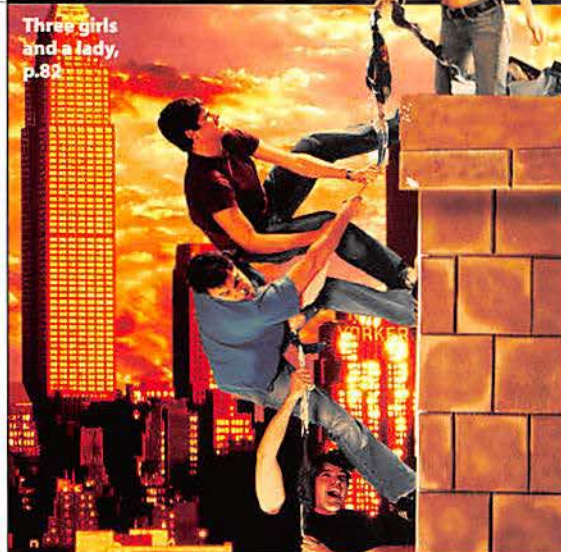
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PLANET MAXIM
SOFIA RAAFAT

Sofia tried to escape the U.K., but the limey dogs caught her in this giant net. Well done, mates. We'd untie her, but we can't stand up right now....



Three girls and a lady, p.82



Your mom's sex fantasy, p.60



Neigh slayers, p.90

28 READERS' LETTERS

This month lady readers wrote us about giving head and talking dirty. This sentence, however, is superfluous.

34 JOKES

Your mama's so fat they gave her the group discount at Denny's. OK, your turn.

38 CIRCUS MAXIMUS

Strip Bingo, midget bartenders, talking dogs, and flying Austrians. Naked Olsen twins pics? Maybe.

60 HOW TO

Got a girl? Learn to argue! Got an enemy? Make a voodoo doll! Jewish? Santa-proof your home!



p.74

SAYS HER

68 'TIS THE SEASON

If the holidays are all about charity, why ain't you getting any nookie? Real girls reveal five ways to take carnal advantage of the spirit of giving.

SPORTS

74 APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION

Competitive eating: all gimmick or athletic glory? Our writer heads to Nathan's annual hot dog vomitorium to find out.

INSTANT EXPERT

80 KNEEL, EARTHLINGS!

We've got the official word on crop circles, alien abductions, UFOs, and Andy Rooney's eyebrows.



p.64



Aliens lure Oprah to their ship, p.80

BACHELOR PARTY BIBLE

82 BOOK 4: NEW YORK CITY

Engaged? We can't help you, man. But we can run your ass ragged through the city that never sleeps.

90 HOT ZONE

The king returns in the LOTR finale, and Tony Hawk goes Underground.



p.44

177 MAXIM FASHION

The weather outside is frightful, but that's no reason to dress like a slob. Check out winter's best coats.

200 BAR EXAM

Executive editor James Heidenry has visions of sugarplums dancing in his head.

96

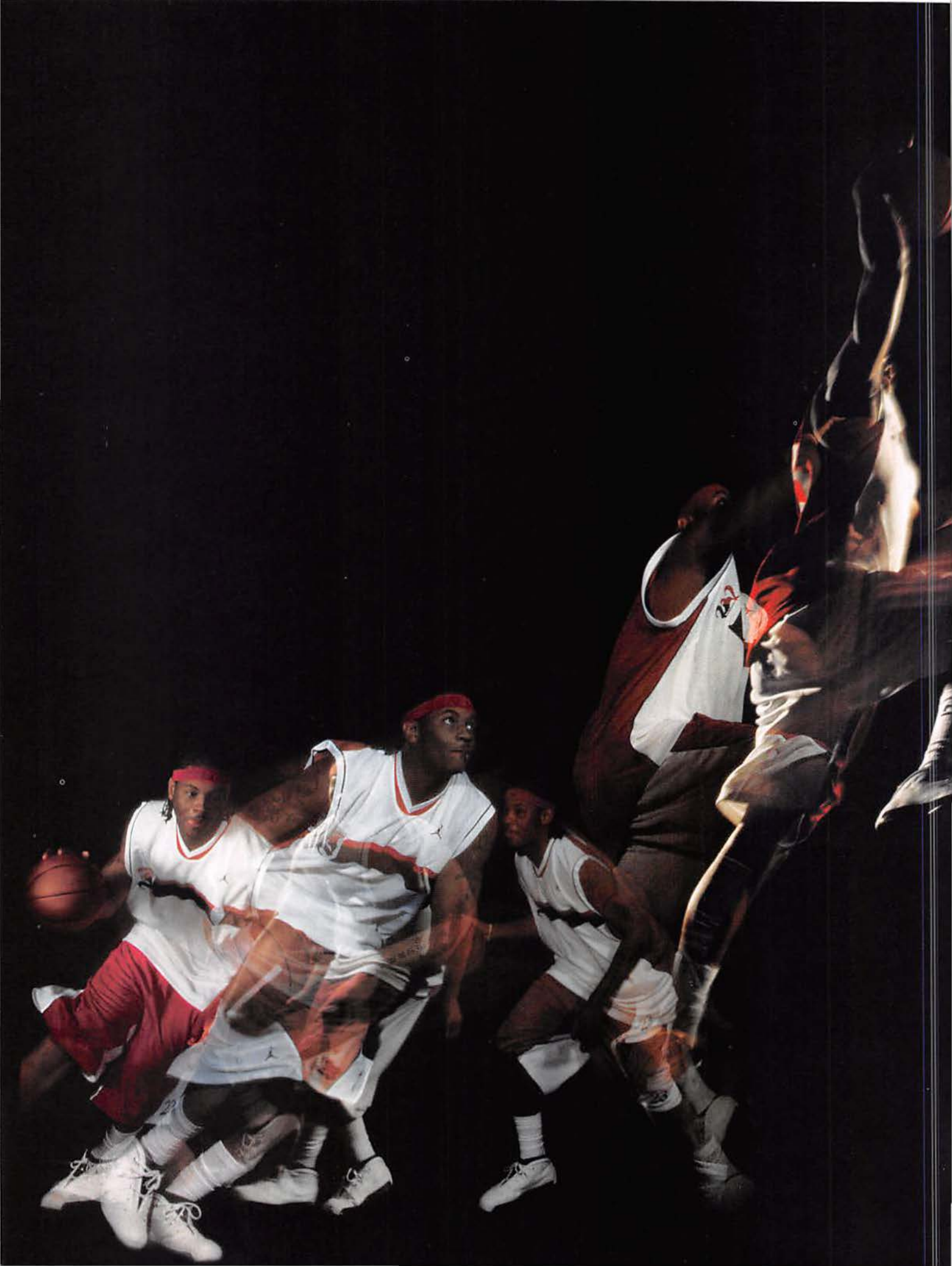
HAVE YOU SEEN THESE GIRLS?
TARA AND CHARLA

They entered the Paradise Hotel and walked out \$375,000 richer. As if you needed another reason to stalk them.



A close-up, high-contrast portrait of a young man with dark skin and dreadlocks. He is wearing a red headband with a black Jumpman logo on the right side. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on his face and deep shadows. He is wearing a white jersey with red trim.

I AM NOT MICHAEL JORDAN.





I AM HIS STUDENT.



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MAXIM

Christmas

HAPPY HOLIDAYS!

Swag for every room...
Girls included!

148

ANNUAL GIFT GUIDE

KRIS KRINGLE'S CRIB

Where does Santa hide all the good stuff? We crashed Claus' tricked-out pad and found out who the real P.I.M.P. is.



p.151



p.158



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Vote Santa!

▼ **Keith Blanchard**
"How 'bout a gypsy handshake instead?"

Get a load of this: The geniuses in Los Angeles just outlawed lap dances. You can still go to strip clubs, still pay a \$15 cover charge, still buy overpriced beers, and still sit with dozens of sweaty guys. You just can't touch the girls. In fact, you have to remain—I'm not making this up—six feet away.

Six feet! The way those places are lit, I can't even tell from six feet if the naked thing coming is a guy or a girl. But maybe that's just me. How 'bout it, fellas? (Click [here](#) for crickets.wav; click [here](#) for tumbleweed_bumping_against_abandoned_stripper_pole.mpg) Another business ridden out of town on a rail, when the state's hemorrhaging a \$38 billion deficit. And all because a bunch of sorry assholes can't shake the compulsion to regulate other people's behavior.

In New York you can't even smoke in bars now. We citizens definitely don't challenge this crap enough. In the '60s we'd have been out in the streets handcuffing ourselves to strippers and brazenly smoking from every orifice. But because we don't fight back, anti-vice legislation remains the low-hanging fruit for uninspired politicians. So let's do something! Oh, wait—*South Park* is on.

At least they can't take greed away from us. Once again we've taken the liberty of deciding what you want for Christmas. Our annual gift guide starts on p.148. Look for: a toy ATV that launches a plane, the long-awaited *Scarface* box set, a miniature beer pong table, a giant marshmallow you can live inside, and a robot dog that reads your moods and humps your leg just the way you want it humped.

Enjoy the issue, and Merry Christmas—I'm off to grease the roof.

Keith Blanchard

P.S. If you haven't already done it, pick up a copy of our newest baby, *Maxim Goes to the Movies*, at your newsstand and let us know what you think. We're just looking for some feedback...and, of course, your five bucks.

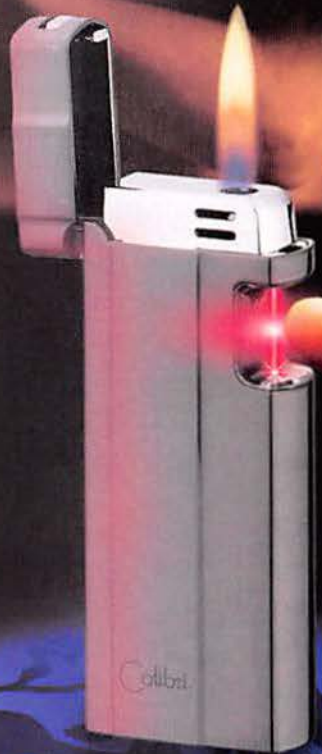


This Month in Maxim

The cold, hard numbers behind this issue.

Children born to executive editor James Heidenry	1
Plagues his reproducing will undoubtedly bring down upon this Earth	7
Times editor Laura Gilbert yakked after one Ky Henderson "superdrink"	4
Sex-themed board games reviewed in this issue	4
...named Randy Hand, Pooncheesi, or Poop Chutes and Straddlers	0
Stripper-to-staffer ratio during N.Y.C. bachelor party blowout (p.82)	29:14
Times editorial assistant Jon Wilde bared his ass during party	3
Percentage his dignity had decreased by the following Monday morning	77
2003 Maxim cover girls whose first name ended in "-a" or "-ah"	8
Viagra-garnished eggnog recipes taste-tested for this issue (p.68)	1
Male editors who can no longer walk straight near a dairy case	5
Inches of tube steak Hiroki choked down during eating contest (p.74)	48

Just one touch



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YOU TALKIN' TO US?

While you're making your Christmas lists for Santa, don't forget: (a) You should spend your time writing to the people who *really* make your wishes come true—us. (b) There is no Santa. Send all broken toys and letters to the address at the right.

Nice hands!

the pictures were so hot. I salute you!

Daniel Biddlecom

Savannah, GA

Thanks for writing, Danno! But next time wait to salute us until after your blood starts flowing normally.

Power Outage

Yesterday some genius pulled the plug on our electricity and gave everyone an extra-long weekend. If it weren't for a nice cold brew in one hand and *Maxim* in the other, I wouldn't have come out of it sane.

A loyal Canadian reader

Via e-mail

Hi, Canada! You had a blackout, too, eh? Bummer! Listen, we're gonna blame it all on Mexico. You in?

Slow Jam Band

I'm tired of the cheap shots at Dave Matthews in the your magazine, including the bad review of *Some Devil* [Releases Making Noise, October]. Dave's music has assisted me in the infiltration of countless panties since middle school. Without his songs I might still be a virgin. That's worth five stars by anyone's standards.

Chad H.

Auburn, AL

OK, fine. But in our defense, the only reason we don't like Dave Matthews is because he really, really sucks.

Lady Thriller

I loved your article on how to scheme your way into sex ["Take Her Home... Guaranteed," October]. You guys are the kings of not only making us men better lovers but also teaching us how to get hot women interested. Next time, do you think you could write something on how to get in bed with

IT PAYS TO WRITE!

If we printed your letter this month, we're sending you two new *Adult Swim* DVDs. To play, e-mail editors@maxim.com or write to *Maxim*, 1040 6th Ave., 16th Fl., NY, NY 10018.



PUT ME IN MAXIM!

Up in Smoke

I'm one of a team of forest fire fighters deployed in Winthrop, Washington, and in this photo we're preparing to take over a burn show from another crew. While we're fighting a blaze, we're generally away from home for weeks at a time. It's tough work, sure, but we wanted to give props to the one thing that gets us through the long days.

Nathan Navarro

Nampa, ID

Hey, a big round of applause to you guys for heroically saving all those trees...so we can grind them into pulp to print more fart jokes. Thanks!

Guys! Look out! There's a fire behind you!



your girlfriend's best friend? Thanks!

Steve B.

Via e-mail

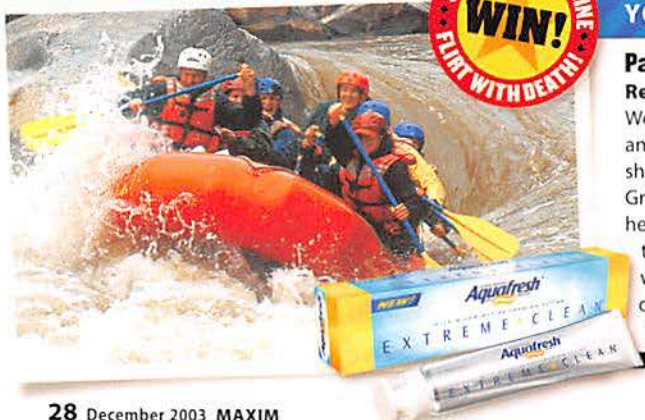
(1) Find out where she lives. (2) Place a retractable adhesive in an X shape over her window. (3) Break window. (4) Enter home, find her room, crawl in bed, spoon. Just tell the cops Stuff sent you.

Breast Man

In your ratings of fried chicken, you

Get Your Gersh On

I almost died when I got my October issue in the mail and saw Gina Gershon on the cover. I literally dropped everything and flipped directly to her Q&A. I didn't even make it inside the house and ended up reading the magazine on the hood of my car. Absolutely nobody tops Gina—nobody. You've made me the happiest *Maxim* reader ever. The article was just great, and



YOURS FOR THE TAKING!

Paddle Royal

Ready for the world's ultimate rim job?

We're giving away a three-day rafting and hiking adventure for two to the sheer 7,000-foot sandstone walls of the Grand Canyon! The trip begins with a helicopter ride deep into the gorge to the edge of the Colorado River—where you'll embark on a two-day run of Class 3 rapids, with breaks to trek parts of the stunning Lower Granite

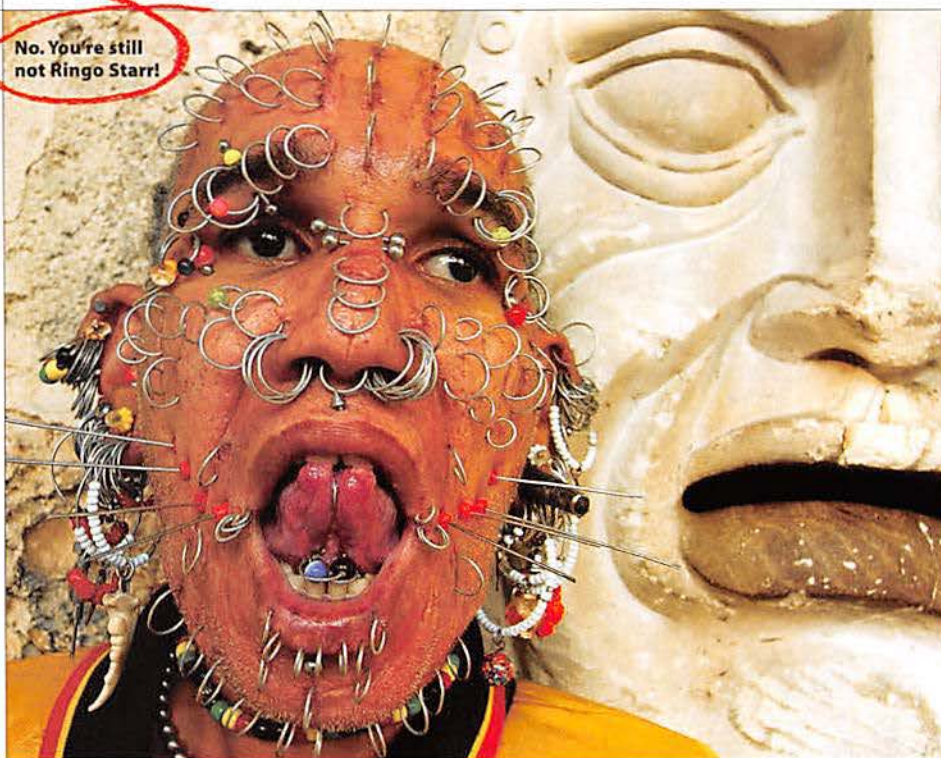
Gorge. At journey's end you'll head to Lake Mead for an hourlong jet boat ride. Round-trip airfare, meals, guides, charter flights, and rafting and camping gear are all compliments of Aquafresh Extreme Clean. For a chance to win this fantasy excursion (valued at \$3,000), visit maximonline.com and go to the contest page to enter. All phone calls, faxes, and walk-ins will be keelhauled and thrown overboard.



TOMMY HILFGER



No. You're still not Ringo Starr!



OUTSMART MAXIM

BEAT THIS CAPTION!

As you ponder the genius of *Maxim*, ever get the feeling our captions are written by dyslexic orangutans? Well, you may be onto something. So look at the photo above, of a certifiably insane ring wraith, and send us your best one-liner. If it beats ours, you get these GBX shoes and jackets. We'll also publish the best ones in an upcoming issue. Hit us up at caption@maximag.com, or snail-mail Beat This Caption! Dept. 20, P.O. Box 3065, Edison, NJ 08818-3065.



OCTOBER'S WINNING CAPTIONS

WINNER

"Throw in a set of false teeth and it's a deal!"
Russ Lobezetta, Columbus, OH

RUNNERS-UP

Miss Oktoberfest, 1890.
Ben Stapleton, Granville, OH

Chicken feet—so that's her beauty secret.
John Broadman, via e-mail

The new Atkins diet not only sheds the pounds but is great for your skin, too!
Todd Ptakowski, Chicago, IL

Mrs. Perdue didn't fare well in the divorce proceedings.
Mark Baker, Norfolk, VA

The most cock Granny's enjoyed in over 50 years.
Ken LePage, Canton, MI

ranked KFC above Church's ["Chicken Bender," October]. I disagree! First, Church's chicken pieces always seem bigger than KFC's. As for your tasters who said it "lost succulence," they should put it in the fridge if they can't eat it quickly enough—it's great cold.

M.E.

Via e-mail

Admittedly, a few editors threw punches over the results of this breast vs. thigh competition. Could KFC's victory have anything to do with our supposedly impartial tester, a man we knew only as Lieutenant Sanders? Um...maybe.

Indecent Proposals

I've finally found "the One" and am planning on asking her to be the eternal keeper of my balls. Any cool *Maxim* tips on how to make my proposal a night she'll never forget? I realize there are a lot of sarcastic responses to this, but I would like to do something cool.

Tyree Patrick

New Brighton, PA

Recently engaged editor Rob Bernstein speaks from experience: "Try sending an e-card! It's a fun, free way to spice up any online relationship. Plus, you can reveal a bit of your personality, so it's not as awkward when you meet and realize she's really a 65-year-old priest. Good luck!"

Cloud Control

Last week I was making my usual flight from Baltimore to Los Angeles when a flight attendant told me to put my *Maxim* away, as she considered it inappropriate. I demanded she show me what was so unacceptable, and she pointed to the beautiful girls in bikinis. So I whipped out the SkyMall catalog and showed her some pictures in there of scantily clad women in swimsuits. Needless to say, I wasn't bothered for the rest of the flight.

Claudio Gonzalez

Via e-mail

That's good advice. We were also bothered recently when we got a little tipsy and demanded that the stewardess fly us to Cuba. Apparently, they can't take a joke.

Blue Market

During my boot camp stay at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, I learned just how great *Maxim* is. At camp your magazine is treated like currency. I even paid \$25 for your April issue. It was worth every cent.

Patrick Geleske

LaPorte, IN

Obviously, toilet paper is hard to come by in the Army.



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LETTERS FROM LADIES

WORLD-CLASS WRITERS

Your far-flung letters proved that we've got a girl in every port (two in Jersey).



Chopper? We hardly knew her!

We're Shocked (and Awed)

Hey, guys! We're from the 4th Aviation Brigade, 4th Infantry Division hamming it up for the camera in Tikrit in Northern Iraq. Nope, it's not just men breaking faces over here! *Maxim* helps us take the edge off, and the magazine is always in tatters by the time it makes its final rounds. P.S. Any "cockpit" jokes and we'll hunt you down and ruin your day.

The Girls of Operation Iraqi Freedom
Via e-mail

Yes, ma'am! Thanks for the pictures—and the fair warning. Keep kicking ass!

Pubic Enemy

I appreciate your addressing "sword swallowing," but I'd also like to suggest to your readers that they spend some time trimming their short-and-curlies. An unkempt area is a huge turnoff, and women can perform the ol' knob job better without a wet mat in the way. Ya dig?

Malissa
New Mexico

You're preaching to the choir here. Most of us get "Boyzzilian" waxes regularly, except for our intern Matt—he's naturally hairless.

Growing Plains

I'm 18, and I live in Kansas. My boyfriend reads your magazine, and he encouraged me to

contact you. What do you think my chances are for a modeling career?

Melaney Watson
Via e-mail

Wow, we thought it was flat in Kansas! What, you've heard that before? How about: You're not in Kansas anymore! Well, we're out of stereotypes, Dorothy. But your pic is hot. Maybe if we print it, some big modeling agency will offer you a 10-spot to roll around while covered in ketchup. Well, you can always dream.



Leather stalking

Sexy East

I owe a big, sloppy tongue kiss to *Maxim*. When I moved here from Korea, I couldn't speak English and knew nothing about being an "American hottie." After a few months of checking out *Maxim's* hot photo spreads, I know all there is to know about the language of love. Thanks for being the sexiest damn dictionary around!

Young Nico
New York, NY

Shoot. Does your increasing comprehension of English mean you're starting to realize we have no steady income and live in a lean-to? Ah, well, on to our next susceptible immigrant girlfriend.

"No, nobody wears clothes in this country!"



Navel Gazing

In October's Editor's Letter, I noticed something about Mr. Keith Blanchard. Was his body digitally altered, or does he really have an "outie"?

Josh T. Salter
Via e-mail

Good catch, Josh! Before Eva Mendes hit the big time in such films as *Out of Time*, she did some body-doubling for our own editor-in-chief, Mr. Blanchard.

Look! I Made a Tent!

I've been hooked on your magazine for some time. This Labor Day weekend, I hiked to the top of Mount Whitney (the highest peak in the contiguous U.S.) and to Badwater Basin in Death Valley (the lowest point). *Maxim* was with me every step of the way.

Jim Wersal
Via e-mail

Glad you remembered to bring us along. Did you also remember pack in, pack out? It's not what you think!

Nerd Search

Secretly stashed in my desk drawer at work is your "Head Games" piece from October. I'm still working on the crossword puzzle but am very proud that everything else has been successfully completed. Thanks for filling my daytime hours with something other than meaningless tasks.

Roger Fleming
Via e-mail

Good luck at the polls, Congressman!

Not Fast, Just Furious

In "*Maxim's* Cars of the Year 2004" [October], you show a Mercedes SL55 AMG with the top down and the windows up. That's lame, yet I see people driving hot cars like that all the time. I think guys who do that are just trying to keep the wind from whipping off their toupees.

Mike Wade
Boston, MA

Or trying to avoid talking to those jealous schlubs who make toupee jokes but can't afford hot cars. Just a guess! M

WIN \$100

We want pictures, and we're willing to pay.



We love skater chicks! So send us some sexy photos of you tottering around on wheels (keep 'em clean—we're a family magazine). Mail them to Letters From Ladies, *Maxim*, 1040 6th Ave., 16th Floor, New York, NY 10018. If we print yours, we'll reward you with a crisp \$100 bill!

MAXIM



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NYUK, NYUK, NYUK!

Got a joke that can top these? We'll pay \$150 for the next Joke of the Month. E-mail 'em to jokes@maximmag.com or send 'em to Jokes, Maxim, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 16th Floor, New York, NY 10018.

Get Lucky

Two bored casino dealers are waiting at a craps table when a hot blonde walks up and bets \$20,000 on a single roll of the dice.

"I hope you don't mind," she says to the two men, "but I feel much luckier when I'm completely nude." She strips naked and rolls the dice.

As the dice come to a stop, she jumps up and down, squealing, "I won! I won!"

She hugs each of the dealers, picks up her winnings and her clothes, then walks away quickly.

The dealers stare at each other for a few minutes until one asks, "What did she roll?"

"Hell, I don't know," says the other. "I thought you were watching."

—Joel Pollen, Ontario, Canada

Malpractice

Q: Why are nurses so bad at oral sex?

A: They always wait for the swelling to go down.

—Bruce Sanders, San Antonio, TX

Monkey Business

A couple is on safari in Africa when the woman is abducted by a gorilla. Two weeks later she's found naked and alone, crying hysterically.

Her husband asks, "Did that mean ape hurt you?"

"He sure did!" the wife sobs. Four days ago he fled to the hills, and he hasn't called, he hasn't written..."

—Irv Rosenberg, Coupeville, WA



THE \$150 JOKE

Dead Wrong

A funeral service is being held for a woman who has just passed away. As the pallbearers are carrying out the casket, they accidentally bump into a wall. Hearing a faint moan from inside, the woman's husband opens the casket and finds that his wife is actually alive!

She dies again, 10 years later, at which point her husband has to go through another funeral. This time when the pallbearers carry the casket toward the door, the husband yells out, "Watch out for that fucking wall!"

—A. Grigorian, via e-mail

Food Fight

Two friends get lost during a hiking trip through the desert. Several days later, they are dehydrated and near death.

Out of nowhere, they see a tree in the distance that appears to be covered with bacon. One guy sprints ahead, only to be gunned down in a hail of gunfire.

"Run!" the dying man yells out. "It's not a bacon tree. It's a ham bush!"

—Louis D. Stravato, Bristol, RI

Freak Accident

Q: How do you get a retarded kid to kill himself?

A: Give him a knife and then ask him who's special.

—A. E. Newman, St. Louis, MO

Q: What is a specimen?
A: An Italian astronaut.



Wax Off

A man walks into a music store to buy an old-school vinyl record. As he gets ready to check out, he discovers that he forgot his wallet. But instead of running back home to get it, he decides to steal the record by sticking it down his pants.

The cashier spots him on the way out and yells, "Hey! Is that a record in your pants?"

The man replies, "Well, I don't know if it's a record, but I haven't heard any complaints."

—Ryan Provost, Lincoln, CA

Clark Can't

Q: What is the opposite of Christopher Reeve?

A: Christopher Walken.

—Nathan Brown, via e-mail

Pet Peeve

A man takes his Rottweiler to the veterinarian and says, "My dog is going cross-eyed. Is there anything you can do to help him?"

"Well," replies the vet, "let's have a look at him." So he picks up the dog and checks its eyes.

After a quick exam, the vet turns to the owner and says, "I'm afraid I'm going to have to put him down."

"Why? Just because he's cross-eyed?"

"No," says the vet. "It's just that he's really heavy."

—Ross Gordon, Gatineau, Quebec

Sticky Fingers

Q: What's the difference between Mick Jagger and a Scotsman?

A: One says, "Hey, you, get off of my cloud." The other says, "Hey, McCloud, get off of my ewe."

—Chris Hathaway, San Mateo, CA



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CIRCUS M

"How could he have not
seen that pothole?"



AXIMUS

A Maxim
View of
the World

> THE BIG PICTURE

TRAILER TRASHED

Euro pranksters foul up one of them pretty Italian piazzas.

Morning commuters strolling through Milan's Galleria Vittorio Emanuele this past May soiled their Tod's when they stumbled across this jackknifed car and camper that apparently busted through the 19th-century mosaic floor. Upon arriving at the scene, Italian police presumably argued with each other over whose mama loved him best before attempting to figure out who owned the shit-box Fiat and trailer. Was it a gutsy Chinaman? Nope—turns out

it was all a big joke, courtesy of Scandinavian caravandals Michael Elmgreen and Ingar Dragset. During the night the two madcap installation artists propped up a cutaway camper and placed dirt and cement chunks around it, enigmatically deeming their bizarre eyesore "a metaphor for global tourism." The busted camper, entitled *Short Cut*, was left in the piazza for an entire month before it was finally carted away and returned to Irish gypsies.

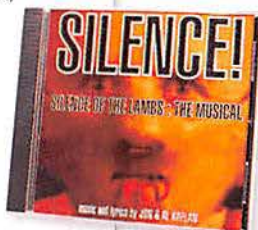


> LOONEY TUNES

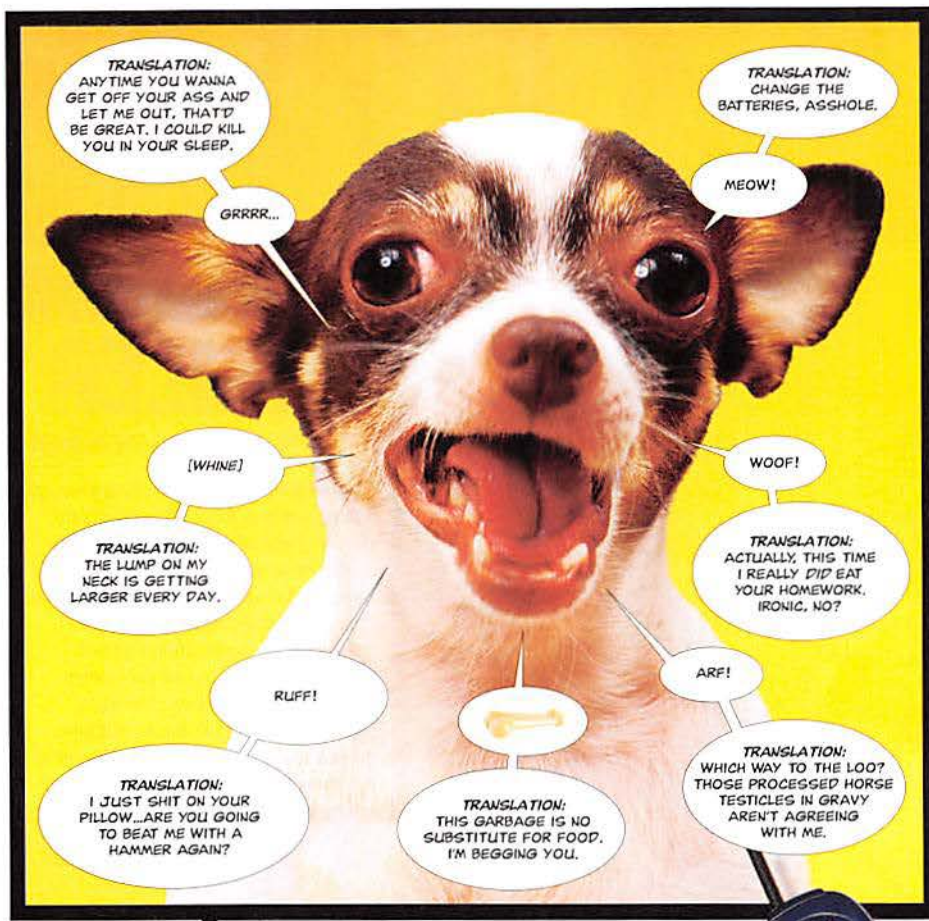
HANNIBAL SINGS!

Treat your ears to an opera inspired by homicidal maniacs.

Although *The Silence of the Lambs* has many merits—cannibalism, disembowelment, Jodie Foster—it lacks the romance that would make it the first truly watchable date movie of all time. Enter Los Angeles-based composers Jon and Al Kaplan, who have reimagined the wacky adventures of Hannibal Lecter and Buffalo Bill as the musical *Silence!* “No other genre could deliver the dramatic immediacy of the characters’ relationships,” explains Al, 25. Adds his brother Jon, 27, “Singing from atop a well in a basement is in and of itself very romantic.” And the tunes are plenty catchy, too. In “It’s Me,” Hannibal proclaims, “This cop is already dead, you’ll see/I’m wearing his face on my head—it’s me!” while Buffalo Bill laments, “I want a girl who will fit me to a ‘T’/A woman who’ll look good on me” in the instant classic “Are You About a Size 14?” In fact, while Lecter is the more famous character, Bill is the show’s great big fabulous star. “The things he says are so horrible it’s funny,” Al marvels. Enjoy some uneasy listening over fava beans and a nice Chianti by ordering a \$10 CD or downloading MP3s at silencethemusical.com.



I'm so happy to be back in San Fran...



> PET PROJECTS

RUFF TALK

Translate your mutt's pained whimpers into English.

If **man's best friend** also happens to be your *only* friend, those long nights of one-sided conversations are finally over. The Bow-Lingual transmitter fits on your dog's collar, then analyzes his constant yapping and translates it into one of 170-plus preprogrammed verbal responses. The Japanese device also records up to 12 hours' worth of your dog's lonely wails when switched to "home alone" mode—a feature we

hoped would prompt the dog to slam bungling intruders in the nuts with paint cans. To find out whether the Bow-Lingual actually works, we left a Dalmatian in a dark apartment without food or water for nearly 18 hours. The result? Ninety-nine "frustrated" barks were recorded. Oh, pipe down, PETA—it's all in the name of science. To let your dogs shout, yank your Web browser to takara-usa.com.



> GREAT QUOTES

GET IT RIGHT

Apocalypse Now's kindly Lieutenant Colonel Kilgore tells his heartwarming Nam story.



“YOU SMELL THAT? DO YOU SMELL THAT? NAPALM, SON. NOTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD SMELLS LIKE THAT. I LOVE THE SMELL OF NAPALM IN THE MORNING. YOU KNOW, ONE TIME WE HAD A HILL BOMBED FOR 12 HOURS. WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER I WALKED UP. WE DIDN'T FIND ONE OF 'EM, NOT ONE STINKIN' DINK BODY. THE SMELL, YOU KNOW, THAT GASOLINE SMELL, THE WHOLE HILL. SMELLED LIKE... VICTORY. SOMEDAY THIS WAR'S GONNA END...”



70

Percentage of mall Santa applicants with criminal backgrounds.

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> PLANET MAXIM

SOPHIA
RAAFAT

British food sucks, but this English muffin will make you drool.



As seen in: British *Maxim*, October '03
Her story: As a hostess on English channel Auction-world TV, Sophia manages to make home shopping

arousing in a way Joan Rivers never could. But as easy as she is on the eyes, it's Sophia's whiskey voice that tempts male viewers to risk blindness. "It used to sound a lot higher," croaks the 27-year-old British bombshell. "But then one day my voice broke, and now it's very husky." Still, the half-Irish, half-Egyptian stunner also knows how to talk sweet. "I love *Maxim*," she gushes. "Pictures of women in men's magazines are so sexy." Now that you mention it, you're right!



Subscribers can see more photos for free in the Maxim Lounge at maximonline.com.

Screw Everyone Else!

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CIRCUS MAXIMUS

C'mon, fellas—
you're both
exaggerating



> AVIATION NEWS

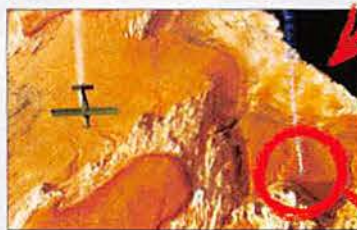
WINGED MAN

It's a bird! It's a plane! It's a nutty Austrian guy plunging to Earth!

We do our share of falling—down the stairs, off the wagon—but Austrian skydiver Felix Baumgartner makes it an art form. Last July, having already BASE-jumped off the giant Christ statue in Brazil, he became the first person to go terminal velocity across the English Channel. Sporting a parachute, an oxygen tank, and a specially designed six-foot-wide carbon wing, Baumgartner jumped out of a plane 30,000 feet over England and landed six minutes and 22 seconds later in France. "The wing allowed me to glide like a plane," explains the 34-year-old daredevil. "For every mile down, I went four miles forward." Baumgartner topped out at 220 mph before slowing to a doddering 135 mph, battling poor visibility, scrotum-shriveling temperatures of 40 below, and a near-catastrophic landing, in which part of the chute wrapped around his legs. His sole worry during the midair crisis? Looking bad in front of the French media. "If I'd been forced to dump my wing into the ocean to deploy the spare chute, it would've been a poor finish," he says. But who cares what *les douchebags* think, ya wimp?



Baumgartner takes the plunge



He wears a smoke can for visibility



"Here I come to save the da-a-a-y!"



Safe and sound back on Ma Earth

What, no
helmet?



500

Household
fires caused
by punk-ass
Christmas trees
each year.



**"OUT HERE, WE
ENJOY OUR TOBACCO.
BUT THE ONLY THING
WE LIGHT UP IS
THE ARENA."**

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Screw Everyone Else!

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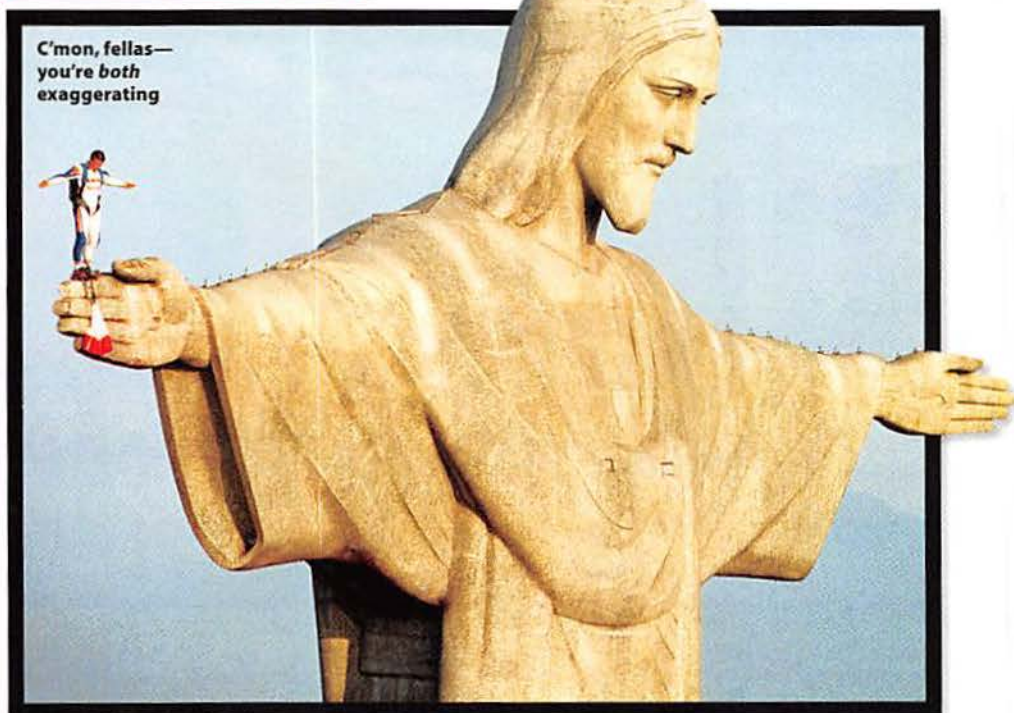
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CIRCUS MAXIMUS

C'mon, fellas—
you're both
exaggerating



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What, no
helmet?



500

Household
fires caused
by punk-ass
Christmas trees
each year.



Baumgartner takes the plunge



He wears a smoke can for visibility



"Here I come to save the da-a-a-y!"



Safe and sound back on Ma Earth



Thousands of Possibilities

GET YOURS

> STOCK OPTIONS

ROCK'N'ROLL'N'BOOZE

Some of our favorite hard-drinkin' musicians are marketing their very own hooch.

ARTIST: WILLIE NELSON

Health nut Willie taste-tested Whiskey River during its development, and was forced to do it over and over...and over...until they got it right. Each bottle of the six-year-aged whiskey also includes a faux-autographed guitar pick—a must-have for any devotee.

ARTIST: ICE-T

Is your regular malt liquor not removing the ache of consciousness quickly enough? Then Ice-T has the cure for what ails ya: Royal Ice, which, at 6.5 percent alcohol, packs more punch than any other malt liquor out there. Promises Ice-T: "It will fuck you up fo' sho!"

ARTIST: JAY-Z

The rapper, producer, clothing designer, and Beyoncé-sleeper-wither had an impressive résumé before he started shilling Armadale, a high-end vodka made in—where else?—Scotland. It's triple-distilled and thus virtually free of headache-causing, yucky-tasting impurities. Holla!

ARTIST: SAMMY HAGAR

With no music career to get in the way, the former Van Halen frontman can devote plenty of time to his Cabo Wabo tequila, made from 100 percent blue agave plants and aged up to six months in oak casks. It's even smoother than David Lee Roth's waxed back!



> PHONEY BUSINESS

CAMPAIGN FUN-RAISING

We called some presidential candidates to offer our help in their quest for the White House. They vetoed it.

CAROL MOSELEY BRAUN (D-ILLINOIS)

Maxim: I'd like to donate \$10,000.

Campaign worker: You can give only \$2,000. But your wife can also give \$2,000...

M: Actually, I'm single. Which leads me to my next question: Is Carol seeing anyone? Is \$10,000 enough to get an introduction?

CW: I don't know, but I'm sure she'd be flattered to know someone was interested.

M: Because I find her very attractive.

CW: Great. Let me get your name.

M: Well, I never! [hangs up]



"Pick me!"

SEN. JOHN KERRY (D-MASSACHUSETTS)

Maxim: I have information that may be of use to the campaign: photographs of Al Sharpton that clearly show he's gained all his weight back.

Campaign worker: [pauses] OK.

M: All the weight. And more. He's huge.

CW: And you said you're interested in volunteering?

M: Yeah, I'm a long-lens photographer. I can acquire similar photos of the other candidates.

CW: Let me have somebody call you back. That sound OK?

M: Great! [hangs up]



"I'm the best!"

SEN. JOE LIEBERMAN (D-CONNECTICUT)

Maxim: I'm a freelance stylist, and I have some makeover ideas for Sen. Lieberman.

Campaign worker: What do you mean?

M: A few campaigns back, a candidate named Paul Tsongas went swimming, and there were pictures of him in a Speedo the next morning. It got great play.

CW: I don't know if you'll get him into a Speedo.

M: Do you know if he's done swimwear work before?

CW: I do not. What's the best number to get back to you?

M: Good question. [hangs up]



"No, me!"

SEN. JOHN EDWARDS (D-N. CAROLINA)

Maxim: I have \$25,000 to donate.

Campaign worker: Legally, each individual can only contribute \$2,000.

M: Uh-huh. What would \$2,000 get me?

CW: Get you? I don't think I understand.

M: Would the president then be someone I could turn to for, say, some legal help?

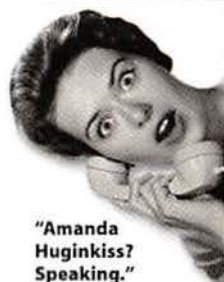
CW: No matter who your president is, you should be able to turn to him for assistance.

M: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Gephardt offered me a dune buggy...

CW: [hangs up]



"Nerts to you!"



"Amanda Huginkiss? Speaking."



200

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> POP QUIZ

WHITE OUTING

You know your dad smokes pole, but does your gaydar work on office supplies?



Straight



Asexual



Flaming



1. STAPLER



3. SCISSORS



5. HIGHLIGHTERS



7. CORRECTION FLUID



9. PAPER CLIPS



2. 3-RING BINDER



4. STAPLE REMOVER



6. RUBBER BANDS



8. TAPE DISPENSER



10. MOUSE PAD



ANSWERS: 1.S, 2.A, 3.S, 4.A, 5.F, 6.A, 7.F, 8.S, 9.A, 10.F



> BAR O' THE MONTH

CASEY'S DRAFT HOUSE

Even midgets get camel toe

We won't mince words: A midget lives on the bar.

Unless you follow up your PBRs with peyote chasers, you're probably not accustomed to having your shots poured by a 3 1/2-foot man in an Elvis suit. You've also never been to Casey's Draft House. Simply plunk down a \$10 tip on a Monday night and watch in awe as "Manboy" tears out of his four-foot-tall box at the end of the bar to pour free shots for anyone within his limited reach. "We put a MIDGET WANTED sign in the window because we thought it would be funny," explains Joe Walker, Casey's co-owner. Two months later brave li'l Sean Pansile slightly darkened their doorway and

agreed to don wacky children's costumes while chugging mini-cans of beer. If you need more out of a watering hole than just drunken dwarves, there's an upstairs deck overlooking Pittsburgh's, um, skyline, as well as wet T-shirt contests that frequently end with contestants wearing no T-shirts at all. But it's Midget Madness that keeps the place packed, and Walker rejects critics who claim it constitutes exploitation. "Manboy is taking advantage of the body he was born with, just like a supermodel!" Follow the yellow brick road to 1811 East Carson St., or call 412-431-3595.

—submitted by Jill Sieracki, New York, NY



54

Percentage of lazy Americans who wait until after New Year's to take down their Christmas lights.

> INSIDE POLITICS

EVERYBODY LOVES BUSH

The continuing adventures of America's wackiest unwanted House guest!



Pictured: ColdGear™ Mock Turtleneck (0012). ©2003 UNDER ARMOUR® Performance Apparel.

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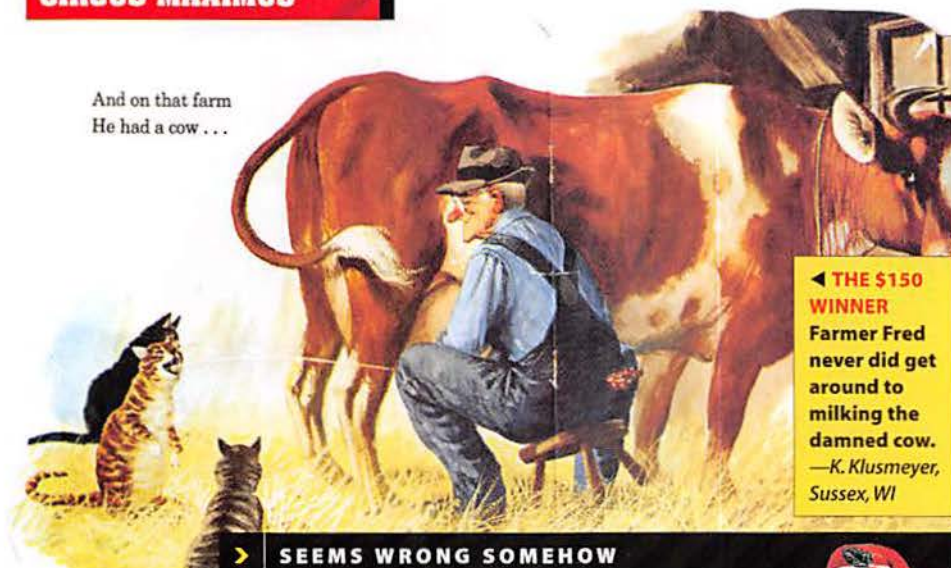
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And on that farm
He had a cow...



◀ **THE \$150 WINNER**
Farmer Fred never did get around to milking the damned cow.
—K. Klusmeyer, Sussex, WI

> SEEMS WRONG SOMEHOW

FOUND PORN

Someone actually thought this stuff was innocent.



14,558

Estimated value, in dollars, of all the crappy gifts from "The Twelve Days of Christmas."



▲ **RUNNER-UP**
Hey, they don't get to be called Greek gods for nothin'.
—Jennifer LaPlaca, Maple Ridge, BC

XMAS BONE-US!

▲ **RUNNER-UP**
Santa has something special for the naughty girls.
—Ellen M. Smith, Des Moines, IA



▲ **HAVE YOU SEEN ANY UNINTENTIONAL SMUT LATELY?**
If it turns us on, we'll send you \$150!
Mail your entry to: Found Porn, Maxim, 1040 6th Ave., New York, NY 10018.



▲ **RUNNER-UP**
Pants smell funny? They're on it.
—Todd Prifogle, Kokomo, IN



▲ **RUNNER-UP**
Sadly, Mister Softee can't fulfill promises like this.
—W. Weathersby, Oxford, MS



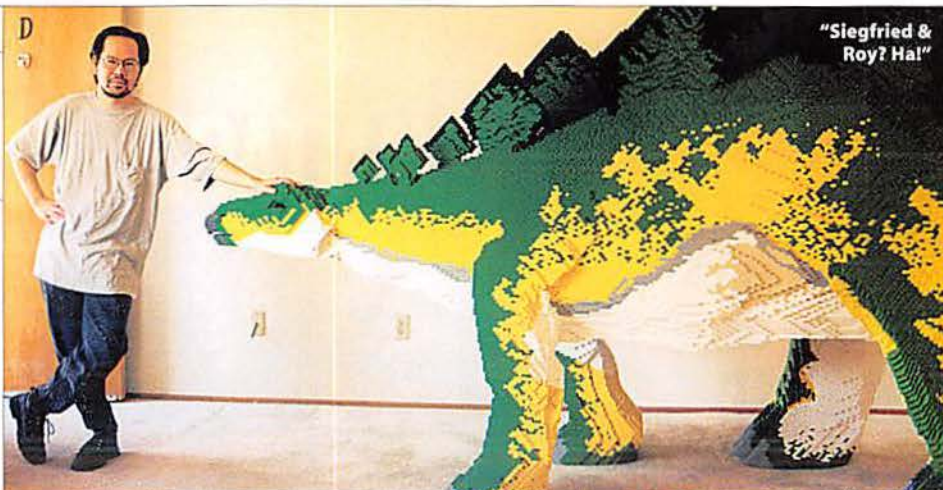
▲ **RUNNER-UP**
Grasp your crabby package tightly before breaking open the Hyman's.
—V. Wessells, Columbia, MD

> TOY CHEST

LEGO MANIAC

Meet a soon-to-be huge artist whose medium is very small.

If you're looking to spruce up your hovel with stuffed prehistoric animals but don't know where to find 'em, consider this obvious solution: Legos! Los Angeles artist Henry Lim uses the interlocking blocks to make a variety of creations, including a 14-foot-long, six-foot-tall stegosaurus; a portrait of the Beatles; and a 150-pound harpsichord that actually plays music. "People can't tell it's made of Legos until they walk up to play it," says Lim, who is also a music librarian at UCLA. He's been working in Lego since 1999, when he built *Star Wars'* Queen Amidala as an elaborate tribute to the crappy prequels. His creations are as expensive to build as they are



"Siegfried & Roy? Ha!"

tedious: The 100,000-piece, \$3,000 dinosaur took eight months, while the harpsichord came together in two long, presumably celibate years. Lim covers his costs with commissioned projects and gets to use his art to make friends. "It's a nice way to break the ice," he says. Get yourself a piece at henrylim.org.



"Beer me."

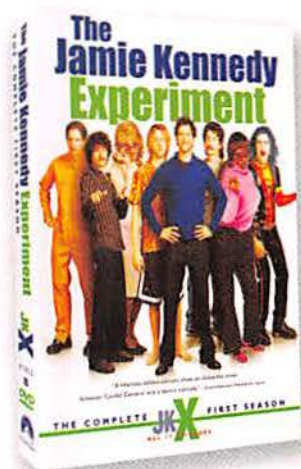


Watch these and choose all that apply:

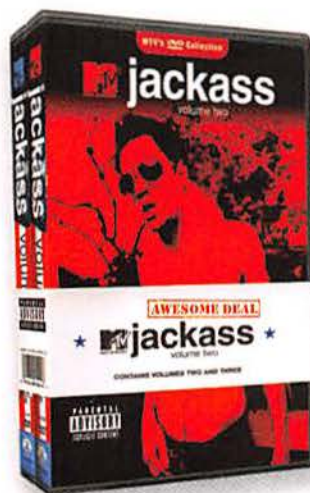
- ☐ A) Laughed my ass off.
- ☐ B) Blew beer out my nose.
- ☐ C) Cried. Farted. Wet my pants.



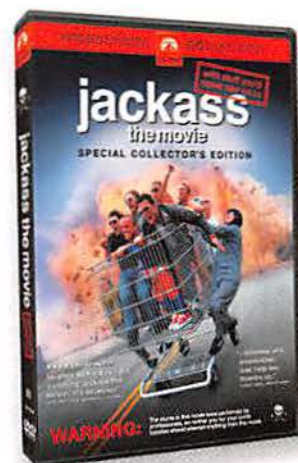
Available 12/16/03



Available 12/2/03



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ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT



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The stunts in this movie were performed by professionals, so neither you nor your dumb buddies should attempt anything from this movie.

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watching these extreme comedies.**

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Look for
Punk'd
On DVD-Coming
January 2004





> ALL-PROS

WET NURSE

America's hottest RN leaves the OR to offer us a little TLC.

Name: Megan Wright

Experience: Although nursing is a noble profession, Megan admits it *does* entail fondling the elderly. "Patients are, like, 90, and I have to sponge-bathe them," bemoans the gorgeous 24-year-old Michigan native. Luckily, when she was recently moved to the maternity ward, her days of unsightly nudity were over...or so she thought. "I walk in and these women are walking around stark naked," she says. "You *don't* wanna see that." We'll take her word for it.

Qualifications: Why is Megan so good at her job? Same reason you are: estrogen! "I think every woman has a nurturing vibe," she claims. Still, Megan's looking for excitement. "I'm trying to transfer to the ER. My department isn't very hands-on—and I like to be hands-on." Does that mean we should turn our heads and cough?

"You got another royal flush? Rats!"

> HELP WANTED

- > Know a teacher you're hot for?
- > A smokin' firefighter?
- > Or any hottie with a cool job?
- > E-mail her pics and info to workinggirl@maximmag.com. Do it now!



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> HOME ENTERTAINMENT

BOARD SILLY

Liven up your next date or funeral with these balls-out sex games.

BETWEEN THE SHEETS, \$20

It's like Twister—with stank. Put the plastic game board on your mattress, then spin the wheel to determine which ribald tasks you must complete. "My thumb goes where?" (gamesoftheheart.com)

**STRIP BINGO, \$15**

Ask a girl to play strip poker and she'll tell you to take a hike. Ask her to play the lesser known Strip Bingo and she'll have no idea what's going on till she's n-a-k-e-d. Play in a group or alone with Granny! (stripbingo.com)

**AROUND THE WORLD IN BED, \$15**

Bringing a sex toy to bed? Freaky. Bringing a toy dart gun? Free-kay. Different targets on the game board grant various wishes: sex positions, dirty fantasies—but, sadly, no Cheetos. (loversdirect.com)

**SEXDRIVE, \$40**

Obtain a "Sex Driver's License" by acting out stunts and answering trivia questions. For instance, the biggest presex turnoff for women? When guys cut their toenails. So save that for the dinner table. (sexdrivegame.com)



"Hey, baby—wanna sink my battleship?"



You'd think Macy Gray could afford a new truck

> HOT WHEELS

WIDE LOADS

Take a look at countries that haven't yet invented the SUV.

Next time you're having trouble loading pony kegs, recently deceased ex-roommates, or families of illegal immigrants into the trunk of your Explorer, keep one thing in mind: Things could be much, much worse. Drivers in Mogadishu, Somalia can haul their impossibly large loads of corn (above) on whichever side of the road they choose, adding even more chaos to the fucked-up anarchic state. Bikes and cyclos are pushed well beyond their limits in Asia, so call "bullshit" when your girlfriend says you're too heavy to ride on her handlebars. And next time you're crammed into a crosstown bus, remember: At least you're not humping its bumper.



28

Percentage of Americans who admit to regifting lousy presents.



A conscientious recycler in China



Physics at work in Cambodia



A basket aficionado in Thailand



Hay bales on a toy tractor in China



Friday rush hour in India

Counter-Strike™ and Xbox Live.

A match made in "holy-*#!%-did-you-see-that" heaven.



MATURE 17+



Blood
Intense Violence

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VALVE



Counter-Strike™ the world's #1 online action game*, is even better on Xbox Live™. With graphically superior action, 7 exclusive maps, up to 16 player game play and a vast arsenal of weapons, this is the best Counter-Strike yet. You may want to practice offline before you enter the merciless online arena. Here, you can go it alone or you can assemble an elite team of gamers and talk strategy over the Live Communicator on how to defuse bombs, rescue hostages and take on terrorists from all over the world. The competition will be tough, so you'd better come prepared.

COUNTER STRIKE™

XBOX
LIVE

XBOX

it's good to play together

xbox.com/counterstrike

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Maxim answers your mother ship, Mother Nature, mother-neglecting questions.

A: To answer this question of *vital* importance, we went straight to the top and spoke with a high-level Pentagon official who would only comment anonymously. His response: "No." Ri-i-ght. So instead we consulted dudes who believe in UFOs. "Officially, there's no plan," says Preston Dennett, author of *Extraterrestrial Accounts*. "But all UFO experts will tell you there are undercover projects." Dennett claims a group called the MJ-12, composed of both government and military officials, studies the

hardware of downed alien spacecraft to create defenses against attacks. In fact, Dennett says, that President Reagan's "Star Wars" program wasn't intended to shoot down Soviet missiles after all; it was designed to obliterate E.T. "Our government feels aliens are hostile, and this is part of the reason for the cover-up," says Dennett, who moonlights as an accountant. "I believe they're trying to shoot down spacecraft with particle-beam weapons." Obviously. On a related topic, it's *Maxim's* official position that getting an anal probe from a hooker with a strap-on *doesn't* make you gay...exactly.

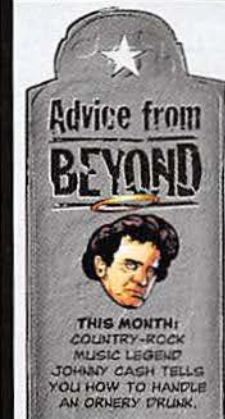
A: Rain and snow feed lakes, rivers, reservoirs, and aquifers (underground water deposits), which in turn feed treatment facilities that filter impurities like silt and slain Mob informants. A drought can devastate above-ground reserves, while aquifers—water may take decades to filter down into them—can be bled dry from overuse. “Depending on how fast people consume water, the replenishment rate may not be adequate and you can exhaust the source,” explains Bill Lauer, an engineer with the American Water Works Association in Denver. As for desalinating the oceans...it’d be cheaper to shower with Evian. “That costs 10 to 20 times more than conventional water treatments,” Lauer says. So lend a hand and drink your scotch straight.

A: Not with the current system in place, which gives the average beneficiary about \$900 per month to buy medicine, dog food, and adult diapers. "But we're not going to have a proportional increase in the work force to provide money when baby boomers retire," warns Mark Hinkle, a spokesman for the Social Security Administration. In 1965 there were four workers for every recipient. Today it's down to three. By 2042 it'll drop to two (can't tax illegal aliens), at which point the agency will be broke. Politicians kick around fix-it schemes—reduced benefits, increased retirement age, higher taxes—but don't have the balls to enact them. We suggest euthanasia.

Send them to Ask Anything, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018, or e-mail ask@maximonline.com. Hurry up, fist-recipient!

**"Hey,
it's only
money!"**

DEAD CELEBRITIES SAY THE DARNEDEST THINGS



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HOW I TO



In Canada they
call this activity
"Tuesday"

CARVE AN ICE SCULPTURE

Liven up your next wedding or prison sentencing with a disposable yet classy work of art.

Looks like you won't be carving that ice rendering of Calista Flockhart after all. "Things that have dynamic silhouettes look great in ice," says Jeff Stahl, 2002 and 2003 winner of the National Ice Carving Championship. So pull on your mittens, secure your toque, and listen up.



Behave yourselves! You aren't in kindergarten...are you?

BE SKETCHY

When choosing your subject, keep in mind that most blocks, available for \$50 to \$100 from commercial ice suppliers, are 48"x10"x20". Avoid designs requiring small bases—a one-legged fat man—so your masterpiece doesn't topple to the ground. While your block is chillin' next to Teddy Ballgame in the freezer, sketch an actual-size outline of what you want to carve on a sheet of banner paper. "Coloring books are great reference because they have perfect line drawings," Stahl says. Wet the paper and apply it to one side of the block. It'll freeze instantly—as will your tongue or any moist body part, FYI.



"It is easier to cut than human flesh!"

HACK AND SLASH

If your freezer is colder than 28 degrees, remove the ice and "relax" it for about 15 minutes to allow for easier cutting. Don your favorite hockey mask, fire up a 12-inch chain saw, and rough out the design using the sketch as a template. Prevent any unwanted electrocution by wearing rubber-soled shoes—rubber gloves and apron are optional but will complete that I'm-a-total-psycho look. "Plunge the saw straight through the ice," Stahl explains; cutting at angles could ruin the 3-D shape. Your block should stay hard for at least two hours at room temperature. Sorry, pal—we said *block*.



"Fly, damn you! Fly!"

PROVIDE RELIEF

Now that you've created a giant cookie cut of your design, you must, as Michelangelo phrased it, "make stuff stick out." Put down the chain saw—careful, don't hit the lost teenage campers—and grab a 11/2- to two-inch wood chisel. (Check out icecrafters.com for all your ice crafting needs.) Instead of smacking the ice with a hammer, rake the chisel across your sculpture to shave away any unwanted material. Exaggerate smaller features like fingers or prehensile tails, since they'll melt faster than the main body of the piece. That's especially good news if you're doing a full-body nude rendering of yourself.



Next month: how to perform amateur dentistry!

SWEAT DETAILS

To eliminate the harsh angles created by the chain saw and chisel, pros use spinning tools called die grinders, along with 24-grit sandpaper on sanders or angle grinders. These contour and buff the areas that are supposed to be rounded and smooth, but do so with a soft touch, since friction will quickly melt the ice. The last step is to add detail using smaller V-shaped chisels and delicate bits in the die grinder. These can provide tiny flourishes and angles in spots where you need them, like eyeballs or goiters. Now savor your precious work while it lasts because, like your hair, it will be gone all too soon.

> HOW TO

MAKE A VOODOO DOLL

Don't rely on yourself to get ahead—rely on spooky magic!



1. BE THE DOLL

Voodoo practitioners use dolls primarily for boring positive things like healing people or sparking romance. "If you harm your boss out of spite, karma dictates his replacement will be worse," warns Brandi Kelley, owner of the Voodoo Authentica shop in New Orleans. If you're willing to risk it, grab two sticks—one three inches long, one seven inches.



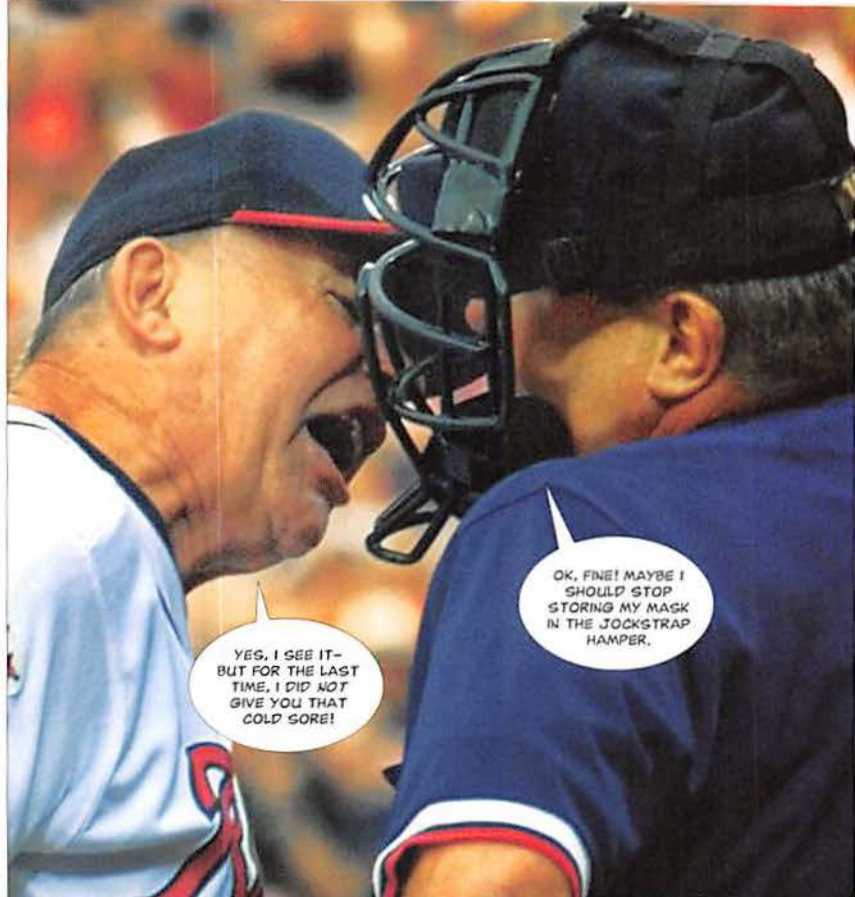
2. MAKE THE DOLL

Form a cross by binding the two sticks with yarn. Wrap cotton around the longer stick and cover the body with a 14"x2 1/2" cloth poncho—for revenge, make everything black. Leave a hole in the middle for the head and cinch the ensemble with more yarn. Fashion a head out of a 3 1/2"x2" piece of cloth, then draw a face or tack on a photo.



3. DO WEIRD-ASS STUFF TO THE DOLL

"Sticking a pin in a doll's heart draws love," Kelley says...but it can also cause a heart attack. Anoint the doll with essential oils from a drugstore while reading an appropriate Bible passage (Psalm 37 makes an enemy impotent). Repeat the ceremony for seven days. If it works, reward your doll with a Malibu Voodoo Dream House.



YES, I SEE IT—BUT FOR THE LAST TIME, I DID NOT GIVE YOU THAT COLD SORE!

OK, FINE! MAYBE I SHOULD STOP STORING MY MASK IN THE JOCKSTRAP HAMPER.

> HOW TO

MASTER DEBATING

Win any argument—no matter how wrong you are!

WHO YOU CALLIN' A STUBBORN ASS?



1. THINK IT OVER

Next time you start a squabble, prepare to do something you might find difficult: *think*. "Most people assume they know what they want but haven't thought it through," says Michael A. Gilbert, author of *How to Win an Argument*. If you're fighting for a raise, ask yourself if it's all about the Benjamins or whether you're just looking for a little respect. That way you can determine whether you'll settle for extra money, vacation time, or a loftier title, like assistant French fry salter.

2. LISTEN UP

Know how your girlfriend demands you pay attention to whatever she's going on about? Well, Chatty Cathy may have a point. "The best arguers are those who listen," Gilbert explains. We didn't catch what he said next, but it was something about understanding the other person's motives to better tailor your rebuttal. If someone takes you by surprise with an argument, have him elaborate. This will get you extra info and buy you valuable time to come up with a response better than "I know you are, but what am I?"

3. BE NICE

Throwing a hissy fit isn't a good long-term strategy. "Nine times out of 10, the people we argue with are people we're going to argue with again," Gilbert says. "So if you win an argument but, say, make your girlfriend feel like an idiot in the process, you'll pay for it next time." It's especially important to keep your cool when arguing with authority figures, such as your boss or parole officer. "Be polite, be contrite," advises amateur poet Gilbert. "Aggression only leads to more aggression." Disagree with that bit of wisdom? Feel free to go fuck yourself.

4. GIVE IN

If you find yourself in a deadlock, admit that the guy is right... about something totally different. "Disarm your opponent by finding a point of his you can agree with rather than harping on the ones you don't," says Margaret E. Anderson, an interpersonal persuasion trainer in Houston. In light of your apparent surrender, your foe will let his guard down and be likely to return the favor; use that leverage to make one last appeal. If he still won't budge, calmly suggest you continue another time...then key his car.

ADRENALINE

A NEW FRAGRANCE FROM ADIDAS

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> HOW TO

KICK A MAN WHEN HE'S DOWN

Why confront him face-to-face when you can do it foot-to-gut?



1. THE APPROACH

In order to locate a man who is down, you must know where to look: around hospitals, outside bars, and at the bottom of icy stairs.



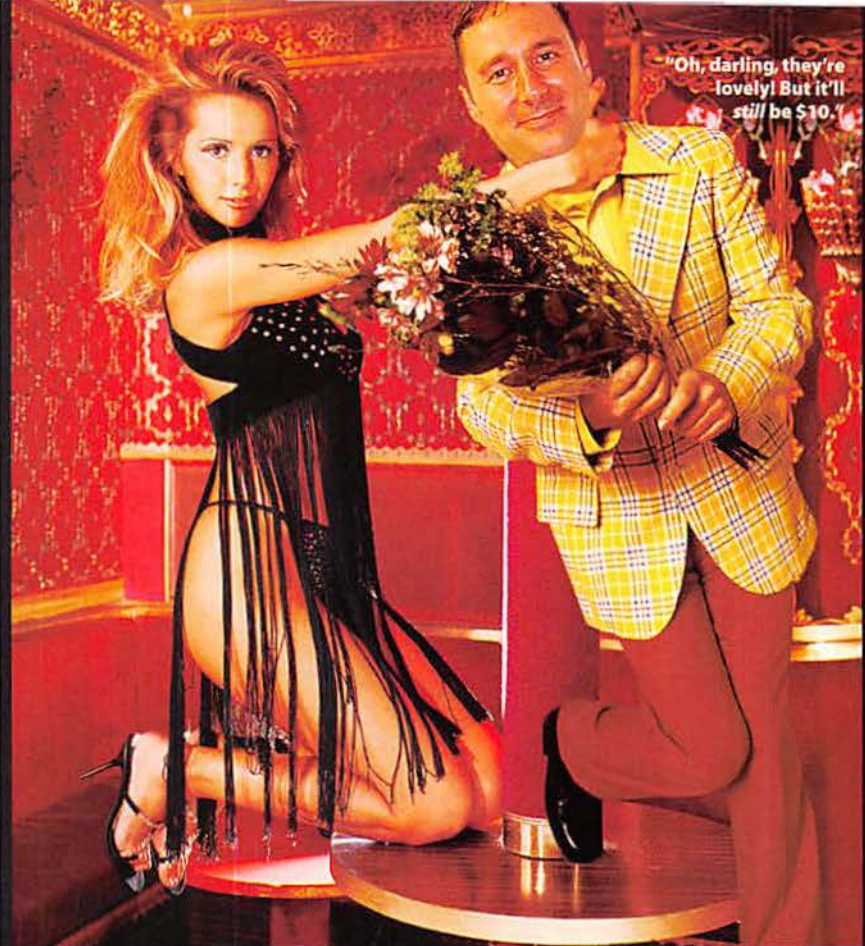
2. THE WINDUP

Careful! Though down, a man can still be dangerous, so pretend you're offering help as you approach. Then draw back your foot.



3. THE KICK

Aim for a soft area like the stomach, throat, or chode to avoid injuring yourself. Wipe any blood splatters off your shoe, and depart.



> HOW TO

DATE A STRIPPER

Play your cards right and you might even get to see her naked!

APPROACH THE RUNWAY

It's a stripper's job to be hit on by drooling idiots, so you'll need to stand out from the pack. Visit the club no more than once a week to establish yourself as a semi-regular. "It's a turnoff if it seems like strip clubs are a habit for you," says former stripper Lily Burana, author of *Strip City: A Stripper's Farewell Journey Across America*. She suggests going with a small group of pals—at least one of whom is a girl. "It'll show the stripper that your friends are cool with what she does," Burana says. Make sure she knows you're there to see her—buy a few lap dances and don't show interest in the other girls. Let her steer the conversation; then, when you're ready to make your move, be direct. "Never use the word *date*," Burana warns. "That's code for a trick." Aw, but we love magic!

SEAL THE DEAL

Once you've established that your intentions are strictly of the non-whoring variety, settle on a place. Since she's already spending the better part of her week wearing high heels in a loud club, suggest something more low-key. If "Tiffany" is an art history major, take her to the Van Gogh exhibit in town. Once you're out, prove you're interested in more than just her body and its unique ability to twirl around greased poles. "Reassure her that this isn't just some fantasy thing," says Dawn, a dancer at New York City's famed Scores strip club. You should get to know the woman behind the G-string, but when it comes to professional inquiries, tread lightly. "Don't pump her for gory details," Burana warns. Resist the urge to be judgmental or ask her about getting a "real job."

DON'T BE GREEDY

Jealousy is naturally going to come into play. After all, your friends have already seen her naked. And gyrating. Multiple times. For 10 bucks. But don't entertain any pipe dreams of making an honest woman of her. "Unless you're prepared to replace her stripping income, you don't get to say anything about it," says Tina Tessina, Ph.D., a California-based psychotherapist and author of *The Unofficial Guide to Dating Again*. Keep the envy in check by remembering that you have something that her paying customers don't. "She gets hit on all night and then comes home to you," Burana says. "There's a lot of competition for her, but you won." Just be clear on what she will and won't let customers do for money, and remember: It's just a job, no different than when you mop off the peep window.



"Hey, baby, want my wad?"

"Busting genres with a furious blend of driving, fighting and gunplay, True Crime is the game we've been waiting for all year."

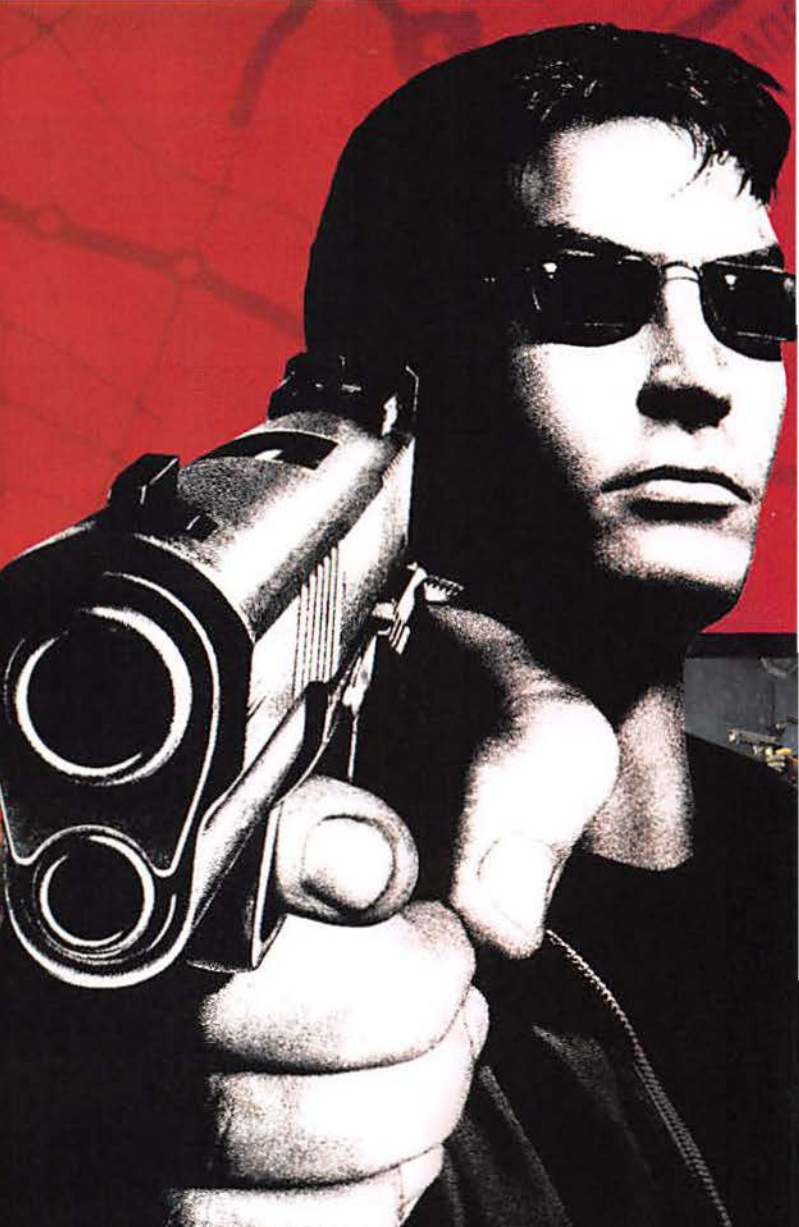
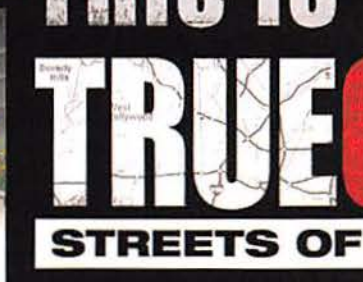
—FHM

"True Crime ups the ante, accurately delivering the seediness of Los Angeles, kung-fu capabilities, burn-rubber driving, over-the-top firepower and a killer soundtrack featuring original West Coast Hip Hop beats."

—Hustler

"Best Xbox Game"

—Games Convention 2003



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Blood and Gore
Mature Sexual Themes
Strong Language
Violence



PlayStation 2



Luxoflux

ACTIVISION

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*Nintendo GameCube game contains fewer songs.



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HOW TO



HOW TO

THWART SANTA

This Christmas Eve keep the jolly prowler the hell out of your damned house.

1. GO ON THE OFFENSIVE

Why not repay Santa for the presents he's brought you over the years—thanks for all that coal, fat-ass—by sending him a little something. We recommend combing the black market for an FIM-92A Stinger missile, which boasts a top speed in excess of Mach 1 and a "fire and forget" infrared guidance system. It can take out an Apache helicopter, so just imagine what it'll do to an old man in a toy-laden sleigh hitched to a herd of flying Norwegian cows. The Stinger will set you back a cool \$6 million—but you can always ask for one for Christmas.

2. SET A PERIMETER

Since Santa flies over the Middle East, North Korea, and Detroit every year, there's a chance he knows a thing or two about evading hostile fire. If ol' St. Nick manages to land on your roof, greet him by siccing a ravenous Kodiak bear on his precious reindeer. If the neighbors complain, take the subtle approach by turning your pretty Christmas lights into deadly weapons. Simply strip the insulation off the wires and lay them in a crisscross grid across your roof. Sit back, enjoy some delicious eggnog, and listen for the girlish shrieking of frightened elves.

3. PROHIBIT ENTRY

Ask any prison inmate: The only thing worse than a cockney chimney sweep poking your smokestack is a bearded fat man sliding down it. Weld Plexiglas to the bottom of your chimney—Santa won't see it till it's too late—then dump a bucket of deer ticks on the broken-legged intruder. (Magic is no match for the horror of Lyme disease.) For faster results, pour a gallon of gasoline, a box of soap flakes, and a lit cigar down the chimney to make a homemade explosive. You'll love the smell of napalm on Christmas morning.

4. FIGHT DIRTY

Any security expert will tell you that allowing a flaming, tick-covered mythological porker inside your home is just asking for trouble. So instead of confronting him, set traps. Lace your homemade chocolate chip cookies with cyanide; he'll think the poison's almondlike smell simply means you supershizzled Granny's recipe with nuts. For added insurance, wrap a land mine and lay it under the tree; it'll explode when Santa delivers his lousy gifts. Good luck scrubbing bloody polyester off the walls—and Merry Christmas!



"Do I have to eat the soggy one?"



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It was Mrs. White...
In the conservatory...
with a strap-on

Blue Christmas

Even the nicest girls like to get a little bit naughty over the long, hard winter months.

Hillary Quinn gives you five foolproof ways to jingle her bells this season.

The month was December; the scene: 35,000 feet in the air. I was winging my way back to New York City from a quickie ski vacation in Vermont. Eager to enjoy every possible moment out on the slopes, I'd dashed to the plane in full ski regalia. My skin was rosy, my eyes sparkled, and there, 21B to my 21C, was a damn-fine-looking banker named Brad. It became clear Brad liked my ski look, too, as we lip-locked in the cab back to my apartment. Our first date was less than 24 hours later. If we had dinner, I don't remember. I do remember a certain appreciation on his part for my athleticism.

Sex with strangers isn't generally my thing; I swear this lascivious behavior had everything to do with the fact that Brad and I kindled our "relationship" in the cozy cabin of

**Wait three
dates before
putting out?
The rule
doesn't apply
in December.**



a snowy airplane. It was blizzarding outside; I don't like to fly; we were shoulder to shoulder for two hours... Yes, my girlfriends and I all agree there's something about the holiday season that loosens us up. Want her to slide down your chimney tonight? Saddle up, Santa: Here are five carnal reasons to love the holiday season and tips on taking advantage.

Reason to rejoice #1: She needs to feel connected.

All those holiday clichés about candles and cozying up in front of the fire may be a little Hallmarky, but the ideals of love and togetherness endure. You don't have to be a romantic to capitalize on the sentiment December breeds in women. No one—not even you—wants to feel all by their lonesome during the

twinkling season, and, consciously or unconsciously, we're willing to break our usual rules to make sure we make a connection.

Guiding a girl to your south pole will still require a little effort, but the season's amped-up emotional content means that even small gestures on your part will come off like grand romantic moves. Bring her a home-cooked meal, string some white lights around her living room, put on a romantic holiday CD. (Not Limp Bizkit, Sparky). You're not bamboozling her; women are aware of their vulnerabilities, and odds are she'll be just as eager to play along as you are to be played. "My friends and I always make sure we have a guy on deck for what we call the Winter-Up: They're there for warmth, sex, and watching movies with," says Melinda, 29, a television producer. No dates lined up? Don't worry: The holidays are the best time to look up an old girlfriend for an overtime round without looking like a stalker. ("I don't know why, but I've been thinking about you" always works.) One girl I know, newly unattached one winter, actually flew home and slept with three old flames in one weekend. "I needed to feel adored," she shrugs. Oh, come let us adore you... ▶

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SIMPLY THE BEST.

Reason to rejoice #2: It's damn cold outside.

This factor is a matter of practicality: Bodies rubbing against each other crank up the heat a few notches, a reality that comes in very handy during the frigid months. "It's 1,000 times more exciting to have a winter dalliance over a bottle of wine or a flask of booze when it's freezing out, as opposed to getting it on when it's already balmy and humid," explains Penny, 28.

Plus, you're more likely to get her to try it in risky places like the car in the parking lot or the hotel roof, since there will be fewer potential Peeping Toms in Ice Age weather. "Sex is quicker in the cold, so a girl knows it'll be fast, exciting, and over before anyone will catch you," she says. (Or, as might be the case, before she changes her mind.) Bonus: The female body's tendency to cool down to ridiculously subzero temperatures (as evidenced by your ex-girlfriend's hands on your waist in the morning—remember now?) ought to work in your favor. "When you're shivering and a guy has warm hands on your frozen ears when it's cold out, you just kind of give yourself up to the moment," explains Terri, 27. Mmm, surrender.



Holiday parties give girls a built-in excuse to drink, flirt, and look good.

CREAMY, SLURPY EGGNOG LOVE

Because nothing unwraps a girl like this liquor delivery device.



This killer recipe comes from William Koval, chef at Dallas' five-star French Room: Beat eggs, sugar, and salt until creamy; put in a heavy saucepan, add half the milk, and place over low heat. Stir until

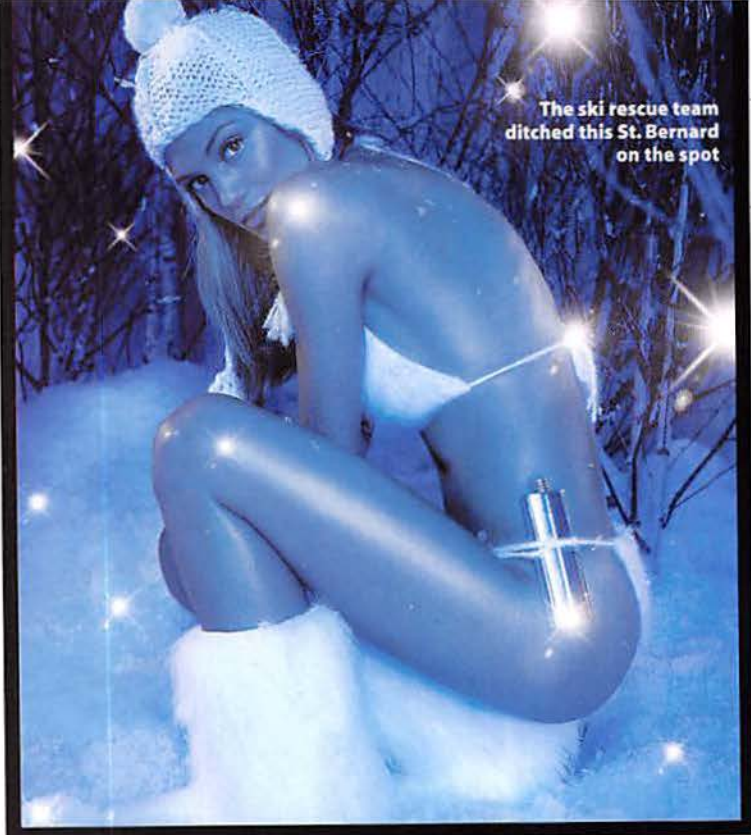
the mix is 160 degrees. Add rest of milk and vanilla, cool quickly to 40 degrees, then refrigerate. Blend egg mixture, cream, rum, and nutmeg for 30 seconds; garnish; pour into girlfriend. —Stef Sandello

Step 1: Learn to read

EGGNOG

6 EGGS; 3/4 CUP SUGAR; 1 TSP. SALT; 1 QUART MILK; 1 TBS. VANILLA EXTRACT; 1 PINT WHIPPING CREAM; 1 TSP. NUTMEG; 1 CUP RUM; 1 CUP VANILLA ICE CREAM (TO GARNISH HER CUP); 2 TABS VIAGRA (TO GARNISH YOURS)

MAXIM



The ski rescue team ditched this St. Bernard on the spot

Reason to rejoice #3: Winter sports make her hot.

Whether it's skiing Mount Diablo or slipping on the ice in front of Denny's, a sense of risk pervades, and that translates to sexy heat. You're both wearing athletic-looking gear, cool equipment, and tan faces. You're also pumped on endorphins, which encourages behavior one might otherwise never see. "Every single winter, I hook up with at least one guy I meet while I'm skiing," admits Lauren, 27. "The flirting goes on all day. It's like all these attractive men are pushing me to go a little faster, steeper, wilder. They're whooping and hollering, and it all feels dangerous—and that's sexy."

You don't even have to be able to ski in order to take advantage of her altitude-challenged tolerance for alcohol: Strap on snowshoes; try cross-country skiing; hell, rent a snowmobile if you have to. To capitalize later on the high energy of all those flirtatious chairlift rides over hot Irish coffee at the lodge fireplace, offer a friendly massage on sore muscles or exchange harrowing high-speed tales—made up, if necessary—to keep the adrenaline level high. Then direct that energy in a carnal direction by suggesting a dip in the hot tub. "Great skiing, like good sex, is a coming together of mind, body, and spirit. A perfect day includes both," says Cathy, 24.

Reason to rejoice #4: Real-world rules don't apply when we're on vacation.

Once you get us away from the office and our prying mothers, we women feel a sense of

spontaneity that doesn't surface in everyday life. In other words, the wait-three-dates-before-putting-out rule is not in effect—we're more apt to participate in a booty call if it takes place 3,000 miles from home. Whether it's doing the mattress mambo with a new friend behind a DO NOT DISTURB sign or finally giving in to the lust we've been harboring for a hot office mate, vacation flings are always on our want-to-do list.

"One Christmas, my flight home was delayed due to ice storms," recalls Allison, 23. "I ended up having several Bloody Marys with a sexy soda rep who was also stuck at the airport." When both of their flights wound up being canceled, Señor Soft Drink offered to show her the local sights. "We had a great time out, one thing led to another, and it was an amazingly sexy night!" The relationship fizzled when they parted gates the next day, but Allison still drinks Pepsi rather than Coke, as a tawdry tribute to her one-night stand.

You might be tempted to dangle the possibility of something long-term emerging from a vacation hookup, but don't be fooled. This ain't the real world, and if a girl's going to hook up with you on the roof of a beach cabana, she wants to stay just as disentangled as you do. So go ahead and lower expectations from the start. If it's a colleague you're cuddling with, start making noises about your frequent 100-hour work weeks. ("Guess I'll be surfacing again in May—I hate tax season!") If you meet on a tropical island, make sure she knows about your opposition to long-distance relationships. Women agree: Vacation hookups should fade with the tan.



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CHASING TAIL?

Clanking-ball studs reveal where the ski bunnies are.

PARK CITY, UTAH

Guys say: "They bus girls up from Salt Lake City, and there's, like, 20 of them onstage dancing at a time!" And that's just at the diner. Catch local, uh, flavor at faves like No Name Saloon, Cicero's, and Harry O's. **Try:** "I swear I'm gonna buy a condo up here next year." **Not:** "Five bucks says I can unzip that thing using only my teeth."

ST. LAWRENCE GAP, BARBADOS

Guys say: "It's like a Caribbean college town—cheap hotels, rum shacks everywhere! The girls are *looking* to have fun." Score cheap eats, cheap booze, and nice girls at the Ship Inn, After Dark, and Oistin's Fish Fry. **Try:** "If loving your sarong is sarong, how come it feels saright?" **Not:** "Sex on the beach for milady?"

BRECKENRIDGE, COLORADO

Guys say: "Sorority Sisters." Warm up at Eric's Downstairs or Mi Casa. **Try:** "Nightcap? And maybe one of my shirts?" **Not:** "Hey, wanna ski Devil's Crotch?"

LAS VEGAS

Guys say: "With the aspiring strippers, bored trophy girlfriends, and bachelorette parties, the ratio of girls to guys is 10 to one." Check out Ghost Bar, Light, or Rumjungle. **Try:** "Which way to the \$10K-minimum tables?" **Not:** "Slots are fun, but I'm tired of pulling my handle. Your turn, baby." —Stephanie Huszar



Nevada bike racks



The holidays are the best time for a rematch with an ex.

Reason to rejoice #5: Parties strip away inhibition.

There's no more target-rich setting for a sexual army of one like yourself than the good, old-fashioned holiday bash. Popping your cork at a holiday soiree, for many women, is part of the master plan. It's the one time of year we pull on something sexy and sparkly and slit up to there, quaff a few glasses of bubbly, and watch as everyone starts to look more attractive than they do hunched over their ergonomic wrist pads. Basically, the holidays give us the rare "Get out of the rumor mill free" card, and we're more willing than you'd expect to cash in that puppy. "At my law firm's holiday party, everyone, even the most antisocial dweebs, gets hammered, and there's this legendary 'Who did whom' thing that goes on. It's almost a

rite of passage," explains Christianne, a 30-year-old attorney. "The next day everything is back to normal and nobody is judged."

So keep an eye on her glass to make sure it stays full, and—unless it's *your* office party—compliment her body in that drop-dead outfit so she knows she's on your radar. ("You have incredibly sexy shoulders" is a go-to come-on that always works, since shoulders are rarely fat.) Then keep returning over the course of the evening to show her some attention and save her from small talk with droning coworkers' wives. She should be giggling at your side long before the rent-a-DJ plays OutKast's "Last Call." Don't forget to get her under the mistletoe on the way out, in case your intentions weren't entirely clear. Season's greetings—and if you aren't in by noon tomorrow, we'll understand. **M**

"Race you down the mountain, Mr. Bono."



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Appetite for Destruction

The stars of the rising professional eating circuit crave fame and fortune—one heaping plate at a time. BY STEVE KANDELL

The calendar might say it's the Fourth of July, but this ain't no picnic: Braving sweltering heat, 20 of the world's top athletes line up shoulder to shoulder, shuffling their feet and trying to stay loose. A crowd of thousands murmurs in hushed anticipation, sensing the tension. As the clock strikes noon, a starter pistol fires. And they're off.

Huge hands frantically grab for the piles of hot dogs in front of them, dunking buns in water and cramming tube steak after tube steak into gaping maws. Carnival barkers offer color commentary, and a midget runs around in an Uncle Sam outfit, but this isn't a sideshow—it's world-class competition, a 12-minute test of endurance for the planet's premier gluttons.

Front and center stands Eric "Badlands" Booker, wearing enough processed pig sphincter on his face and shirt to feed a family of four. At a whopping 410 pounds, this jolly subway conductor is a poster boy for cardiac arrest and precisely what you'd expect

'I'm not in Bruce Jenner shape,' says Badlands. 'But I'm in good eating shape.'

an eating contest competitor to look like. Almost hidden amid the other gastronomes is Sonya Thomas, a tiny 106-pound Korean woman who chews ferociously as mascara pours down her cheeks. With her 20th hot dog stuffed completely in her mouth, she's kicking Booker's sizable ass—and simultaneously obliterating the women's world record. Just to the left of Badlands stands a 132-pound Japanese man who is somehow doubling the rest of the field's nausea-

inducing pace as he shovels in number 44. His name is Takeru "Tsunami" Kobayashi.

To call Kobayashi the Michael Jordan or Tiger Woods of the professional competitive eating circuit—yes, it exists—is unfair. He's Jordan if Jordan racked up 70 points and 30 rebounds a night. He's Tiger if Tiger finished 20-under every round. It's not a matter of whether Kobayashi will win, but *how much* he'll win by. And he's turning this one-time freak show into a big-money industry with designs on becoming a legitimate sport.

"In what way is this *not* a sport?" asks George Shea, who founded the International Federation of Competitive Eating with his younger brother Rich seven years ago. "These people are pushing their bodies to perform. It's certainly more taxing on a body than golf is." Sanctioning close to 100 events worldwide, ranging from conch fritters to cannoli, the IFOCE serves as the new sport's promoter, governing body, and archivist, compiling stats to determine world

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BIG NUMBERS

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**JALAPEÑOS**

Amount: 152 peppers
Time: 15 minutes
Champion: Jed Donahue

**OYSTERS**

Amount: 18 dozen Acme Oysters
Time: 10 minutes
Champion: Boyd Bulot

**MAYONNAISE**

Amount: Four 32-ounce bowls of mayonnaise
Time: 8 minutes
Champion: Oleg Zhornitskiy

**BUTTER**

Amount: 7 quarter-pound sticks of salted butter
Time: 5 minutes
Champion: Don Lerman

**CHICKEN WINGS**

Amount: 134 chicken wings
Time: 12 minutes
Champion: Sonya Thomas

**CHILI**

Amount: 1½ gallons of Stag Chili
Time: 10 minutes
Champion: Richard Lefevre

**COW BRAINS**

Amount: 57 (17.7 pounds)
Time: 15 minutes
Champion: Takeru Kobayashi

**DONUTS**

Amount: 49 glazed donuts
Time: 8 minutes
Champion: Eric "Badlands" Booker

**EGGS**

Amount: 65 boiled eggs
Time: 6 minutes, 40 seconds
Champion: Sonya Thomas

BEEF TONGUE

Amount: 3 pounds, 3 ounces of pickled beef tongue, whole
Time: 12 minutes
Champion: Dominic Cardo



Welcome to the fattest show on Earth



rankings and publishing a quarterly newsletter called *The Gurgitator* (paid circulation: 43 and counting).

The Sheas first came to the annual July 4th Nathan's Hot Dog Eating Contest as PR flacks with a deep admiration for the P.T. Barnums of the world, but they quickly came to respect the skill and preparation that the competition requires. As pro sports leagues increasingly use hucksterism to pitch their sports as family entertainment, these two hucksters are relentlessly trying to have their entertainment accepted as sport.

And right now, as Kobayashi slurps down a mouthful of wet hot dog bun (pros take out the meat and dunk the bun in water for faster, more efficient inhalation), more than 10 million people are watching the competition live from the air-conditioned comfort of their own homes—not on E! or Animal Planet, but on regular ol' ESPN.

Turning Japanese

"This is the sport of the 21st century," preaches Badlands, nursing a full gallon of water the night before the Coney Island competition is set to kick off. "And we're the pioneers right now."

A mainstay of the circuit since 1997, Badlands is one of the IFOCE's greatest champions and most recognizable ambassadors.

"An athlete is someone who can do great feats with his body, and when you're up at that table, it takes stamina and strategy to compete. It takes mental toughness to keep going when you hit a wall, same as a runner." And there is definitely a physical toll. When asked about the, um, aftermath of a competition,

Badlands is mercifully vague: "Let's just say it's an all-night session."

Admittedly, Badlands doesn't look much like an athlete, and when he's regularly whipped by a man barely one quarter his weight, he knows he has to adapt to stay competitive. Badlands uses a translator program to read Japanese eating Web sites and carefully studies and fine-tunes the tactics of Kobayashi and his countrymen Hirofumi Nakajima and Kazutoyo Arai. Though famously secretive about training methods, Kobayashi supposedly meditates regularly and talks to his stomach to get in the zone.

In Japan, eating is already considered a viable sport—Kobayashi is part of the nine-member Food Fighting Association that sanctions big-purse events throughout the country—and its champions are idolized and paid handsomely. While the Sheas are trying to bring that cultural fascination stateside, the huskier American eaters are trying to figure out how to keep up with the petite Feast Beasts of the East.

Their competitive edge might actually be biological. The "adipose theory" developed by former hot dog champ Ed Krachie suggests that larger stomachs are actually less able to expand, putting the big guys at a significant disadvantage when it comes to binge eating. The ironic result: Badlands and his massive ilk

are trying to lose weight to eat more. He lifts weights regularly, but his lifestyle and training regimen don't exactly allow for effective calorie counting, so Badlands relies on mental discipline and concentration for that added edge.

"I'm not in Bruce Jenner shape," he concedes. "But I'm in good eating shape." ▶



"No, the diet starts tomorrow."



- ☐ Manipulating time to restore the kingdom?
- ☐ Manipulating time to banish the demons?
- ☐ Manipulating time because everything looks cool in slow motion?



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Glutton for punishment

A few weeks later, Sonya Thomas is digesting in a hotel room in Buffalo, still stinging from a third-place finish. Just 24 hours ago, she set a world record for Buffalo wing inhalation: 134 in 12 minutes. But that was the semis, and she couldn't keep pace with 360-pound Ed "Cookie" Jarvis in the finals. Sonya had never competed before qualifying for the Nathan's contest in June. "I saw Kobayashi on TV and thought I could do that," she reasons. "When I go to a buffet, I eat more than anybody else."

In a few short months, Sonya has made an unlikely rise to the top of the gurgitator pack, gagging her way to victory in a hamburger-eating contest in Wisconsin. The Sheas are doing their part to promote this rookie sensation by booking appearances; she opened up for Godsmack in September by destroying the soft-boiled egg record. "People recognize me now," she says, sounding genuinely stunned. "I want to be something special."

Currently manager of a fast food restaurant in Alexandria, Virginia, Sonya hopes to



'Eating is more taxing on a body than golf,' says the IFOCE's Rich Shea.

make a living off her healthy appetite. But her goal, above riches, is to take down Kobayashi, and, like Badlands, she plans to beat him at his own game. She ate 25 hot dogs at Coney Island—that would've been the men's record five years ago—without knowing anything about dunking the buns. Now that she understands the strategy, she's confident.

"I can eat lots."

Gut check

The IFOCE's ace in the hole is its ability to secure corporate sponsorship, an asset more important to modern athletics than the athletes themselves. Unlike that icky feeling you get sitting in Bank One Ballpark or watching the Mighty Ducks play, here sponsorship is a natural extension of the sport—would anyone cry foul over Hardee's lending its name to a burger contest? As long as there are companies with edible products to sell, someone will pay Rich and George Shea to have people wolf down mass quantities of them in front of cameras. And as the prizes increase, so will viewer interest. "Snowboarding is an Olympic medal sport," Rich grumbles. "I doubt that would have happened if it weren't for corporate sponsorship."

The Sheas are campaigning to have their sport accepted by Jacques Rogge and the Olympic committee, but their appeal has so far gone unanswered. While their methods are a bit odd—like marching on Olympic headquarters with a "torch" of canned ham on a stick—their argument is steeped in financial reality.

Minutes after swallowing his contest-winning 44th hot dog, Kobayashi poses for hundreds of cameras, holding his

From left: Barbecue-fish-eating contest in Thailand; Badlands Booker swallows (matzo) balls; Crazy Legs Conti breaks the oyster record in New Orleans.



Ring Ding brothers: Rich and George Shea

yellow championship belt aloft as fans rush the stage. Next to him, Cookie Jarvis limply raises his second-place trophy, adding an impressive finish (30 1/2) to his recent victories in cannoli, ice cream, and Buffalo wings. But Kobayashi's smile is forced, and not just because of the abdominal cramps—he finished six behind last year's record-shattering tally, and his disappointment shows.

The crowd doesn't seem to mind. It cost Colin Hudson several hundred dollars and one girlfriend to fly from Los Angeles to witness this moment, and he's basking in it. "No one in the world can do what he does," Hudson marvels as he watches a horde of Japanese girls scream at the champ's distended belly. "And if you have a belt like that, you can get chicks." The Shea brothers are looking for a few million more Colin Hudsons.

As prizes soar and competitors like Kobayashi redefine what the human body can do, those fans are starting to trickle in. Next year will see the IFOCE's biggest purses yet, as well as over 30 more events than were held in 2003. But hot dogs remain competitive eating's undisputed crown jewel.

"Nathan's is this league's Augusta," Rich Shea says. "That mustard-yellow belt is our green jacket." M



No one can eat 50 eggs? Sonya can.

HIROKI! IS NO LONGER HUNGRY!

FRANK TALK

Our resident gurgitator challenges the master.

In six years our Japanese art assistant has gagged on dog food, rotten fruit, and massage oil. So Hiroki is understandably in awe when he gets to meet champion sausage swallower Takeru Kobayashi.

The secretive Tsunami refuses to say whether he has sex while in training, but he does explain how soaking the buns makes for faster consumption. Having gained wisdom and skipped

breakfast, Hiroki's determined to break the record. Over 12 minutes, he soaks the buns but wrings them out, then dunks the dogs and wrings them out.

The final tally: Kobayashi, 50 1/2; Hiroki, 6. "That wasn't food. So much oily and hard, my chin was tired," Hiroki says wearily. "Kobayashi is Buddha. I don't know why he still alive." (To view all the gristly footage, visit maximonline.com.)



Master and grasshopper

Combo in the corner?



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The truth is right here on everything about aliens—from crop circles to anal probes. BY PAUL BIBEAU

KNEEL, EARTHLINGS!

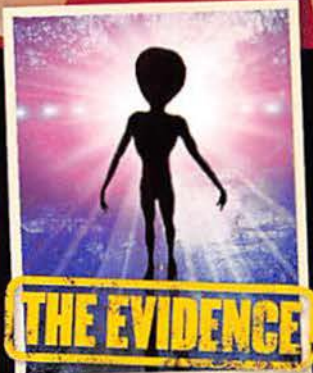
WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT 'EM

1. THEY'RE HOT DOG VENDORS.

On March 20, 1998, in Arroyo Hondo, New Mexico, rancher Jessie Gonzales discovered that his prize bull had been mutilated. Something had cut a large hole in the animal's flank and snatched its anus. New Mexico's a nice place, but don't eat the jerky.

2. THEY VOTE DEMOCRAT.

Before he became president and habitat-hammering lefty, Jimmy Carter reported seeing mysterious lights in the sky as he left a Lion's Club meeting in Washington, D.C. on January 22, 1969. Could they have been a UFO? Or did his brother Billy strap balloons to the lawn chair again?



Maxim rips open the X-files and investigates...

UFOs

The phenomenon: Flashes of light, flying saucers, and other strange airborne objects. In the past 60 years, thousands of UFO sightings have been reported in the U.S. **The MO:** On March 13, 1997, hundreds of Phoenix residents reported a giant V-shaped UFO flying over the area at a reported speed of 400 mph. **The real deal:** The Air Force claims that a few of their planes were in the area dropping flares. Other sightings are written off as sunspots, a flock of Canadian geese migrating, or the ever-mysterious "top-secret weather balloon."

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

The phenomenon: Airplane pilots and passengers peek out the window and see that they are sharing airspace with a distinctly noncommercial flight. More than 3,000 airplane-related close encounters have taken place in the U.S. alone. **The MO:** On January 7, 1948, Air National Guard pilot Thomas Mantell tailed a metallic, teardrop-shaped figure across the Kentucky sky. When Mantell pulled up for a closer look, he crashed and died. **The Louisville Courier** printed that he was shot down by aliens. **The real deal:** Military officials said Mantell hit a reconnaissance balloon, lost control, and crashed. Yeah—into a damn UFO!

MUTILATED LIVESTOCK

The phenomenon: For years farmers in the Southwest have reported finding dead livestock that are missing body parts—with wounds that are often cauterized. **The MO:** A filly was found in Colorado's San Luis Valley in September 1967; its brain had been carved out, burn marks were found on the ground nearby, and the carcass smelled like medicine. **The real deal:** Many cattle deaths were caused by local predators; postmortem bloating then disfigured the animals. But no word on how brain-slurping cougars got hold of scalpels.



3. THEY SPEAK OUR LANGUAGE, BUT NOT OUR GRAMMAR.

In 1987, in a field in southern England, a message appeared: WEARENOTALONE. If the message had really come from aliens, as some brainiac pointed out, it would have read, YOU, not WE. Then the brainiac was zapped by a strange bolt of energy.

5. THEY PREFER DAVE GROHL.

In World War II many allied pilots reported being surrounded by small, quick-moving balls of fire that they named Foo Fighters. They terrified the pilots, but the balls were not aggressive. A fiery, flying Courtney Love, however, destroyed thousands of allied planes and nearly lost us the war.

6. THEY'RE SEXTRATERRESTRIAL!

Truman Bethurum got the rides of his life when, from June to November 1952, he was supposedly taken aboard a flying saucer 11 times and screwed senseless by a beautiful female alien captain. Sounds like a movie we rented once—Ron Jeremy was the wookiee.

4. THEY SUCK AT SURGERY.

During the mid-1980s, an Illinois man came forward with an outlandish tale: Aliens had kidnapped him and implanted a device in his sinus cavity to record events on Earth. But the implant was dislodged after he caught a cold. When he blew his nose, out came the implant—a shiny ball bearing.

Unfortunately, they aren't housebroken

LANDING STRIPS

The phenomenon: Enormous shapes that look like drawings on desert plains worldwide could be signals or even landing strips for flying saucers. **The MO:** Strange, gigantic markings in the shapes of lizards, spiders, and monkeys are carved into Peru's Nazca Desert. Similar figures have been spotted in northern Chile, England, and the American Southwest. **The real deal:** The figures were created by ancient civilizations. Since they were made before man could fly, there's no explanation as to why they were created. There's no doubt they were labor-intensive; the Peru series spans 37 miles. No way union labor did that.

CRASH SITES

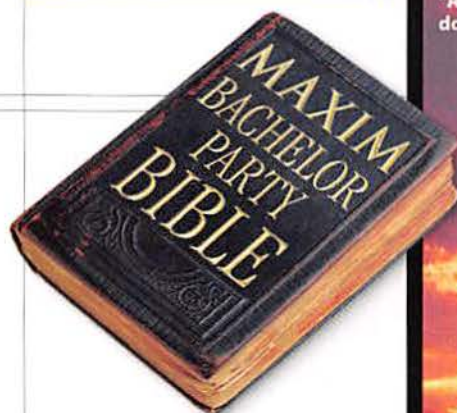
The phenomenon: Carnage, crashed spacecraft, and FBI cover-ups. **The MO:** On July 3, 1947, in Roswell, New Mexico, rancher Mac Brazel discovered pieces of what appeared to be an alien spacecraft. Soon UFO stories surfaced throughout the area, with some claiming to have seen pics of alien bodies. **The real deal:** Brazel did find debris, but according to the military it was a top-secret recon balloon, as were most of the UFO sightings around Roswell. The bodies? Just photos of crash-test dummies, whose legend has long outlived their crappy band.

ALIEN ABDUCTIONS

The phenomenon: Hapless earthlings wake up with huge gaps in their memory. Under hypnosis many of them recall being kidnapped (and often violated) by aliens. **The MO:** Driving through New Hampshire on September 19, 1961, Betty and Barney Hill saw a weird light in the sky. Later, Barney had a sore neck and Betty was having nightmares of being forced inside a strange vehicle. (Sounds more like a date!) **The real deal:** The Hills et al. could have been lying, telling the truth, or suffering from false memory syndrome—unwittingly inventing memories under hypnosis. Or maybe they just took the brown acid.

CROP CIRCLES

The phenomenon: Gigantic, geometrically precise circles are left in farmers' fields. More than 10,000 crop circles have appeared all over the world. **The MO:** On August 12, 1972, in Wiltshire, England, two farmers watched as a 30-foot circle of wheat laid down by itself. **The real deal:** At least 80 percent are fakes. In 1991 two English painters admitted to setting up 250 hoaxes themselves with a few boards. What about the others? Two theories: a funnel of wind or a plasma vortex—a swirling electromagnetic funnel—caused the wheat to fall over like Kelsey Grammar at a cocktail party.



This is insane. Why am I on my hands and knees, pants down, in front of 30 friends and coworkers? And why is a 200-pound stripper tongue-tickling my tail feather? Journalism, friends. This humiliation is all part of my new job.

Just four months ago, I was a lowly intern from Connecticut, preparing for college final exams. Now I'm *Maxim's* full-time (if not fully paid) editorial assistant. And while I love the idea of playing the bachelor for three days of Big Apple debauchery, this wasn't exactly the payoff I'd been expecting.

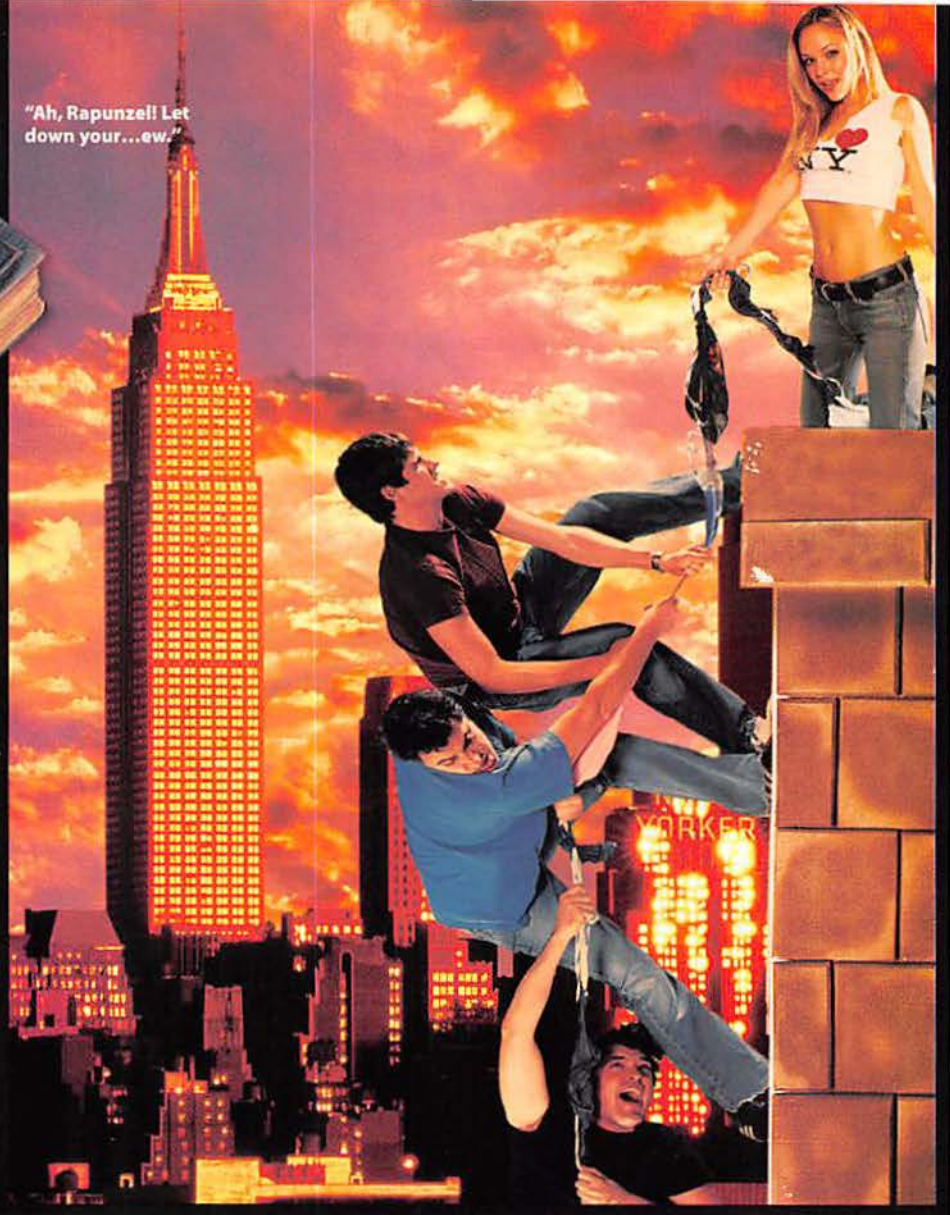
Crazy train

New York, I'm learning, is a hard-partying, hottie-drenched beast of a city that'll eat you up and puke you out faster than Lara Flynn Boyle at a buffet. And as with the first three stops in this five-part bachelor party thrillogey (*Sin City*, *N'awlins*, *Vancouver*), we're riding her for all she's worth. My job? To torture-test Gotham City so that when the time comes, you can throw a perverted, mistake-free stag party of your own. This gig rocks!

It's barely 10 A.M., and our 48-hour bash is already in full screech through the tunnels of Manhattan. In recognition of an old-school N.Y.C. tradition, we've turned the last car of the Coney Island-bound W train into an underground rave: ghetto blaster in the corner, booze disguised as vitamin water, and enough girls dirty-dancing on subway poles to start charging a cover. Adding to the excitement is the fact that this entire party has been outlawed by the mayor himself—but, as the bum wailing on a busted trumpet with an I'LL STOP PLAYING FOR MONEY! sign points out, it's only illegal if you get caught.

Fifteen stops later, we hit New York's finest: the infamous Coney Island amusement parks, a festive combination of fireworks, drunk women, and simmering urban violence—just be sure to leave before dark. Ignoring hunger pains, we barhop to KeySpan Park, home of the Crooklyn (as they're known to all who've been mugged in Brooklyn)

"Ah, Rapunzel! Let down your...ew."



Book 4: New York

The dirtiest party of a man's life meets the city that never sleeps...alone. BY JON WILDE

APPLE SEEDS

New York City numbers game.

➤ **22.7** Total area of Manhattan island, in square miles.

➤ **26.4** Pounds of trash produced in the city each day...in millions.

➤ **25** Percentage of N.Y.C.'s southern "reservoir tip" built on landfill.

Cyclones, the Mets' minor league squad and the only team named after a dilapidated, rickety disaster of a roller coaster—which we ride three times, of course. Because if there's one thing that'll prepare a man for marriage, it's the anticipation of quick death.

But before I can start having fun, the whispers start: "Save your strength, kid." "Enjoy your dignity while it lasts, slugger." I have no idea what's going to happen, but I intend to get obliterated before it's too late.

Pistol-whipped

There's nothing liberating about celebrating your buddy's last hours of carnal freedom in a buttoned-up W Hotel or some barnyard Marriott. Your groom-

to-be deserves a stay at Debauchery Central: the Chelsea Hotel, where Sex Pistol Sid Vicious stabbed the love of his life, Nancy Spungen, to death. Clearly, the brakes are off tonight...

Serendipitously, the good folks at the Chelsea have locked us out of our original suite (Room 710) because some celebrity couple is finding out that reality really does bite. Reportedly, a certain sword-swinging actress booted her cheating dead poet husband out of their apartment, and the birdman is hiding in our crib. But it's no skin off our sparkling backsides—there are more working women in this town than we can shake our sticks at, and time is ticking. Here, stripper, stripper...

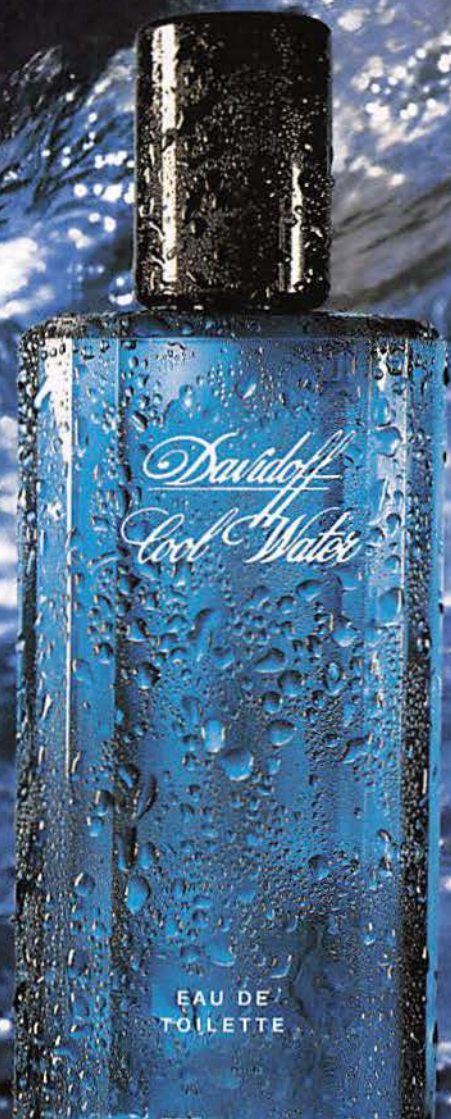
Times Square has been on a disappointing uphill slope for years. Former mayor Rudy Giuliani's antiporn crusade pushed the last ▶



New York cab shown actual size



Available at Fine Department Stores





TRAVEL ADVISORY

SEX IN DA CITY

Forget gossip, shopping, late-night penis parties... This is how to do N.Y.C. Maxim-style. Bride not included.

10 A.M. The Beast (212-563-3200) always uses her teeth...

10 P.M. Revive your killer buzz at the Flat (212-677-9477), where the stomachs are and the rest ain't.

NOON Did someone say "cockpit"? Fly high on the USS Intrepid (212-245-0072).

3 P.M. Eatin's cheatin', but Sazerac House (212-989-0313) is worth the buzz-kill.

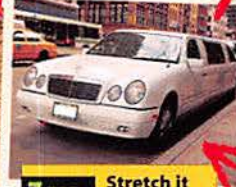
SMIRNOFF



12 A.M. Manhattan Gentlemen's Club (212-475-3200)



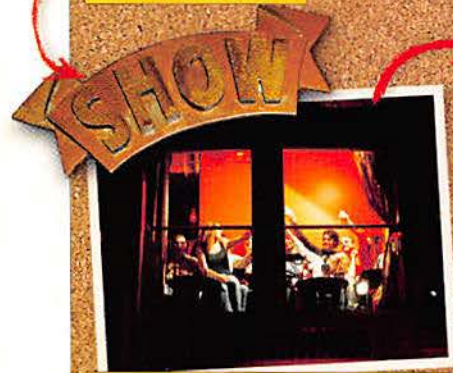
11 P.M. Parties at the Chelsea (212-243-3700) always get down and dirty.



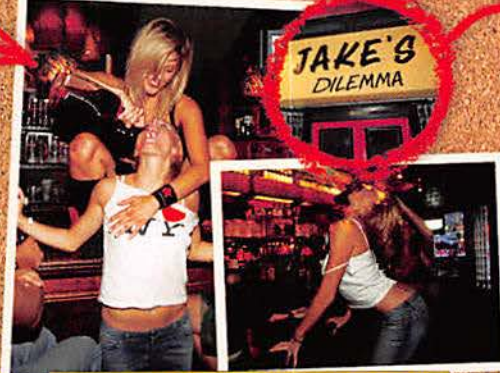
7 P.M. Stretch it out in big-city style (exotic limousines.com), 'cause lap dances on the bus aren't nearly as cool.



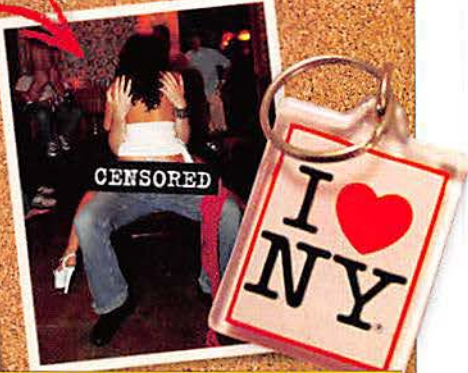
5 P.M. Three chicks...and these dorks are out. KeySpan Park (718-449-8497).



1 A.M. New York City's best nightclub? Show (shownightclub.com).



2 A.M. At Eat, Drink & Be Merry, the staff is very hands-on (our intern).



??? Bachelor parties must end with a bang...or a bang in the end? Your choice.

remnants of the low-rent slime factories into Queens...and we're right behind 'em. But not on the subway. The precious moments of a bachelor party can't be wasted on transportation. For \$200 per hour, Centerfold Strips has provided us a stretch Hummer with built-in hotties (an extra \$700 per hour, but with included girl-on-girl action, it's worth it) so we don't miss a single dance en route. And for anyone who's yet to receive a lap dance at 50 mph, let's just say it's a bump-and-grindy ride. If I knew pretending to get married

APPLE SEEDS

> **4,260** Span of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, in feet.

> **1.625** Inches the bridge's towers are out of parallel to accommodate the curvature of the Earth.

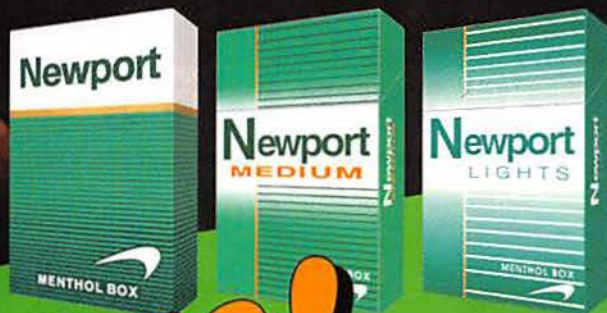
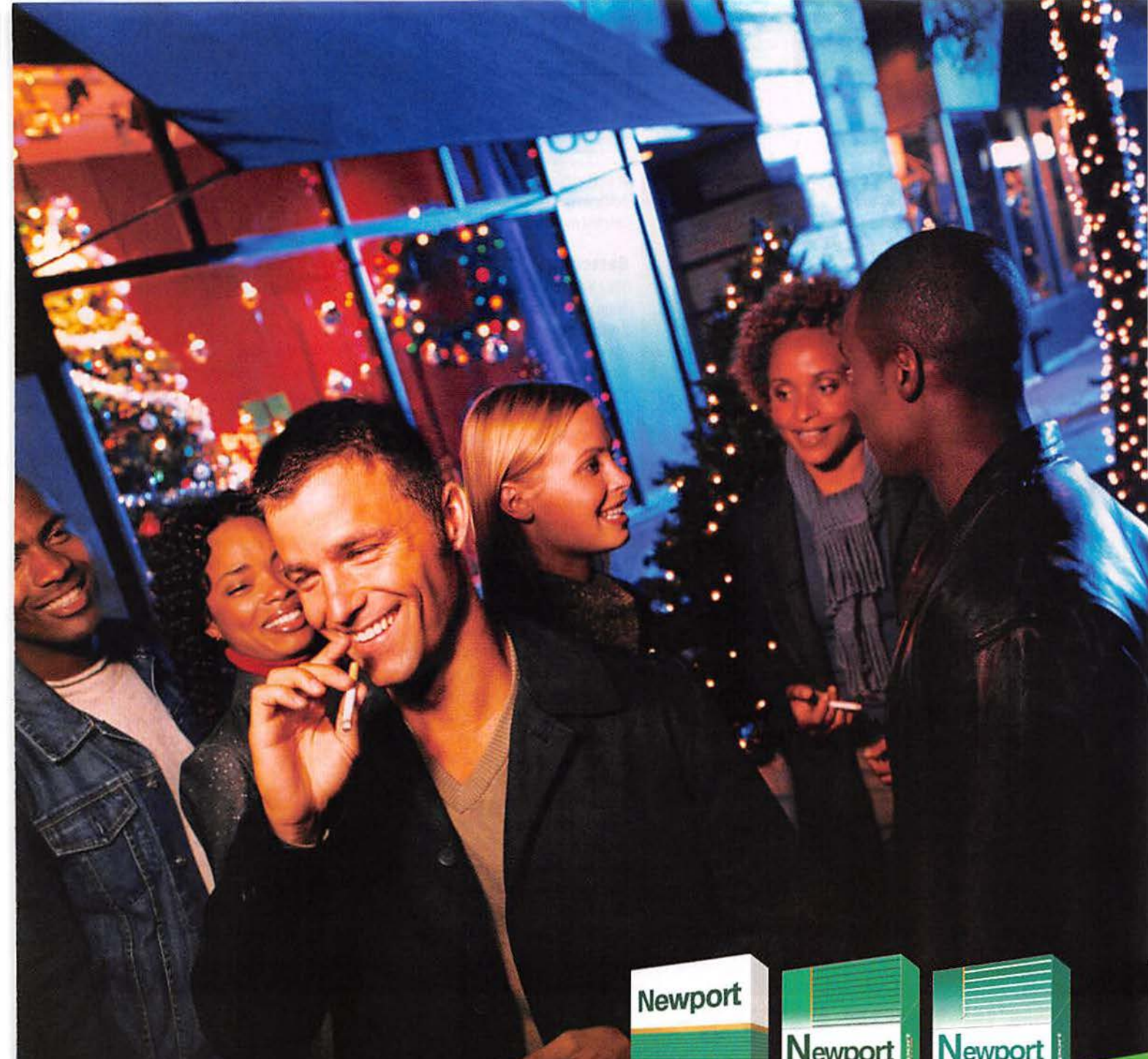
was this much fun, I'd have faked it years ago.

The minute we step inside Wiggles, an all-nude, no-booze fleshfest of the lowest order, it's clear we've come to the right place. For \$20 these girls will grind a hole straight into your Wranglers. And there's no telling what they do in the private Champagne Room (sorry, we *really* can't tell). But as we settle in, we hear that Giuliani's sexless policies are being relaxed, opening the doors for highbrow joints like Manhattan Gentlemen's Club. To the strippermobile!

This brand-new upscale "club" in a former bank makes Queens a distant memory. Before I can order a \$13 drink, three "law school students" are grinding all over my gavel. As the clock strikes 4 A.M., we stumble into our waiting Hummer, surrounded by Nelly's "Hot in Here" and the sight of half-naked Alexia and Mandy pouring drinks for the road. Ah, the joys of marriage!

Fourteen shots and untold sexual indiscretions later, we look like Nick Nolte after a train wreck but somehow make our way to the





Holiday pleasure!

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**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**

Hudson River by 10 A.M. If you're a hung-over tourist looking to obliterate all aquatic serenity on your way to peeking up Lady Liberty's frock, you've got one choice: the Beast. For \$16 this Day-Glo speedboat is the best way to enjoy an hourlong, 55 mph tour of the planet's greatest skyline. Too bad some

LOCAL LORE

WHAT THE HELL YOU LOOKIN' AT?

Real New Yorkers divulge their secret tips...then flip the bird.



JUST TRY AND CRASH INTO ME, TERRORIST BASTARDS. I'LL GIVE YOU SUCH A SMACK!

- "Don't ride in the last subway car late at night. There's never a conductor in there."—Mike, 45
- "Go back to Jersey!"—Alex, 33
- "Need cash? Buy an unlimited MetroCard for the subway and swipe people through for a dollar."—Jenny, 27
- "Never pay for sex in the Meatpacking District... unless you like chicks packin' meat."—Sugar, 22
- "Don't be black. New York cops hate that."—Luther, 24

APPLE SEEDS

- > **450,000** Weight of Lady Liberty, in pounds.
- > **12** Number of *Maxim* staffers who'd sleep with her anyway.
- > **12,387** Yellow cabs in New York City.
- > **100** Percentage of taxi drivers who hate all taxi drivers.
- > **194** Average daily hotel room rate in Manhattan, in dollars.
- > **43** Dollar decrease in average room rate since 2000.



of us (Todd) are missing the entire thing, busily unloading the contents of last night's beerfest over the Beast's railing.

Batter up

Since New York is high culture, we can't avoid hitting the big spots: the Museum of Modern Art, the Empire State Building, the U.N., etc. But who said we had to leave the strippers at home? (Actually, Kofi Annan did; we learned that U.N. security guards frown on public displays of erotic affection.) Let us be the first to say that every man should get a lap dance on top of New York's tallest building.

We were still too tired and hung over to do our own planning for night two... Luckily, in New York there's always another option. We call Eat, Drink & Be Merry (212-585-2371; from \$40 to \$150 per head, depending on sex-travagance). This one-stop shop for all your twisted bachelor party needs has private party rooms from the West Village to the Upper East Side. One phone call and we have at our disposal limousines, girls who get naked in limousines, food, booze, more girls who get naked in limousines, and girls who get naked for the sole purpose of embarrassing your bachelor to the brink of suicide (or marriage, whichever comes first).

So that's how I ended up here at a bar called Jake's Dilemma, with two strippers dressed like schoolgirls (and drunk on Jell-O shots like schoolgirls) beating me with my own belt in front of my coworkers. Sounds like fun, right? Until a third girl cracks a long leather whip against my butt cheeks.



In seconds the room has gone from dive bar to XXX torture chamber, with lap dances in one corner, body shots in another, and one of our guys... uh, let's say he's being sized for a toe ring. Maybe I'm getting off easy.

And maybe not. I can't tell you all the gory details, but soon I'm defending myself with a Wiffle Ball bat as one stripper hurls eggs at me—without using her hands or feet. Such a talented gal. And all I can think about are the photos of all this mess that will without a doubt get e-mailed to the entire company on Monday morning. Ah, well, in this economy I'll find a new job in no time.

Right now we're still on the company dime and leaving no penny unspent. Across town is another Eat, Drink & Be Merry spot that's hosting an all-night beer-pong competition. And I just happen to be my college's reigning beer-pong champion—or so I unfortunately stated on my résumé. Seven rimmers later I'm 300 sheets to the wind and yelling things about my soon-to-be former boss' mother that would make Traci Lords blush. Hopefully, they'll let me tag along for the final stop on this bachelor party parade: Miami, home of the world's smallest bikinis.

See y'all in paradise. ☑

MONEY MATTERS

NEW YORK CITY'S BIGGEST BAR-GAINS!

Broke in America's most expensive city? Don't turn tricks—just go where the beer's cheaper than water.



MONDAY

Thirty-cent wings and \$3 domestic pints all day at Barrow Street Ale House (15 Barrow St.). A mighty fine way to kick off the week... and your cirrhosis.



TUESDAY

Get all you can drink from 8 P.M. to 11 P.M. down at Doc Holliday's (141 Ave. A) for \$7. That's right—all the Bud Light you can drink for three hours. Happy Almost Hump Day!



WEDNESDAY

White-trash Wednesday at Brother Jimmy's Bait Shack (1644 3rd Ave.) means \$1 Natty Light and PBR cans, \$3 Bud tall-boys, and \$3 shots of White Lightning.



THURSDAY

The Village Idiot (355 W. 14th St.) offers \$6 pitchers of Miller Genuine Draft, and the smokin'-hot—and drunk—barmaids have been known to get topless on the half-hour.



FRIDAY

Mad Cow Friday at Clockwork Orange—inspired Korova Milk Bar (200 Ave. A). A Cuervo shot with a Corona or a Jack with a Rolling Rock for \$5 all night. Teats sold separately.



SATURDAY

Let out your inner glutton and gorge on three pitchers and all-you-can-eat wings for \$18 at a place called Down the Hatch (179 W. 4th St.) from 1 P.M. to 6 P.M.



SUNDAY

Rest your brain on the seventh day at Off the Wagon (109 Macdougal St.). All booze is \$3 from 8 P.M. to close... whenever the hell that may be. —Chrissi Mark

THESE RICH GIRLS THINK
THEY CAN SURVIVE A MONTH ON A FARM?

FOX will see about that!

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Heiress to
hotel fortune

Nicole Richie
Daughter of
Lionel Richie

Tinkerbell

the simple life

From filthy rich...to just plain filthy!

PREMIERES TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2

FOX

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Are You Experienced?

We talked and dreamed about it, but the reality of the last two years has been an experience that was hard to imagine. We set out to write and record songs that our fans would enjoy; songs that are memorable. But to have the number one most-played song of 2002 is the perfect experience! And JVC has helped make that experience even better by letting us keep all the crazy things we did on tour, using our digital camcorders, or just crashing and watching movies on our big screens. CHAD KROEGER, RYAN PEAKE, MIKE KROEGER, RYAN VEKEDAL - NICKELBACK

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and go get 'em!



ROB ZOMBIE



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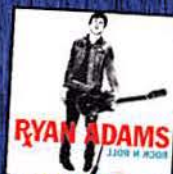
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MAXIM
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OF THE
MONTH



When Hobbit couplings go sour

> BLOCKBUSTER ALERT

ELVISH HAS LEFT THE BUILDING: LONG LIVE THE KING

The Lord of the Rings finale will have you begging for Mordor.

In trying to find the right words to describe the sheer scale and majesty of the final chapter in the *Lord of the Rings* saga, star Sean Astin (he plays Frodo's loyal buddy Sam) has to reach back to the classics and do his best Nigel Tufnel impersonation. "It goes to 11," he says. "Remember that in *Spinal Tap*? Well, *Return of the King* goes to 11." The enormous undertaking that began in 2001 with *The Fellowship of the Ring* reaches its grand finale on December 17, but not before unveiling a few twists along the way. "Even people who've read the books will be surprised," explains Andy Serkis, the man behind sniveling ring junkie Gollum/Smeagol. "It's not just what happens, but *how* it's shown. It all fits you in such a powerful way." What kind of stuff will be hitting you,

exactly? Astin lays it down: "The story resolves. You finally find out what happens, who lives, and who dies. Whether they succeed or fail and the cost of it all. It's intense. There's the Battle of Pelennor Fields and all these new creatures that come out of the woodwork." Included in that group is one pissed-off arachnid. "Shelob is pretty scary," says Astin. "She's this giant spider, and if you're the type to get scared at the movies, you'll definitely be scared during the Shelob fight." With bigger battles, scarier monsters, and increased body counts, our only complaint is that this movie marks the end of the road. Now what the hell are we supposed to do come Christmas 2004? "Well," laughs Astin, "there'll probably be a *Harry Potter* movie out." —Eric Alt



"Will you put your lizard away, please?"



> WHAT'S FUN THIS MONTH

MAIN EVENTS

Dec. 2

■ Offspring's new album, *Splinter*, was originally going to be titled *Chinese Democracy*. Man, that would have been really freakin' funny. Anyway, it's out in stores today. Grab a copy for yourself.

Dec. 5

■ Tom Cruise trades in his sunglasses for a kimono as *The Last Samurai* hacks and slashes into multiplexes today.



Dec. 12



■ The *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* game pulls off improbable stunts on your Xbox.

Dec. 15

■ Ground control to Mayor Bloomberg: David Bowie's *Reality* tour lands at New York City's Madison Square Garden tonight. Opening act Macy Gray will take the stage at, we think, about 4:20.

Dec. 16

■ *Escape From New York* is rereleased on DVD with two discs' worth of special features. Hopefully, none of them mention *Escape From L.A.*



Dec. 17

■ It's National Maple Syrup Day! Yes, we're serious. You can celebrate by searching for nude pics of Aunt Jemima on the Internet. Talk about sweet release!

Dec. 20

■ It's the first night of Hanukkah. Will Adam Sandler bless us with yet another tired retread of "The Chanukah Song"? We should only be so lucky!



Dec. 23

■ Stuck on a last-minute gift for your girlfriend or a bedridden relative? Try *Alex & Emma* on DVD. Thousands of copies should be available.

Dec. 25

■ Remember *The Alamo*, starring Billy Bob Thornton and Dennis Quaid.



Dec. 26

■ It's Boxing Day in Canada. Do your part and pummel a Canuck at will sometime today.



Dec. 27

■ Oddly enough, the Alamo Bowl kicks off at 8 P.M. EST today on NBC. Feel free to trade your rifles for whiskey.



Dec. 31

■ The Sci Fi Channel's annual New Year's Eve *Twilight Zone* marathon kicks off at 7 A.M. Beware of plot twists.



THE MAXIM LOUNGE

Get more movie reviews and features at maximonline.com.



Luckily, Tom packed styling mousse



THE LAST SAMURAI

Tom Cruise is turning Japanese. We really think so.

Out: December 5 **Director:** Edward Zwick

Stars: Tom Cruise, Billy Connolly, Ken Watanabe

The story: A disillusioned Civil War soldier (Cruise) is recruited by the emperor of Japan to train that country's first Western-style army. Instead, Cruise becomes enthralled with the samurai culture he's helping to destroy. He also takes delight in finally looking tall.

The buzz: Zwick's already made a great Civil War flick (*Glory*); adding samurai to the mix can only be cooler. Show us the sake!

We're guessing: ★★★★★



GET THIS!

> The word *samurai* means "those who serve."

> MAIN ATTRACTION

RATINGS:

ALEC
★★★★★

WILLIAM
★★★★★

DANIEL
★★★★★

STEPHEN
★★★★★

TITO
★★★★★

> ALSO PLAYING



TIME LINE

Out: Nov. 26 **Director:** Richard Donner
A group of students travel back to 14th-century France to save their professor and score extra credit in this Michael Crichton story.

We're guessing: ★★☆☆☆



DR. SEUSS' THE CAT IN THE HAT

Out: Nov. 21 **Director:** Bo Welch
Mike Myers chokes on a couple hundred pounds of fur to play the irreverent Dr. Seuss cat. Hey, it worked for Jim Carrey once.

We're guessing: ★★☆☆☆



MONA LISA SMILE

Out: Dec. 19 **Director:** Mike Newell
It's like *Dead Poets Society* for girls, with Julia Roberts in the Robin Williams role. If you're still reading this, you're a stronger man than we are.

We're guessing: ★☆☆☆☆



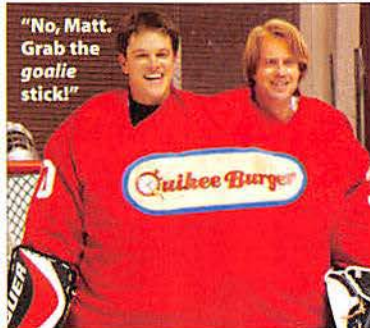
BAD SANTA

Out: Nov. 21 **Director:** Terry Zwigoff
Billy Bob Thornton dons a crusty St. Nick outfit to swindle people out of their holiday cash. It's the mean-spirited Xmas flick we're craving.

We're guessing: ★★★★★

> DON'T MISS

"No, Matt. Grab the goalie stick!"



STUCK ON YOU

Matt Damon and Greg Kinnear get close for the Farrelly brothers.

Out: December 12 **Directors:** Peter and Bobby Farrelly

Stars: Matt Damon, Greg Kinnear, Eva Mendes, Cher

The story: The Farrelly brothers return with another tasteful, refined comedy, this time about a set of Siamese—sorry, *American*—conjoined twins. One's a suave ladies' man and wannabe actor (Kinnear), the other's the bookish type (Damon). Conflict arises when... well, there's pretty much conflict all the time with these two. Would you be mellow if you had to share a kidney with Kinnear?

The buzz: Humor at the expense of physical deformity? Welcome back, Farrelly brothers! This one would have to be pretty dismal not to generate a few solid belly laughs. We're also glad to see Damon finally attached to a hip that isn't Affleck's.

We're guessing: ★★★★★

HORROR SHOW

> *The Haunted Mansion* (Nov. 26)
Note to Eddie Murphy: "Enough."



**WORK HARD.
LOOK FIT.**

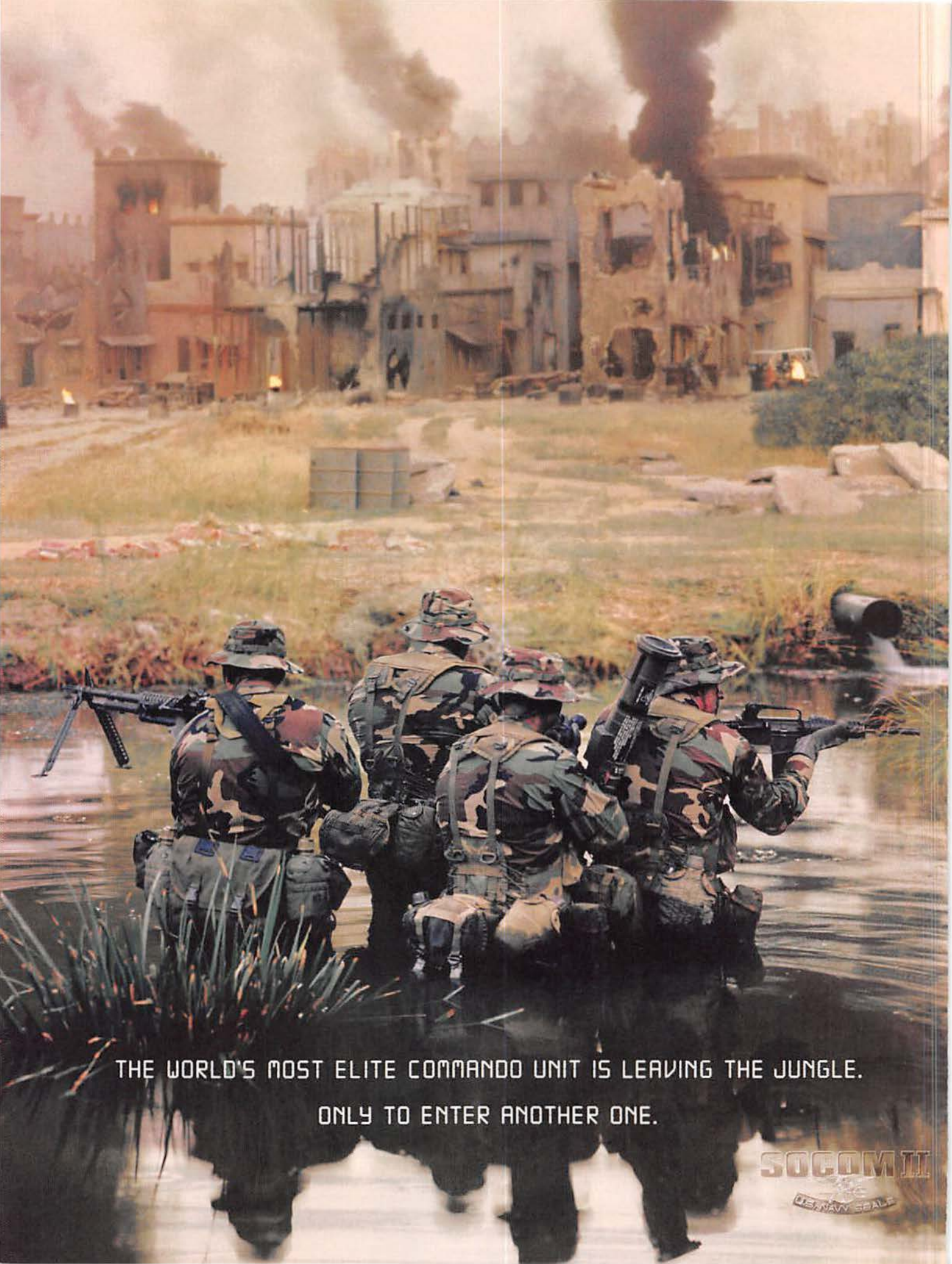
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ONLY TO ENTER ANOTHER ONE.

SOCOM II

US NAVY SEAL



"How do you make fat man soup?"

MAXIM RINGS

EWAN MCGREGOR

We get all nice and chummy with the star of this month's *Big Fish*.

Maxim: You guys shot *Big Fish* down in Alabama. Was it complete culture shock?

Ewan McGregor: Nah. The people were incredibly friendly. But it was cold as fuck down there! In Britain we always think of America as being sunny and warm everywhere, which is a ludicrous assumption because it's such a vast country.

M: What is this movie about?

E: It's a Tim Burton movie, and it's basically a beautiful father-and-son story. Albert Finney and I play the father. He plays him in the modern day and I play him in flashbacks.

M: Tim Burton, huh? Must be some weird shit going on...

E: Yeah, the father tells these fantastical stories about giants, killer bees, jumping spiders, Siamese twins... a whole bunch of crazy stuff.

Luckily, I get to play the father in these fantasy moments. It couldn't have been directed by anyone else. Tim's just fantastic.

M: We didn't hear much about this movie while it was being made. How did you guys manage to keep such a low profile?

E: It's a curse of our fucking business, all these behind-the-scenes and camera crews and E! and *Entertainment Tonight* and all that shit. They spoil it for everyone. They film you at work, and I hate that. I always try to get them off the set. I can't rehearse properly if I'm being filmed. And people don't need to see it. They should just see the film. Don't be worrying about how the car did that or how did so-and-so jump from there or whatever—who gives a shit?

M: Finally, is it true that comedy is harder than drama?

E: No. [laughs] It's all easy.



"Whee."

FRESH POOP

Macaulay Culkin could play the young Hannibal Lecter in a proposed prequel. You know—for kids... Get ready for some serious '80s flashbacks, as both *G.I. Joe* and *The Transformers* are getting the live-action movie treatment...

Charlie's Angel: Wing and a Prayer? **Cameron Diaz** might star in a WWII flick about female pilots... Spoiler alert! Rumor has it that **Uma Thurman** kills more people in *Kill Bill: Volume 2*...

Johnny Depp, **Orlando Bloom**, and **Keira Knightley** are all returning in *Pirates of the Caribbean 2: Search for the Golden Paycheck*... The new Superman flick will reportedly be written and directed by **M. Night Shyamalan**



But their love will never die

(*Signs*) and star **Brendan Fraser** (*George of the Jungle*). The twist ending? He's an alien!... Apparently, someone wants more **Jackie Chan**—**Owen Wilson** action, because *Shanghai Dawn* is in the works... Supermodel **Gisele Bündchen** is starring in *Taxi*, a remake of a French action flick. Can she act? Do you honestly care?



Step into the boots of a SEAL team in *SOCOM II: U.S. NAVY SEALS* and face the ultimate challenge: urban combat.



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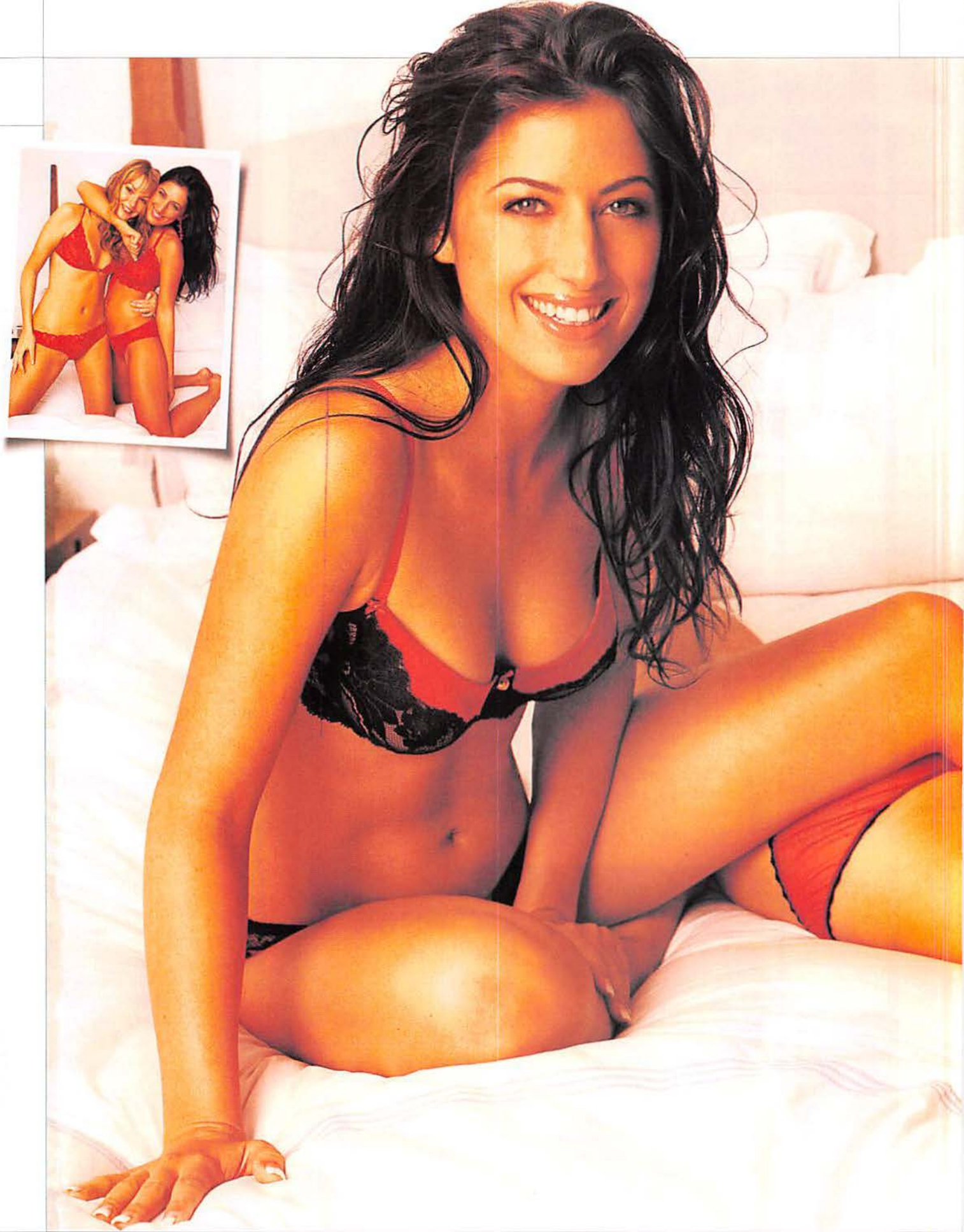
Blood
Violence

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GET THIS!

> **Macaulay Culkin** is the godfather of Michael Jackson's first child, Prince.



> 'I brought whoopee cushions and gum that turns your mouth blue; I was always pulling pranks, but they didn't show it.'—Tara



HAVE YOU SEEN THESE GIRLS?

Paradise HOTEL

Real names:

Tara Gerard and Charla Pihlstrom

Better known as:

The winning Barbies from the reality show *Paradise Hotel*.

Their story:

It takes a lot of charm (and stamina) to survive on an island oasis with nine other complete strangers. Just ask Tara and Charla, who had to attract and bunk with male contestants in order to avoid getting tossed off the show. "It was a seemingly ideal situation," says Charla, a one-time watch model for a home shopping network. "But it did get stressful at times—for three months the only privacy we got was in the bathroom!" And then there was the occasional personality clash to contend with. "I said I was Celine Dion's body double for the Chrysler commercial, and this girl called me a liar," says Tara. "If I was lying, I would have said I was Britney Spears' double!" But the girls managed

to stay cool and had fun times that made for some great bikini shots. "I think staying cool and minding our own business is what got us so far in the game," says Tara. And got them the prize money. (Tara walked away with a healthy \$125,000 and Charla stuffed her pockets with \$250,000.) While they agree their hotel stay was, for the most part, an unforgettable experience, they're definitely happy to be back in the *real* real world. Charla is busy pursuing a modeling career back in her home state of Minnesota, and Tara is in California gearing up to jump-start her acting career—right after she spends some quality time indulging in the finer things in life, that is. "Right now I'm just going to ride my dirt bike and watch *Dumb and Dumber* over and over again—Jim Carrey is such a genius," she says. Ah, now *that's* a woman after our own heart.



TARA

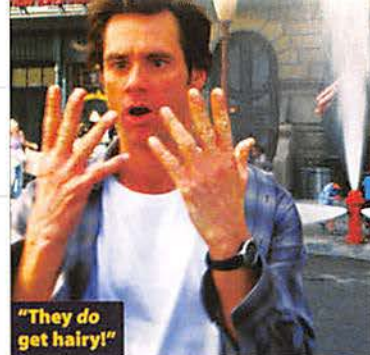
> Smiling, even with swimmer's ear



CHARLA

> We always love a dirty blonde...

Photographs: Antoine Verglas; styling: Karen Shapiro; hair: Steven Lake for Luxe L.A.; makeup: Hiromi for Luxe L.A.

MAXIM
DVD
OF THE
MONTH"When I find out
who took my
theater tickets...""They do
get hairy!"

> WORTH WATCHING

BRUCE
ALMIGHTY

Release date: November 25

It is written: "And, lo, a famous comedian shall return from the land of drama and once again disperse laughs among his people." Jim Carrey apologizes for *The Majestic* with this on-the-mark (if sappy) return to shtick, playing a regular Joe given divine powers. Naturally, he increases Jennifer Aniston's bust size. There is a God! **Extra!** Check the outtakes, which show Carrey's costars losing their shit.

Trivia: In the movie the Buffalo Sabres defeat the Toronto Maple Leafs to win the Stanley Cup. That's some miracle, seeing as they're both Eastern Conference teams.

Movie: ★★

Special features: ★★

> ALSO OUT

LARA CROFT TOMB RAIDER: THE
CRADLE OF LIFE (November 18)

Our favorite bra-busting, shark-punching adventurer returns. We'd call the sequel lackluster, but the original was *really* bad.

Maxim rating: ★

PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN: THE
CURSE OF THE BLACK PEARL

(December 2)

We can't believe a theme park ride spawned an enjoyable movie, but we underestimated the power of Johnny Depp in mascara.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

TO LIVE AND DIE IN L.A. (December 2)

How cool is this '80s cop drama? Even with a soundtrack of all Wang Chung songs, the Willem Dafoe, William Peterson flick still manages to kick ass.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

SEABISCUIT (December 16)

Documentaries on the real-life Seabiscuit are great and all, but the minute this flick's over, we're hitting the OTB.

Maxim rating: ★★

> MUST OWN

X2: X-MEN UNITED

Release date: November 25

It's been a while—around the time *Terminator 2* came out, if you want to get technical—since we've been able to say that a big-budget, special-effects-laden sequel actually improved upon the original. *X2* does it in spades, expanding the mutant roster (say hi to the teleporting Nightcrawler and dagger-fingered Deathstrike) and amping up the action enough that Wolverine finally gets to use his claws for something other than skewering metal detectors. The only chink in the armor is that Halle Berry

keeps her leather cat suit on the whole time.

Extra! There's an almost absurd amount of behind-the-scenes footage that documents everything from the special effects work to some of the deleted scenes. A still gallery features concept art for mutants cut from the final lineup (like the winged Angel).

Trivia: During the opening sequence, when Nightcrawler attempts to kill the president, the portraits of Abraham Lincoln, John F. Kennedy, and William McKinley are prominently shown—all former presidents who were assassinated.

Movie: ★★★★★

Special features: ★★★★★



DVD VAULT

> JAMIE KENNEDY

The *Jamie Kennedy Experiment: Season 1* comes to DVD this month. But what's the merry prankster watching?

1. American Movie (1999)

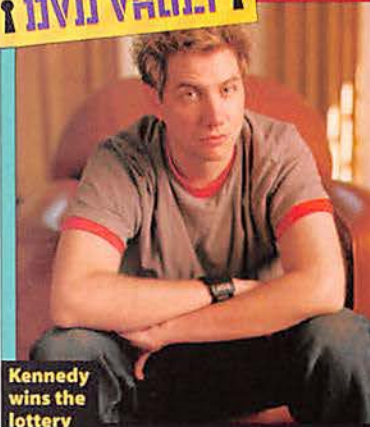
"This movie is just brilliant. I travel with a portable DVD player everywhere I go, and I watch this disc all the time. It's so real I thought it had to be fake."

2. Bowling for Columbine (2002)

"I love documentaries, and this one is so good. It makes you realize just what a fear campaign there is in this country. It makes you question things."

3. Caddyshack (1980)

"I like behind-the-scenes stuff, but not the technical things. I love hearing stuff like Bill Murray improvised the whole 'Kentucky bluegrass' speech."

Kennedy
wins the
lottery

STOLICHNAYA.



Vazhna Mera
(Enjoy Stoli Responsibly.)

To tomorrow.
Oh, it already is tomorrow.

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RUSSIAN VODKA

MAXIM
ALBUM
OF THE
MONTH

The scissors,
however, did not
cut like a knife

> MUST BUY

RYAN ADAMS

100% N 300% (Lost Highway)

To be honest, Ryan Adams deserves to fall flat on his smug little face. Although generally respected for his musical chops, this breakout roots rocker is about 10 times brattier than your kid sister. Unfortunately, his newest album, 100% N 300%, will leave the haters without much ammo. As the title implies, it's a louder, rougher record than Adams' previous, more countrified work; it also happens to be a lot more fun. Messy garage stomps like "Note to Self: Don't Die" and gloriously dumb hard rock like "1974" will be blaring from your car speakers long after this CD drops. Admittedly, originality isn't exactly Adams' calling card: The riff snarling through "Shallow" is cribbed almost directly from the Hollies' "Long Cool Woman," and the sad-sack romanticism of "So Alive" and "Anybody Wanna Take Me Home" smells an awful lot like the Smiths, but none of the homages suffer much by comparison. The bottom line is this: You can either waste your time bitching about Adams being a petulant, derivative loudmouth, or you can sit back and enjoy some damn good songs. For better or worse, we choose the latter. —David Peisner

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

LIKE THIS?
TRY THESE

The Star Spangles
Bazooka!!! (Capitol, 2003)



Tom Petty and the
Heartbreakers
Damn the Torpedoes
(MCA, 1979)



GET THIS!

> Bryan Adams was in a glam rock band called Sweeney Todd.

RATINGS:

VOCALS

★★★★★

GUITAR

★★★★★

BASS

★★★☆☆

DRUMS

★★★☆☆

KEYBOARD

★☆☆☆☆

> RELEASES MAKING NOISE

BIZ MARKIE
Weekend Warrior

(Tommy Boy)

On his first album in longer than anyone can remember, lisp-ing rap legend Biz Markie sounds like he's been cobbling together beats in his basement. But that's just fine with us, because the low-budget production keeps the focus on his goofy-ass rhymes. It isn't exactly groundbreaking, but when the Biz is so clearly having the time of his life, why not join him? —D.P.

★★★★★

P.O.D.
Payable on Death

(Atlantic)

Although it seems like a lot of bands are pimpin' for the Lord lately, P.O.D.'s gone in reverse. The departure of original guitarist Marcos has sapped the band of their divine spark and, unfortunately, anything resembling personality. Fierce energy just can't cover up the album's crippling genericness. We hate to say it, but maybe the rest of P.O.D. should go back to church.

—Dan Catalano

★★★☆☆

JOE STRUMMER
& THE MESCALEROS
Streetcore

(Hellcat)

At the time of his death last year, Joe Strummer's solo efforts had yet to come close to the heights of the Clash. Until the posthumously released *Streetcore*, that is. Running through everything from pop and reggae to country, it feels like Strummer found the map to connect them all. And then he fucking died! Dammit. —D.P.

★★★★★

SUN KIL MOON
Ghosts of the Great Highway

(JetSet)

You may not know who they are, but any band that can write passionate songs about dead boxers, Mexican revolutionaries, and the legacy of Judas Priest's guitarists is worth some attention. Led by ex-Red House Painters frontman Mark Kozelek, this hypnotic swirl of reverb-soaked guitar is nothing short of dizzying and unique. Check it out. —D.P.

★★★★★

BRITNEY SPEARS
In the Zone

(Jive)

She once insisted "I'm Not a Girl, Not Yet a Woman," but *In the Zone* leaves no doubt on which side of the puberty fence Britney has tumbled down. As Justin, Fred, and Madonna can all attest, Britney is one sexy woman, and her new tracks substitute chirping with heavy breathing to make the point. She even makes vegan wimp Moby do a libido check on the funky "Early Mornin'." Finally, a Britney album you can use to get your girl in the mood without her calling the cops. —Jon Caramanica

★★★★★

ON THE MAXIM BOOMBOX

The Darkness <i>Permission to Land</i> (Atlantic, 2003)	Crooked Fingers <i>Reservoir Songs</i> (Merge, 2002)
Dead Prez <i>Let's Get Free</i> (Loud, 2000)	Lost in Translation <i>Soundtrack</i> (Emperor Norton, 2003)



OLD SPICE AFTER SHAVE
SPICE THINGS UP



CUT OUT AND KEEP



Josey Scott

MAXIM
COLLECTOR'S SERIES #2

01. "Sailing"—Christopher Cross
02. "Passion"—Peter Gabriel
03. "Darling Nikki"—Prince
04. "Back in Black"—AC/DC
05. "Comfortably Numb"—Pink Floyd
06. "New Favorite"—Allison Krauss
07. "Walking After Midnight"—Patsy Cline
08. "Are You Lonesome Tonight?"—Elvis Presley
09. "Shout at the Devil"—Mötley Crüe
10. "Don't Stand So Close to Me '86"—The Police
11. "Turn the Page"—Bob Seger
12. "Angel"—Sarah McLachlan

> PRIVATE MIX

JOSEY SCOTT'S
BURN THIS!

Saliva's frontman picks some mouth-watering tunes.



1. "Sailing" Christopher Cross
"It's a guilty pleasure, but it's my favorite song. It made me think anything's possible."
2. "Passion" Peter Gabriel
"Dude, if you ever want to get down with your homegirl—romantic but sick and twisted shit—this is the perfect soundtrack."
3. "Darling Nikki" Prince
"While we're in the sex category..."
4. "Back in Black" AC/DC
"That hook just drives into your head like a fuckin' dagger."
5. "Comfortably Numb" Pink Floyd
"When we're on the bus, we'll turn off the lights and just chill to this."
6. "New Favorite" Allison Krauss
"I call it sad-ass mountain music."
7. "Walking After Midnight" Patsy Cline
"I like anything that makes you want to sit in

a dark room with a fifth of Jack Daniel's between your legs and a 9 mm in your hand."

8. "Are You Lonesome Tonight?" Elvis Presley
"Growing up in Memphis, my dad was friends with Elvis' cousins, and we spent a lot of time at Graceland. Nobody embodied the American rock star more than EP."
9. "Shout at the Devil" Mötley Crüe
"I'm a Crüe fan from back in the day."
10. "Don't Stand So Close to Me '86" The Police
"This song got dogged by critics when it came out, but I love it."
11. "Turn the Page" Bob Seger
"When I was a kid, it explained everything I wanted to be. I listen to it now and I get chills, because that's what I am."
12. "Angel" Sarah McLachlan
"I want this played at my funeral."



> POP QUIZ

NAME BLAME

Guess the real ridiculous band names and the ones we made up.

1. 30 Odd Foot of Grunts	REAL	FAKE
2. VaGiant	REAL	FAKE
3. John Cougar Concentration Camp	REAL	FAKE
4. Buttsteak	REAL	FAKE
5. Pabst Smear	REAL	FAKE
6. Weaponized Gravy	REAL	FAKE
7. Hornets Attack Victor Mature	REAL	FAKE
8. Jesus Christ Superfly	REAL	FAKE
9. The Spackle Maggots	REAL	FAKE
10. Lucy in the Sky With Diapers	REAL	FAKE
11. When People Were Shorter and Lived by the Water	REAL	FAKE
12. REO Speeddealer	REAL	FAKE
13. Kathleen Turner Overdrive	REAL	FAKE
14. Dumpy's Rusty Nuts	REAL	FAKE
15. Peter, Paul & Hitler	REAL	FAKE
16. Furious George	REAL	FAKE

Answers: 1. Real; 2. Fake; 3. Real; 4. Fake; 5. Real; 6. Fake; 7. Real; 8. Real; 9. Fake; 10. Real; 11. Real; 12. Real; 13. Real; 14. Fake; 15. Fake; 16. Real.

>> MAXIM'S
VIDEO >>> OF THE MONTH**OUTKAST**

"Hey Ya!" (Arista)

There's old school and then there's *old school*. Goofy South rappers OutKast pay homage to *The Ed Sullivan Show*, of all things, in this retro clip. It's funny, and the beat's fatter than even yo mama's ass.

**GET THIS!**

> The first collection of Xmas carols was published in 1521.

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ONLINE
ARCADE AND BATTLE

*Face Mapping Technology is exclusive to PlayStation 2. Requires Internet connection and requires online connectivity.

NEVERS-OFT

ACTIVISION

MAXIM
GAME
OF THE
MONTH

> GAME

Outrunning the
cops is easy when
you're 50 feet tallNICE
SCAMS!■ Grand Theft
Auto: Vice City

[●]

Press square, L1, triangle, R2, square, L1, L1 to make all the pedestrians in the game look like zombies from Michael Jackson's "Thriller" video.

■ Hitman 2 [●]

At any time during the game, hit right, left, up, down, A, right, left, black, white to enable "God" mode. You can't dispense blessings or heal any lepers, but you can't die either.

■ NBA Street
Vol. 2 [●]

Once you complete the "Street School," you'll get 1,000 reward points. Use them in the in-game store to buy a team called the St. Lunatics, which features rapper Nelly.



SPY HUNTER 2

Midway [● ● ●]

In this sequel to Midway's revamp of the '80s classic, you pilot a weapons-laden supercar on Bond-style missions, taking on sinister terrorist installations in Russia and China. Cooperative modes plus randomly generated roadways (for different courses every time) increase the game's mileage even as the missions get tedious. Just remember, objects in mirror are larger than they... holy shit!—A.P.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

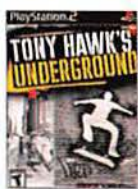


CALL OF DUTY

Activision [●]

Before playing *Call of Duty*, make sure your grandpa's nowhere nearby. This staggeringly atmospheric WWII-themed shooter is so intense it's liable to give the old guy a coronary. Play as American, British, or Russian grunts and hand der Führer his nuts through 24 missions. Enemy troops are surprisingly intelligent and the action's white-knuckle. Watch it, Gramps! Incoming!—Scott Steinberg

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

TONY HAWK'S
UNDERGROUND

Activision [● ● ●]

Even those who'd rather drive over skate rats than be one can appreciate the ego stroke of having their own face in a game. PS2 owners can e-mail Activision a digital photo (keep it clean), which Activision will then slap onto the body of a rubber-limbed player. (This feature not available on other platforms.) The gravity-defying moves that made previous Hawk games so rad are present, but now you get to drive cars, manage a career, and create custom tricks. For immersing entertainment, this game is totally up our halfpipe.—Alex Porter

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

The old "slip on a
skateboard" gag

GAME KEY:

XBOX



PS2



GAME CUBE



PC



> BLIPS ON THE SCREEN



MEDAL OF HONOR: RISING SUN

EA [● ● ●]

Another solid WWII entry, *Rising Sun* lets you cry "Bukkake!" as you exercise some good ol' Pearl Harbor payback on the Japanese.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★



TERMINATOR: RISE OF THE MACHINES

Atari [● ● ●]

Step into the Terminator's stolen biker boots in this pretty mundane shoot-'em-up. But at least Arnie lends his English-mangling voice!

Maxim rating: ★★★★★



SPAWN Namco [● ● ●]

Energized from his guest stint in *Soul Calibur 2*, Todd McFarlane's demonic ass-kicker stars in another video game adaptation. Bloody good, if bloody repetitive, action.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★



DEAD MAN'S HAND Atari [●]

As vengeance-obsessed gunslinger El Tejón, wannabe Clint Eastwoods can splatter saloon walls with fresh marinara in this spaghetti-western-style shooter. Draw!

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

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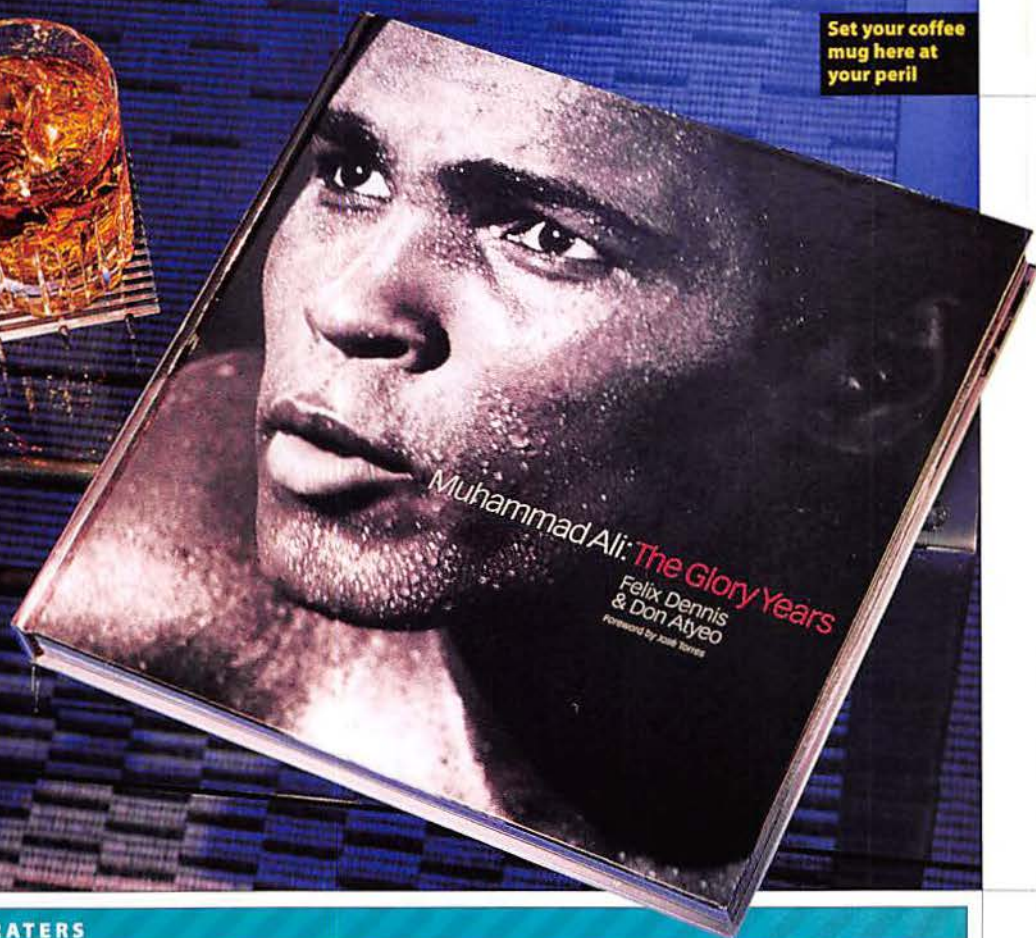


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Set your coffee mug here at your peril



MAXIM
BOOK
OF THE
MONTH

> TOME RATERS

MUHAMMAD ALI: THE GLORY YEARS

"It's just another night to jump up and down and beat up somebody."

Yeah, yeah: You know all about Ali. He was the best boxer of all time, a loudmouthed dancing machine, master press manipulator, greatest athlete of the century, and in his day, the most recognized human on Earth. But larger-than-life characters are remembered only with blunt superlatives—it's easy to lose the man in the face of the myth.

Muhammad Ali: The Glory Years overturns a dustbin of details to chronicle one of the most extraordinary lives ever lived. You'll discover how, as a toddler, Cassius Clay swung an arm and knocked out his mother's tooth; see his emphatic flunking of an Army intelligence test; and encounter the racist, chauvinist, womanizing side of Ali that history has politely forgotten.

Happily, the Louisville Lip's entertaining mouth is never more than a few lines away. (On Floyd Patterson: "I'm going to beat him so bad he'll need a shoehorn to get his hat on." On George Foreman: "I can't let him win. He represents pork chops.")

But the business end of the one-two

punch here is the photography. An early shot shows a young Clay boxing underwater, having told a *Life* photographer he always does his training in pools (in reality, he doesn't even know how to swim). The last photo is a montage of opponents' twisted faces writhing in that awkward split second after tasting multiple helpings of Ali's Everlast. In between are hundreds of amazing shots, many from an newly discovered trove in a warehouse in Florida, that make this the perfect coffee table book for Grandma's bridge game.

Ali would want the final word, of course. In fact, when the history of rap is written, there'll surely be a place for some of his off-the-cuff masterpieces. Here's his prediction for a battle with "ugly gorilla" Joe Frazier:

"Now Ali lands with a right, what a beautiful swing/And the punch lifts Frazier clean out of the ring./Joe Frazier's still rising, but the referee wears a frown/For he can't start counting till Frazier comes down."

Of the seven coffee table books created for men, this one is the greatest.



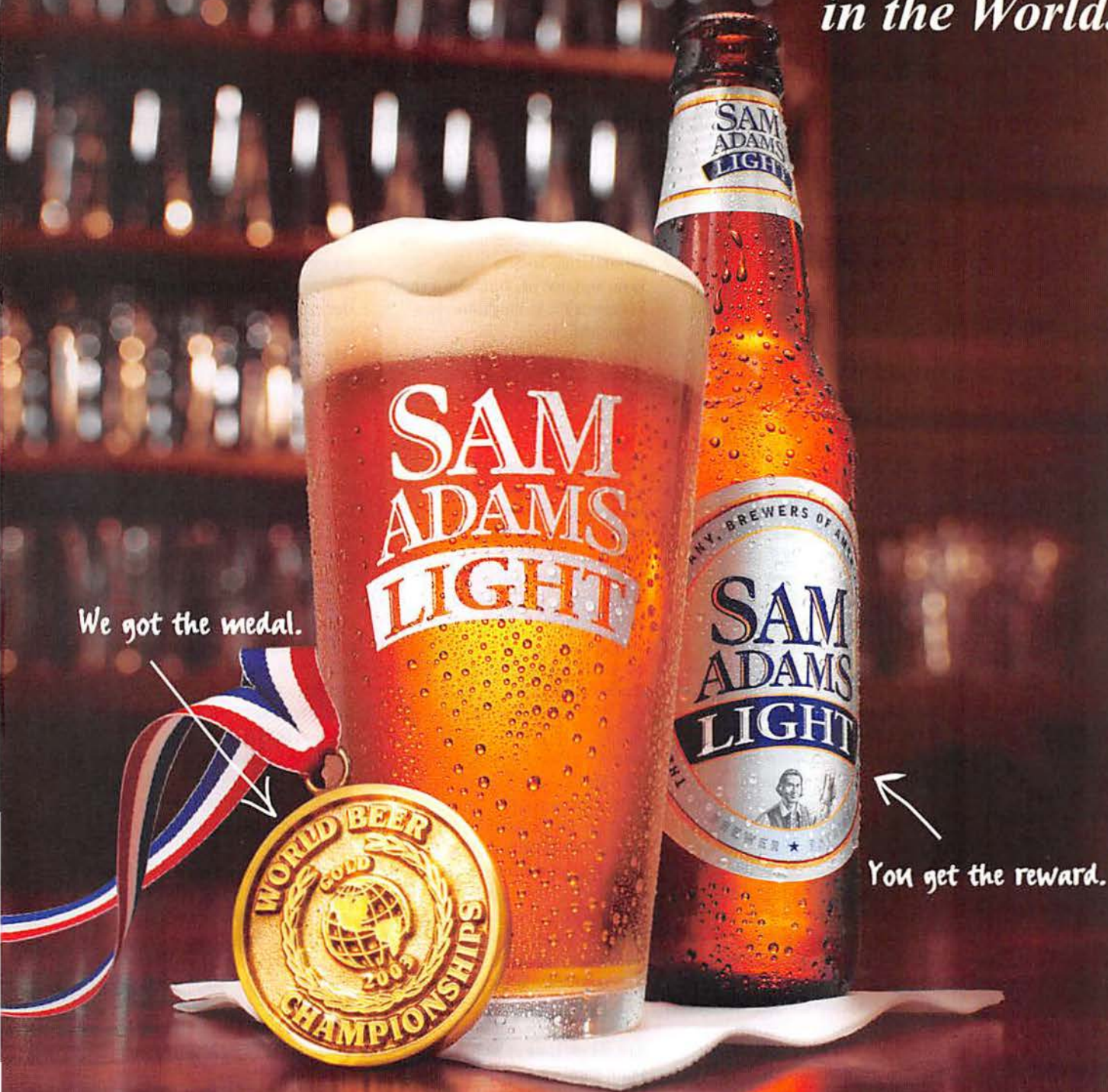
Our owner Felix Dennis loves this book—that's good enough for us!



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> About 17 people in the U.S. die each year from bee stings.

The **BEST TASTING LIGHT BEER** *in the World.*



We got the medal.

You get the reward.

It's great to win and even better when you can drink the prize. In 2003, the judges from the World Beer Championships conducted a special taste test of the leading domestic and imported light beers. In 10 years of judging, Sam Adams Light is the only light beer to be awarded a gold medal. The World Beer Championships, founded in 1994, is an independent body whose mission is to produce fair and impartial judging and reviews of beer for consumers. The World Beer Championships, conducted by the Beverage Testing Institute, have tested beer from over 50 countries.

SAM ADAMS LIGHT. THE BEST TASTING LIGHT BEER IN THE WORLD.

HUGO WEAVING

He's worn drag in the outback, laid some serious beat-downs on Keanu Reeves, and dispensed words of elfin wisdom. "The Go-To Guy" has a nice ring to it, don't you think? **INTERVIEW BY JOHN WALSH**

HUGO THERE



THE ADVENTURES OF PRISCILLA, QUEEN OF THE DESERT (1994)
 Hmm. What's Australian for "fabulous"?



THE MATRIX TRILOGY (1999–2003)
 Forget Darth Vader; Hugo's Agent Smith quickly became a sci-fi villain icon.



THE LORD OF THE RINGS TRILOGY (2001–2003)
 For three movies, he has Liv Tyler calling him Daddy. Feeling a little jealous?

You've been involved in so many trilogies lately, couldn't you have snagged a role in *Star Wars* or something?

It was wonderful to be involved in both *Lord of the Rings* and *The Matrix*, for very different reasons. They tend to last a long time. I'm actually not quite done with *Rings*. With that it's more like I keep going back to revisit old family friends when we go back to do these reshoots. But *The Matrix* was more of a continued matter over two years with the training. They're both time-consuming. I was pleased to go back to Sydney to work on a more modest project, a play, after that.

So you're tight with the *hobbit* crew?

The wonderful thing about it was the sense of family, the sense that everyone was working on this project and they really wanted it and they were very much committed to it. I felt a little bit on the outside, because Elrond isn't really a part of the core group. He's not along on the quest. I was popping in for three weeks and then going away for two weeks.

Did your Spock ears ever fall off?

If we were in an incredibly hot studio all day, by the end of the day they started to droop a little. They'd store them in the fridge. There'd always be about three or four Elrond ears in the fridge and someone else's feet in there.

Do you get to travel a lot?

I'm lucky to be in the industry I'm in, and I get flown around. I think it's great for my kids to have that chance. I was born in Nigeria and came to Australia when I was a kid. My dad was a seismologist and later got into the computer industry, and he got jobs all over the world. He would say, "I got a job here. What do you all think?" and we'd all go, "Oh, no-o-o... OK!" But I got to see the world, and it was wonderful.

When did you start acting?

At 14 or 15 I started liking the idea of acting. I was in boarding school, and I had an English teacher who got a number of us to perform bizarre pieces in front of the class, like "I Am the Walrus."

Did prepping for *The Matrix* require six months of nonstop fighting?

For the first one we did about four months of

training. For the second and third it ended up being another five months before we even started shooting anything.

So we hear that you Australian men are all supposed to be tough. Are you a tough guy?

No, I'm not. [whispers] Don't tell anyone.

No martial arts background?

Not at all. My background for the last 20 years has been that I'm an actor, prepared to jump in and do whatever is necessary for the role, whether that means bulking up or getting frail or getting really fat or whatever.

Any workplace injuries?

We all had our knocks and bruises, but certainly there were a few more serious injuries too. When you get up to take 17 doing the same movement that involves, like, kicking in the ribs, you know, you're all black and blue. There were times I wanted to go home.

Did you ever "forget" to pull a punch and actually bean Keanu?

Yeah, I hit him in the face every now and then, but he did the same to me. So first there's a little suspicion and then an apology. Keanu Reeves is a gentleman. By the time we got on set, we were pretty careful not to whack each other around too much.

Did you have any idea that *The Matrix* would explode the way it has?

No one really knew for sure. The more we worked on the first one, the more I felt the Wachowski brothers are wonderful people. They are really intelligent and interesting, funny guys. They conceived it in such detail. The more we worked on it, the more we realized it was pretty extraordinary.

How did you come up with the Agent Smith voice?

It wasn't a particular part of the script or anything. I wanted to create something that was neither particularly robotic nor particularly human. The more I was training, the more I was hanging out with Larry and Andy Wachowski. They're Chicago boys, they both talk pretty slowly, and they have an incredibly deep timbre to their voices. There's something methodical about the way they speak. So that was part of the voice I suppose I took on. I

was watching a newscaster on TV one day, and I thought *Yeah, that's exactly it*. There's just something odd about it.

Do you get any bizarre fan mail?

Most of them are just excited people who loved the films. But some of them are a bit sad. Some of them really want me to help with their lives. It's tragic. I was advised not to get involved. I actually wanted to fly to them and knock on their doors.

Wait, these were people in personal crises who thought Agent Smith could help them?

Maybe Elrond.

Was dressing like an elf like going in drag in *Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*?

Not a lot. With high heels and a wig and fishnets and the makeup, you start to walk in a certain way. There's a sort of liberation in a way. Elrond's gear is a long, flowing cloak. He's a wise old elf. So there wasn't a lot of running around to do.

Do you feel like Elrond misses out on all the good *LOTR* action?

In the first film Elrond has a sword, and he's involved in a bit of action. After that, though, he's full of wise words, but there isn't much more than that. I have to say I much preferred the action.

Did you read the *Lord of the Rings* books?

When the project came up, I did. I read them, and I loved them.

Did you read them like an actor, as in: "Bullshit... my part... bullshit..."

Of course! No, no... I actually read the whole thing. So, apparently, this whole world revolves around this wise elf. [laughs]

Who's got the cooler action figure: Agent Smith or Elrond?

Well, when you squeeze Elrond's legs together, his arm comes down with a sword, so I'd have to say Elrond. But Smith has got a gun. But Elrond's immortal. So it's a hard one. Smith can multiply himself. Elrond would disappear and go to the undying lands, so Smith would just start fighting with himself.



Matrix Revolutions is out now. *The Lord of the Rings: The Return of the King* opens December 17.



**'There'd always be about
three or four Elrond ears in
the fridge and someone
else's feet in there.'**



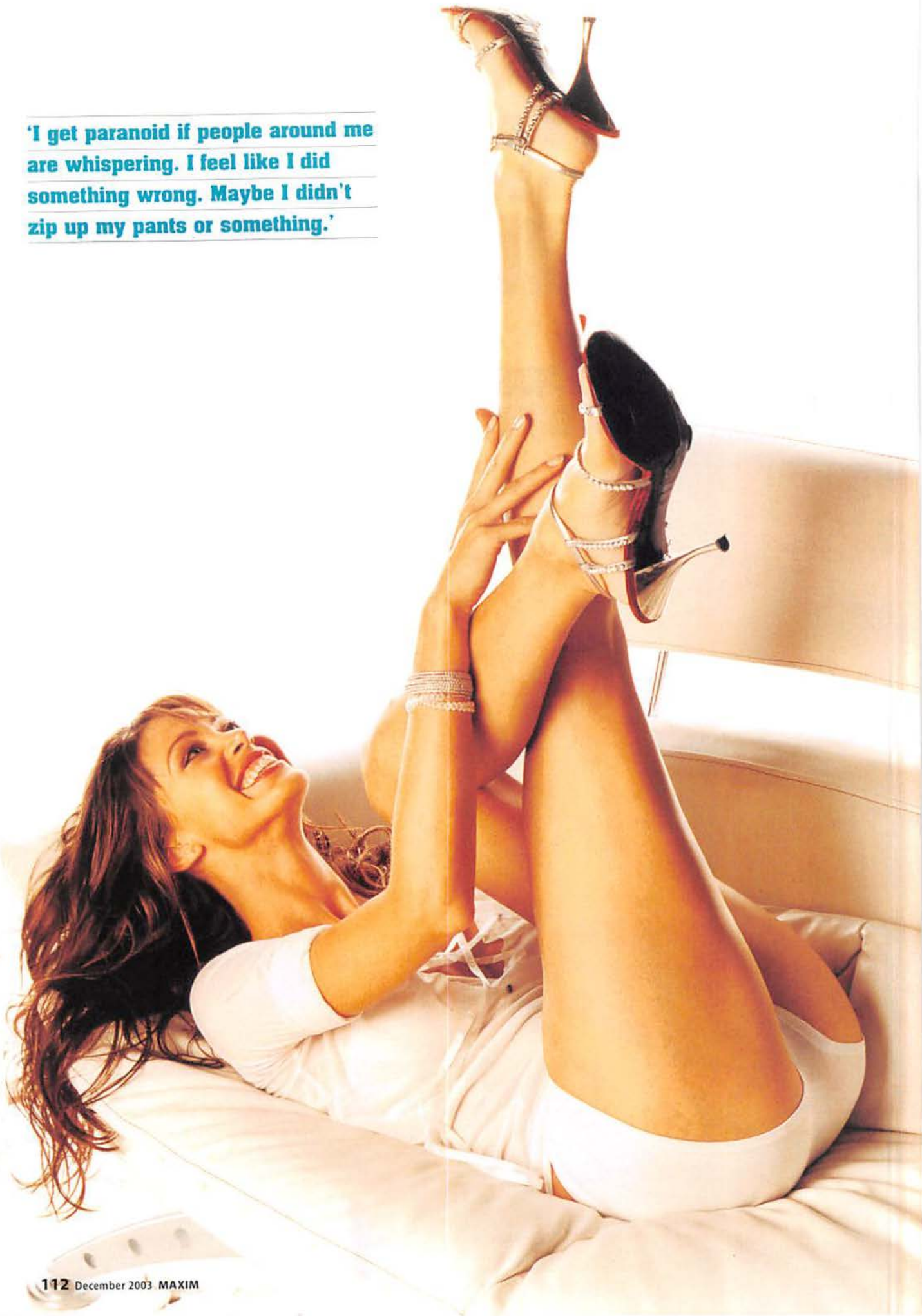
BY ROBERT ABELE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTOINE VERGLAS

**'I tend to do just
about
anything
on a dare.'**

★ SEE? IT DIDN'T TAKE MUCH TO GET ALL-AMERICAN HOTTIE

SHANNON ELIZABETH BACK ON OUR COVER AFTER ALL!

'I get paranoid if people around me are whispering. I feel like I did something wrong. Maybe I didn't zip up my pants or something.'







'Nobody likes it when somebody's desperate. I want to be with somebody who wants to be with me but doesn't need to be with me.'

Ever since she revived the time-honored '80s-teen-movie tradition of gratuitous nudity in the first *American Pie* (and appeared on our first cover of the new millennium), we've watched Shannon Elizabeth's rise to hotness with great interest. She returned as the dork-loving temptress Nadia in *American Pie 2*, appeared as high school slasher fodder in the horror movie parody *Scary Movie*, ran screaming through the horror nonparody *Thirteen Ghosts*, and actually had to swap saliva with talking monkey Jason Mewes in *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back*. This lanky Texan will next be seen in a multiple-episode guest stint on Fox's *That '70s Show*, then warm up her vocal chords again for Wes Craven's werewolf screamer *Cursed*. Shannon's made us laugh, she's made us scream, she's made us...um—welcome back, Shannon!

So what are you doing on *That '70s Show*?

I play a girl named Brooke, who went to high school with everyone on the show but was a couple of years ahead of them. I work at the library—pretty conservative—but one night at a Molly Hatchet concert a few years before, I had a beer or two, let loose, and ended up having a one-night stand with Ashton Kutcher's character, Kelso.

You're the sexy librarian type, huh?

She's not really sexy, especially in '70s clothes. I'd been fearing the clothing. I've only had one outfit so far: maroonish, pinstripe wool pants up to my ribs, with a pink polyester shirt tucked into them very tightly and buttoned down. I'm not a big fan of tucking things in and having pants up really high.

Yeah, well, you could wear a burlap sack and turn us on...So is it true that *Cursed* needed some last-minute fine-tuning?

They're doing some rewrites, and I'm going to go back and do more on it. Not necessarily reshoots, but additions. They're going to increase my role.

We're not going to complain about that. So do you dig hairy men?

I like excessive facial hair, and I like long hair. I like the bad-boy look, unkempt. I've never been big on back hair. But I've always dated guys with goatees and beards.

And what's been your experience with men who transform into beasts?

Usually, I never see them again. I don't stick around too long for that. I dated a guy once who became something he wasn't, but not physically. More mentally. He became a little, let's say, possessive. It was high school, and I remember going out of town for the weekend. I came back home, and he had gone over to my parents' house and put up WELCOME BACK banners and balloons in my room. I was gone, like, two days! It was a little psycho to me.

What kinds of movies make you shriek?

I like psychological thrillers, like *What Lies Beneath*. They're what will really suck me in. Everything gets quiet, and then something loud and big happens, and I freak. Not monsters or something that's fake, but something that could really happen to you. That's what I love.

What else do you love?

Sometimes when I see a stray dog, I'll jump out of my car and try to get it, even if I'm in a bad part of town. That's the stupid, strange, dangerous stuff I do. I think most people now know me as a dog rescuer. I have my own animal rescue, and I'm always picking up stray dogs.

Speaking of stray dogs, do you still run into *Pie* fans?

They call me Nadia. Sometimes they don't even know my real name. And sometimes they think it's strange that I don't speak with an accent.

Do they ever ask you for more than just an autograph?

Guys want you to write things like, "Last night was great." [laughs] I'm like, "Sorry, not writing that." I mean, I even try to be really careful with the word love, as in "Love, Shannon." I have this fear that somebody will go crazy and attempt to kill somebody and say it was because I wrote "Love." My husband reads e-mails sent to me that were like, "Your husband is coming between us. We'll have to eliminate him." He's like, "OK, self-defense classes!"

★ GIRL ON FILM



She may not always remove her clothing (dammit), but Shannon can be counted on to heat up a movie. Take a gander at some of the more eye-popping flicks on her résumé.



American Pie (1999)
Shannon's topless Web-cam antics made this movie a classic.



Scary Movie (2000)
Shannon poses with her two best friends. And some girls.



Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back (2001)
Being Kevin Smith's friend has its perks.



Thirteen Ghosts (2001)
"See? All you need is a little makeup."



Tomcats (2001)
A must-see, as soon as they edit out the non-Shannon bits.



honda.com 1-800-33-Honda MEGA BLOKS® shown. MEGA BLOKS is a registered trademark of Mega Bloks, Inc. 4WD EX model shown with accessory roof rack. ©2003 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.



64 seating configurations. Wipe-down utility floor. 270-watt stereo with subwoofer and MP3 jack. Side cargo doors. Removable skylight. The Element from Honda. Every piece has its purpose.





Is that lucky bastard—er, husband of yours ever jealous of your possible costars?

Johnny Depp. He knows that if there's anybody I'd love to work with, it'd be him. But it's all in good fun. The more I learn about Johnny on a personal level, however, the less I like him. He's not an animal lover. He has, I think, a taxi-dermy collection, which is not a good thing for me. He talked about it on *Letterman*, and my husband teased me, saying, "Did you hear that, honey?"

OK, onto the hardball questions: What's this about the no-nudity clause you insist upon now? That's not true.

'I try to be careful with the word "love," as in "Love, Shannon." I have this fear that somebody will go crazy because I wrote the word "love."'

Really? There is a God?

It's weird. Somebody made that up. There's no such thing as a no-nudity clause. There's a nudity waiver—it's kind of the other way around. If you have a contract that says there's nudity, then there's nudity. If the contract doesn't mention nudity, then nudity isn't allowed.

Plan on being nude anytime soon?

No.

Brutal. Has being the focus of a famous spy camera scene made you a more paranoid person?

No. But I've always been shy, so I get paranoid if I feel like people around me are whispering. If I see people whispering, I feel like maybe they recognize me, or maybe I did something wrong. Maybe I didn't zip up my pants. I don't do well with attention like that.

You were raised in Waco, Texas, which is Bible Belt country. Was everything a sin growing up?

I was Episcopal, and a lot of people were Baptist, so we were allowed to do things that Baptists weren't. I don't really believe in religions per se. I believe they all came from a basic truth, and different people wanted to be ruler and made up their own rules. It's like going to acting class. You take a little bit from each teacher, but there's no one teacher that's your be-all and end-all.

What's the best piece of acting you did when you were a teenager?

Probably every time I came home from a party after curfew and pretended I hadn't done anything wrong. I didn't get in a lot of trouble. I only snuck out of the house once. I had a very hard house to sneak out of because my door and my parents' door were right next to each other, so you could hear everything. And if you made it out, how were you going to get back in?

What was it like when you snuck out for good and went to New York to model? Did you fit right in?

Apparently, I had a very thick accent. I didn't think so, though. I remember one of the first nights there, playing pool and hanging out, and some people commented on my accent and asked if I heard their accent. I said, "We sound the same to me." They were like, "We don't say 'y'all.'" I was like, "Well, how else do you say it?" [laughs] It took me a while to really start hearing accents.

Y'all sure is tall...you like that?

Yeah, but in high school, no. You can play basketball better, or volleyball. If there's a guy who's tall, you might fit better with him. But, of course, I was tall in high school, and I liked guys who were shorter. I was scared coming out to Hollywood because I would always hear that about actors, that they were a lot smaller in person.

When it comes to men, what kind of things are girls always getting wrong?

Nothing. It's always guys! No, I think it's a two-way street. Nobody likes it when somebody's desperate. I want to be with somebody who wants to be with me but doesn't need to be with me. It's something I told a boyfriend once.

Sounds like you know what you want, but tell us this: Did you trust your husband at his bachelor party?

He was with plenty of mutual friends. Plus, my manager was there. He was with enough spies that I think anything he did could have gotten back to me. But he pretty much told me everything anyway.

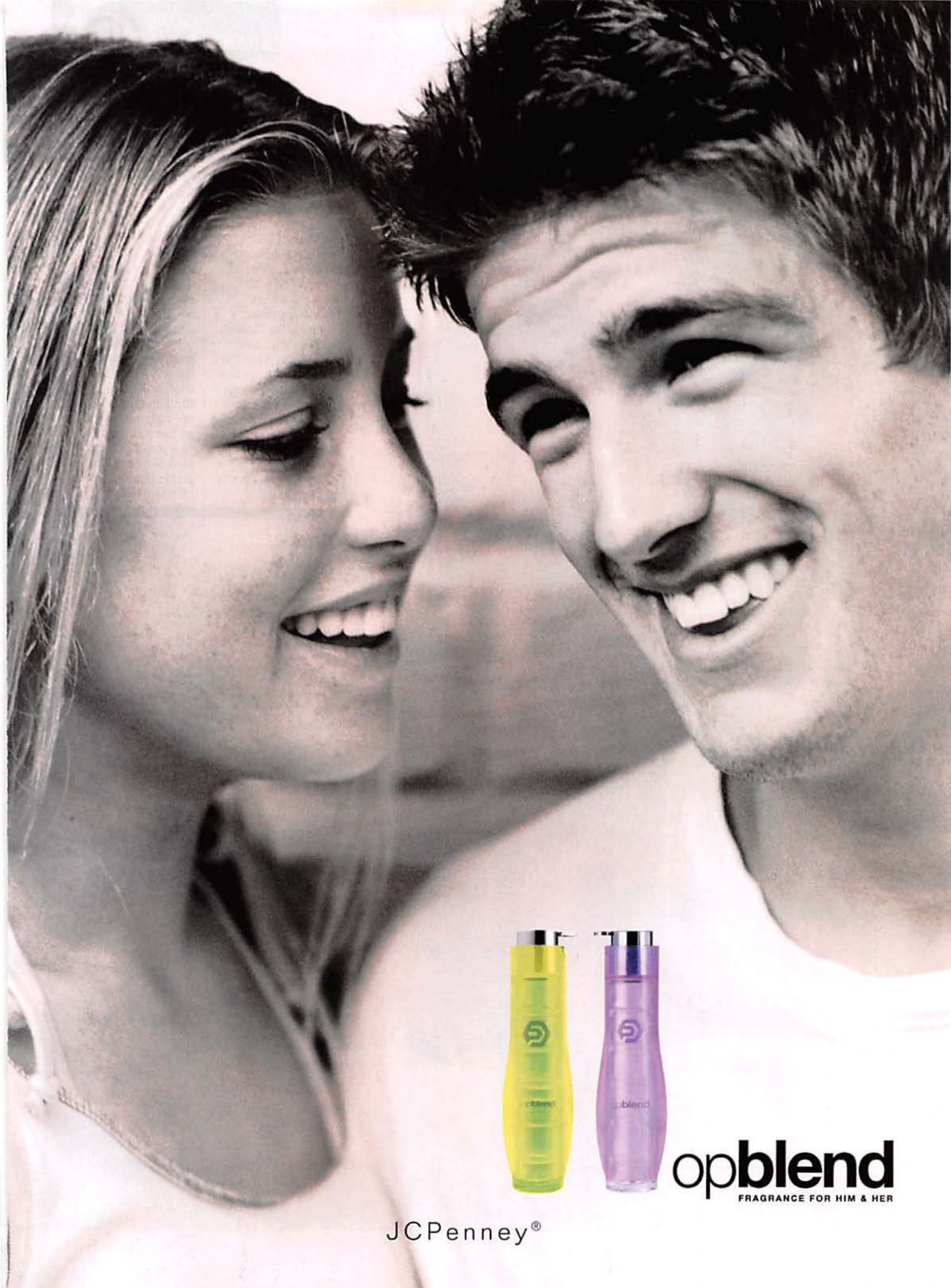
Ha-ha-ha. And just out of curiosity, what's the wildest thing you've ever done on a dare?

I tend to do just about anything on a dare. For my birthday we had a scavenger hunt, which was like a dare. It was written that your entire team had to get naked to get multiple points, so...



THE MAXIM LOUNGE
Watch sizzling video
and see exclusive new
pictures of Shannon at
maximonline.com.





opblend
FRAGRANCE FOR HIM & HER

JCPenney®

★ SHANNON AT A GLANCE

Vital stats: Born September 7, 1973 in Houston, Texas. "A lot of people think there are tumbleweeds rolling down the streets. And, no, we don't ride our horses to school."

That '80s music: "Whitesnake, Poison, Def Leppard...that stuff I really love. I'm sure my listening to it now is like when my parents listened to 'Rock Around the Clock' or something. When I have kids eventually, they're going to think I'm the biggest dork."

Eating it up: Shannon is devouring the junk food expose *Fast Food Nation*, which worries her husband. "He's like, 'You've got to stop reading that! You already don't eat meat! What kinds of things are you not going to eat now?'"

Temptation TV: Shannon loves reality shows like *Big Brother* and *Survivor* but would never go on *Temptation Island*. "It's just a stupid premise. They don't win anything. There's no point." M

Parents Furious over Son's Decision to Apply for Heineken Taste-Tester Position



Mrs. Olszewski and Mr. Olszewski

MERLIN, OR—Michal and Aniela Olszewski are aghast that their son Joel, who graduated summa cum laude from a top Ivy League School, has turned down a job on Wall Street to apply for the Heineken Taste-Tester position.

Mrs. Olszewski said in a telephone interview this afternoon, "When he first told me, I thought he was making a really funny joke. But then I remembered Joel isn't funny."

The family, burdened by school loans and miscellaneous expenses, was counting on young Joel to start pitching in. "I'm getting too old to be working two jobs," said Mr. Olszewski, a carpenter by trade and calligraphist on weekends.

Should Heineken hire Joel, he will have to move to its Amsterdam Headquarters. When Joel asked his father to help pay for the move, Mr. Olszewski raised his hand above his head and said, "I've had it up to here."

heineken.com/headlines

Heineken

"Hello, *Maxim* readers!
I think you know your
childhood friends—
won't you join us?"



IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE?

In 1946 George Bailey had to decide whether or not to off himself. Now it's your turn! Should you hang yourself from the chimney with care or party on? Time to find out...

1 It turns out the "corkscrew" complication in your penis-enhancement surgery can't be corrected. Oops!

- a. What difference does it make? It's not like getting laid was much of an issue anyway.
- b. Maybe your career in animal porn films isn't over after all. Oink!
- c. You'd sue the bastard if your lawyer weren't banging your sister.

2 You emerge from the clinic to find your car's been keyed beyond recognition. Who did it?

- a. Could be almost anyone; random acts of unkindness happen to you all the time.
- b. Probably a coworker. Remember that time they set fire to your desk?
- c. Uncle Phil... a warning in case you're thinking about airing any old, dirty laundry.

3 You call to say hi to your girlfriend, who announces she's leaving you for a woman. She thanks you for turning her off to all men. You:

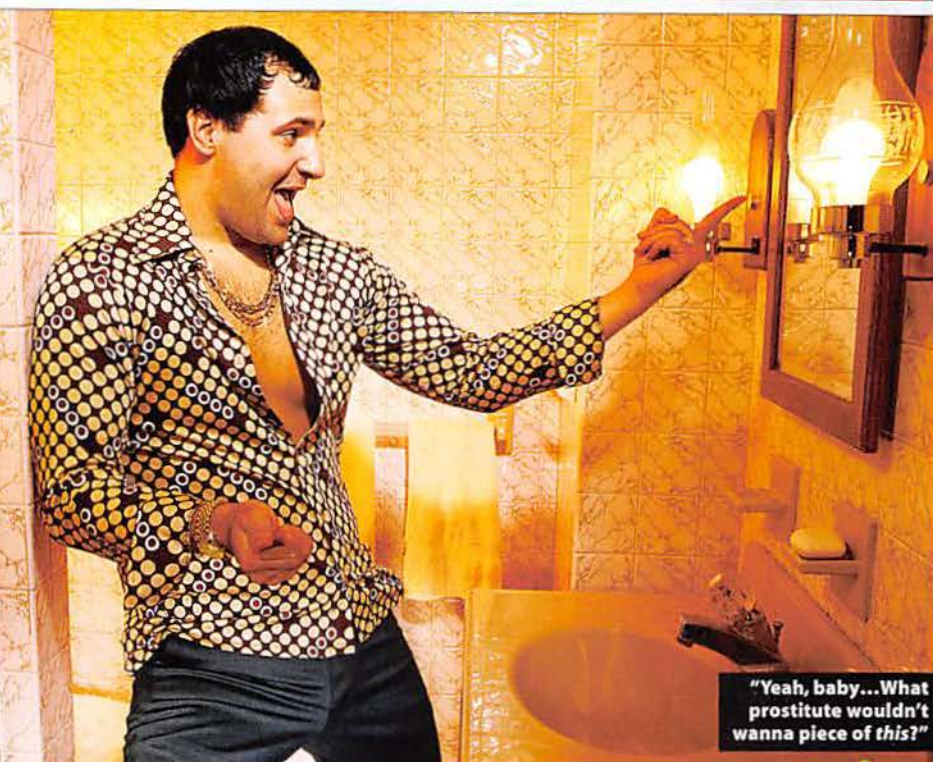
- a. Collapse into the couch for a five-month spiral of depression, booze, and Fig Newtons.
- b. Sadly return the wedding ring to Spencer Gifts. Better luck next time.
- c. Move back in with your priest.

4 Friends take you out to commiserate, then mock you mercilessly and stick you with the \$450 tab. You:

- a. At least make them split the cost of the tranny stripper they got for you.
- b. Grin and bear it: At least you have friends.
- c. Hope your herpes doesn't flare up again.

5 Later, when you pass out, your hilarious friends handcuff you to the steering wheel of a patrol car. You tell the cop:

- a. "It's a fraternity pledge thing. I'm so very, very sorry about the upholstery..."



- b. "If you find an itty-bitty cop-killing thingy in my records, please let me explain..."
- c. "Bur-r-r-p. Can I help you?"

6 The incredible beat-down he feeds you is luckily caught on videotape by a passerby... who decides to keep it for her own amusement. You:

- a. Spit out your teeth and try to beg her for it, an event she also captures on tape.
- b. Shake your head, poke your ribs back into your chest cavity, and laugh—women!
- c. Can't believe your own mother could be so insensitive to you.

7 While you're in the hospital, a nurse trips and stabs you with an Ebola-infected needle. Sorry! You:

- a. Get all mopey about it.
- b. Smile. At least you're at a hospital!
- c. Wonder how the treatment will interact with your hantavirus meds.

8 Driving away from the hospital, you accidentally plow into a Boy Scout troop. You:

- a. Apologize profusely and compliment helpful survivors on their first-aid skills.
- b. Hope none of them recognize you from the secret NAMBLA get-togethers.
- c. Glumly fix your hair for the news choppers.

9 Your manslaughter trial starts. What's your opening statement?

- a. "A, a, a squirrel ran in front of my car!"
- b. "Yo, wait a minute, where's Judge Judy?"
- c. "Your Honor, I was once blindfolded by a Scout Master and forced to suck on a hose."

10 Later, in prison, the fellas tease and gang-bang you. You:

- a. Grin and bear it as best you can.
- b. Tell the guards—they're your friends!
- c. 'Tis better to give than receive—try to be the best piece of fish you can be.



You think you've got it rough? Picture Gray Davis in a paper Burger King hat.

SCIENTIFIC ANALYSIS

SO HOW'D YOU DO, FRUITCAKE?

Score one point for each A answer, two for each B answer, and three for each C answer. Good luck!

10 TO 16 POINTS

Maybe it's not such a wonderful life. But it may help to know that at least you're not at the very bottom of the heap. So this Christmas, while you're nibbling that Eggo and watching those Greyhounds pull away full of people whose families love them, think about the truly screwed. Keep reading...

17 TO 23 POINTS

Things could be worse! Granted, you'd have to lose your job, your home, and probably your genitals for that to be true. Remember the man who cried because he had no shoes, then laughed when he saw a man who had no feet? You are that man without shoes! Now, say hello to...

24 TO 30 POINTS

Wow. How'd you manage to buy this mag? Hope you didn't steal it, 'cause with your luck you will end up in prison, getting cornholed by leprosy lifers until warm, sweet Death visits you on the end of a homemade shank. Put all your money on reincarnation and let it ride, Lucky. Merry Xmas! ☘

"The book says we should start by kissing..."



you guys rock too!
Here's to another 50 Christmases
me and you two forever!

Kid

**From: Kid Rock
To: Pam's Chest**



You are so beautiful ... to me

**From: Catherine Zeta-Jones
To: Michael Douglas**

Merry Christmas
Or, as we say in Wales 'Nadolig Llawen'



Mike

Thanks for agreeing to visit my family this year.
It'll be alot easier on the kids....
no offence, but your dad should not be
allowed to play Santa!

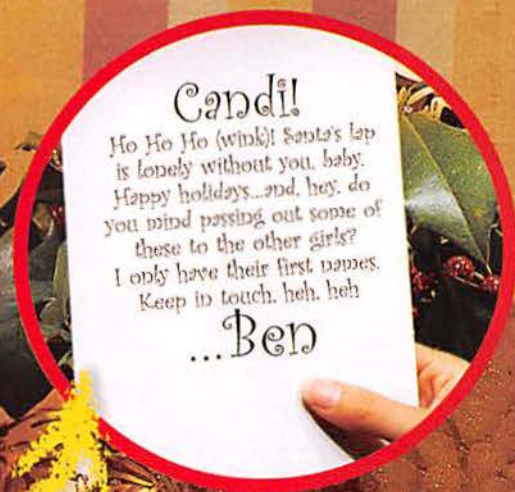
Love You - I'm Spontaneous!

Oscar Winner ☆
Catherine Zeta-Jones
x x x





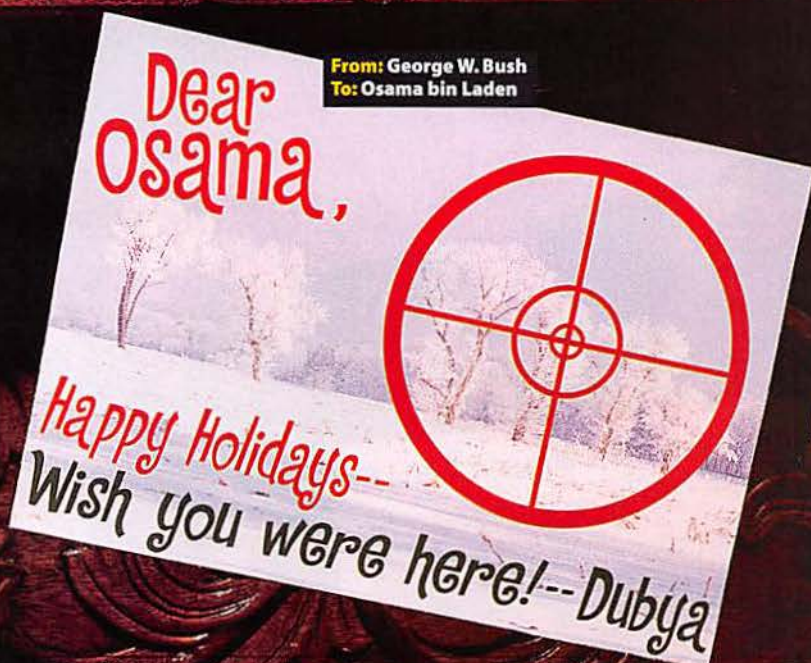
From: Ben Affleck
To: A Friend



Candi!

Ho Ho Ho (wink!) Santa's lap is lonely without you, baby. Happy holidays...and, hey, do you mind passing out some of these to the other girls? I only have their first names. Keep in touch, heh, heh

...Ben



From: George W. Bush
To: Osama bin Laden

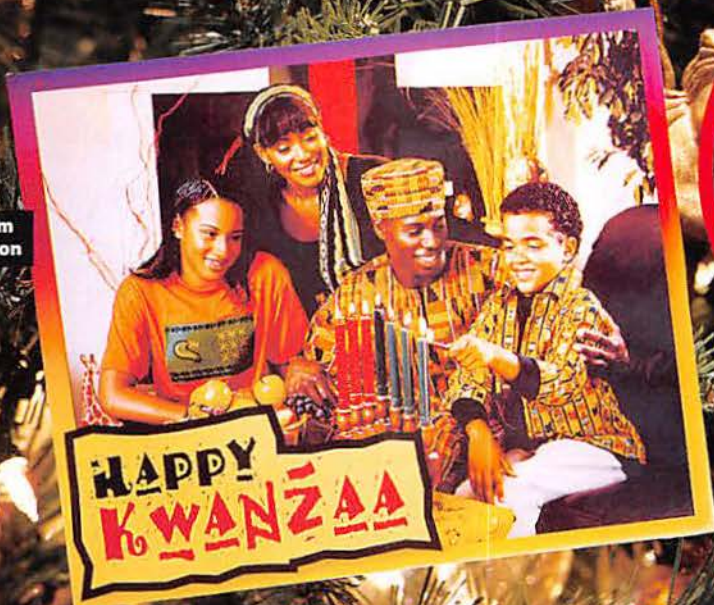
YOU THINK I DON'T SEE WHERE THIS IS GOING, HACK?

CARDS OF THE STARS!

BY S. REGINALD CLAUS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SATOSHI

Even Hollywood's glitterati face the drudgery of sending Christmas cards. For once our mailman rifled through *other* people's mail and found these A-list well-wishings. Turns out celebrities are just like us—except popular and rich!

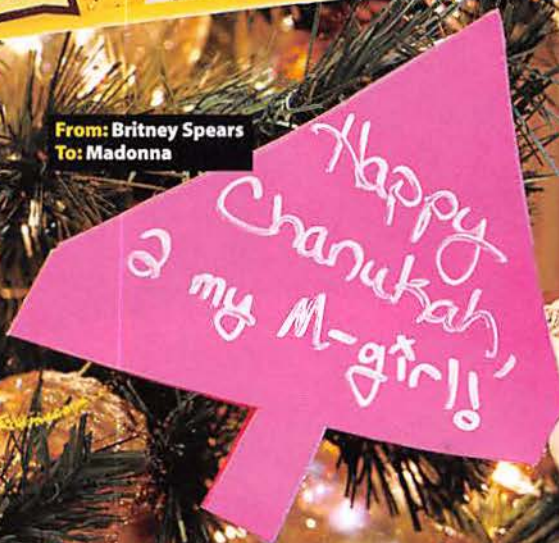
From: Eminem
To: Al Sharpton



Enjoy your cultural celebration—may God bless and keep you, kindred spirit!

Keep it real, yo,
Eminem

From: Britney Spears
To: Madonna



M—
U Raccoon!
Let's chill
soon! Call me, or
write, or something!
XOXO! Smooches! Britney

Happy holidays and a blessed 2004!



The Husseins

From: Saddam Hussein
To: Donald Rumsfeld

DUCK MAKES A
NICE XMAS FEAST,
OR CHICKEN...EVEN
A BURGER!



They're back. And they're itching for action. With tons of planets to conquer in a whole new gigantic galaxy, you better believe Ratchet & Clank are gonna sink their teeth into some destruction. Ummm, destruction. With weapon upgrades, mods, armor and the ability for Ratchet to get stronger and smarter as the game goes on, this could get uglier than the Grandmas In Bikinis Calendar after-party. Speaking of parties, there's also hoverbike racing, space combat and gladiator arenas. As far as weapons and gadgets go, Ratchet & Clank are stacked with 50 new ones, along with unlockable upgrades, so by the end of the journey, you'll go through more weapons and gadgets than a hungry fat man will go through chicken wings at lunch. Lock and load, baby, lock and load.

YES, YES, YES, YES, YES, YES, YES, AND HELL YEAH.



LIVE IN YOUR W^{OR}LD.
PLAY IN OURS.



Mild Violence

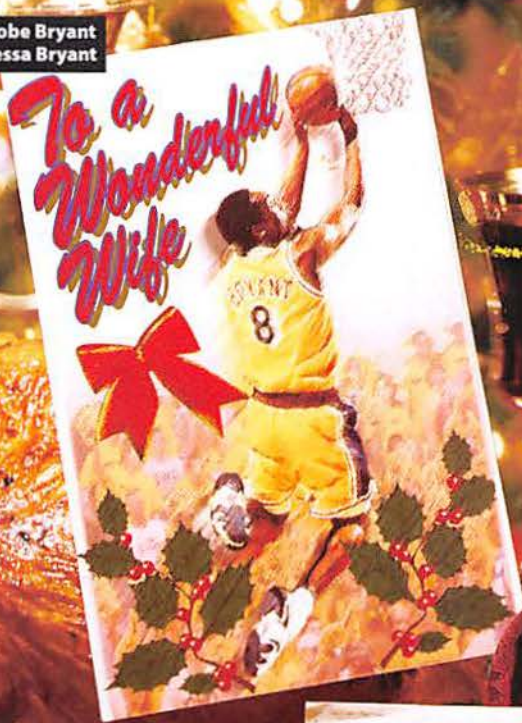
PlayStation 2



www.us.playstation.com

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From: Kobe Bryant
To: Vanessa Bryant



To an amazing wife and an exceptionally understanding and forgiving friend.
Love you to the max.

Kobe
X X X

P.S.
I still have no idea
what was up that girl's ass.
Oh wait... it was me!



I have been very good. I
would like a pony a GI Joe
a cashie some bugs a jiplane
a Playstation for me a Thunder
keeps taking care and a Tiger
THANK YOU - Ashton

ENJOY YOUR
SALMONELLA,
YOU BARBARIC
BRUTES.



Merry
Christmas
Demi
!!!!

From: Ashton Kutcher
To: Demi Moore



SMOOTHER, SLOWER BURNING PALL MALL
LASTS LONGER

PREMIUM TOBACCO PACKED TIGHTER FOR A LONGER LASTING EXPERIENCE

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

Lights Kings & Lights Menthol Kings, 11 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine; Filter Kings, 15 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. The amount of tar and nicotine you get from this product varies depending on how you smoke it. There is no such thing as a safe cigarette. For more information visit www.bw.com



TRICIA HELFER

HOT BOT!

Tricia Helfer is a killer robot programmed to seduce, deceive, and kill on the upcoming *Battlestar Galactica* miniseries. So... looks like the future's going to be bright after all.

BY JORDAN RIEFE PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTOINE VERGLAS





The original *Battlestar Galactica* had a lot going for it: cool '70s-era special effects, sleek spaceships, the old guy from the Alpo commercials. But it was missing one crucial element: hot robot chicks. Luckily, the Sci-Fi Channel is addressing this shortcoming, in the form of Canadian-born Tricia Helfer, when they unveil their brand-new, two-part *Galactica* miniseries this month. Tricia plays Number Six, a Cylon substantially updated from the boxy, silver 'bots you may remember. This former model (*Elle*, *Victoria's Secret*) earned big notices after playing one on TV—specifically, one who tried to slice off her own face on an episode of *CSI*. You missed it? Don't worry; every inch of Tricia's 5'10", 34-24-34 frame will undoubtedly become a mainstay on your TV soon enough. If not, set those lasers on "terminate network execs."

As kids watching *Battlestar Galactica*, we don't recall any Cylons that looked quite like you.

I'm a new and improved humanoid Cylon. I look exactly like I do now, only I've got shorter, white-blonde hair. The thing with my character is the Cylons have developed a new version of themselves to infiltrate the humans and gain access. My character's been having an affair with a scientist who works with the defense network. So I go in, I'm his mistress, and I can actually change the programs.

So you're the femme fatale.

I'm a bad girl, yes.

Is it true you were discovered outside a movie theater at the age of six?

I was 17, actually. Don't believe anything you read on the Internet. I was going to see a movie with my boyfriend, and there was a scout. She saw me in line and said, "You've got to meet this guy I've been doing some local shows with." I said no. [laughs]

Why did you do that?

When you're 17 and a little farm girl, you don't think... you see the covers of all these magazines all retouched, and you certainly don't think of yourself that way. In my mind I was going to head off to university, and I thought what she was saying was just completely ridiculous.



Battlestar Galactica (2003)

For incredibly brain-melting hotness, always bet on Number Six.



AEROSPACE



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INSTRUMENTS FOR PROFESSIONALS™

Let us guess: You were an ugly duckling and then you bloomed, right?

I wouldn't say I was an ugly duckling—I was a *skinny* duckling. I was painfully skinny. I had a major complex about it. I think I sort of blossomed, so to speak, around 17. I started to get hips and put on weight, which I was very happy about. And that's when I met this agent, who told me I had to lose 10 pounds. I said, "You've gotta be kidding me. I finally got it on—I'm not losing it!"

Does being a model work against you when it comes to casting?

They worry that you'll take away emphasis from the star if you're taller and you're prettier or whatever. So it is hard to break in getting small roles. But then again, it's also hard to get lead roles because you don't have the experience to back it up. So you end up playing the arm candy, and who wants to do that? But as long as I'm taking baby steps upward I'm happy.

Ever have any really bad casting couch...er, dates?


Probably the worst date I ever had, I didn't even know going in that it was going to be a date. I was working with a very well known photographer, and we hooked up in the middle of the day for a coffee sort of thing. It turned out he thought it was going to be a lot more than that. He almost got forceful about it, which made me run away in complete disgust. I'm very strong in my principles in that respect. You book me because of my work, not for anything else.

If that covers what you dislike in a guy, what sort of things do you like?

Hands. Hands are a big thing for me. Those are my big trigger points. I like them to be manly. But personality is key, too. There's definitely a physical reaction and chemical reaction, but there also has to be an emotional and mental connection. And quite often it could be somebody who's not your type and you can tell just by talking to them that you're drawn to them. I've had that happen before. The conversation just flowed, they were entertaining, they were intelligent and, yeah, it...led to other things.

Being Canadian, are you territorial at all in your choice of men?

Obviously, there are wonderful men everywhere, but I've never gone for the smooth, suave Latin or French lover. That usually makes me think they're trying to pull one over on me. I lump Canada and the States together. I like good old North American boys.

And for that, Tricia, we salute you. 



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P E R R Y
M A N



P E R R Y
W O M A N

by Perry Ellis

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'I blossomed, so to speak, around 17. I put on weight and got hips, and I was very happy about it.'



Tennessee mistletoe.



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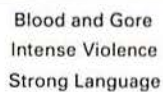
A full-page photograph of Tricia Helfer sitting on a light-colored, textured ledge or wall. She is wearing a light pink, long-sleeved, button-up cardigan that is open, revealing her midriff. She has wavy, light brown hair and is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. Her legs are spread wide, and her hands are resting on the ledge in front of her. The background is a bright, out-of-focus outdoor scene with trees and a railing.

TRICIA HELFER

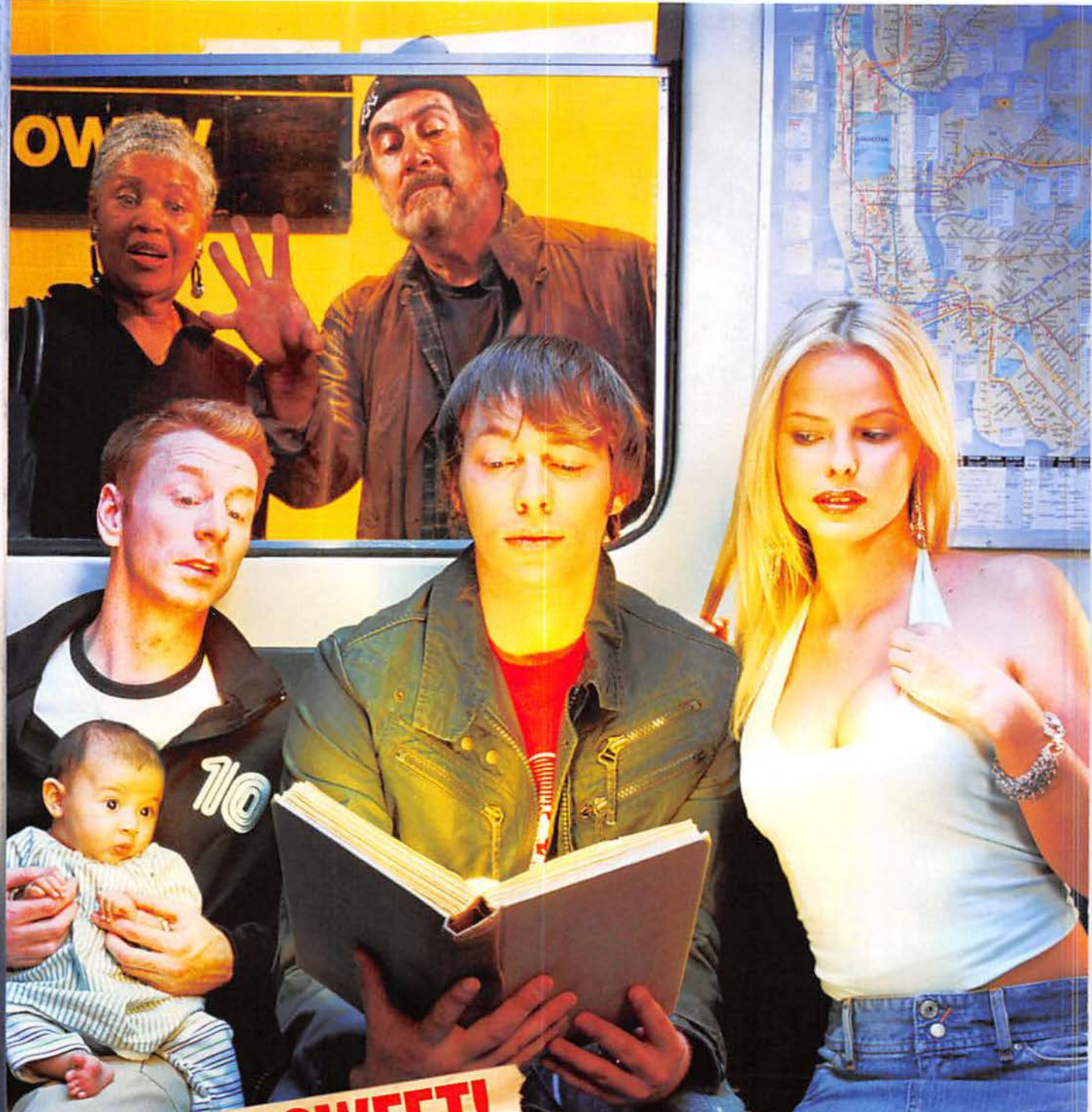
'Hands are a big thing for me. Those are my trigger points. I really like them to be manly.'

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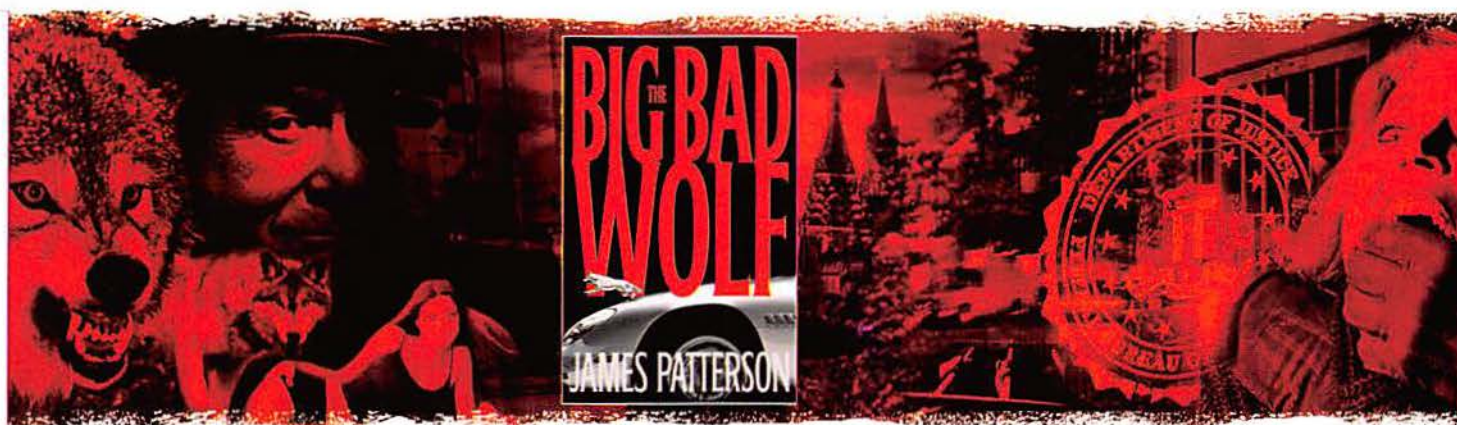
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BRAIN CANDY

Lookin' for a good read? Here are hot-off-the-presses first chapters from three best-selling fiction masters and a sizzlin' nonfiction newcomer. Keep only the books you like; burn the rest.



THE BIG BAD WOLF

Are beautiful, wealthy women being snatched off the streets of Washington, D.C. in broad daylight and sold into slavery? FBI agent Alex Cross is on the case—but he has no idea whom he's up against.

There was an improbable murder story told about the Wolf that had made its way into police lore and then spread quickly from Washington to New York to London and to Moscow. No one knew if it was actually the Wolf. But it was never officially disproved, and it was consistent with other outrageous incidents in the Russian gangster's life.

According to the story, the Wolf had gone to the high-security supermax prison in Florence, Colorado on a Sunday night in early summer. He had bought his way inside to meet with the Italian mobster and don Augustino "Little Gus" Palumbo. Prior to this visit, the Wolf had a reputation for being impulsive and sometimes lacking patience. Even so, he had been planning this meeting with Little Gus Palumbo for nearly two years.

He and Palumbo met in the Security Housing Unit of the prison, where the New York gangster had been incarcerated for seven years. The purpose of the meeting was to reach an arrangement to unite the East Coast's Palumbo family with the Red Mafiya, thereby forming one of the most powerful and ruthless crime syndicates in the world. Nothing like it had ever been attempted. Palumbo was said to be skeptical, but he agreed to the meeting just to see if the Russian could get inside Florence prison—and then manage to get out again.

From the moment they met, the Russian was respectful of the 66-year-old don. He bowed his head slightly as they shook hands and appeared almost shy, contrary to his reputation.

"There's to be no physical contact," the captain of the guards said from the intercom into the room. His name was Larry Ladove, and he was the one who had been paid \$75,000 to arrange the meeting.

The Wolf ignored Captain Ladove. "Under the circumstances, you look well," he said to Little Gus. "Very well indeed."

The Italian smiled thinly. He had a small body, but it was tight and hard. "I exercise three times a day, every day. I almost never have liquor, and not by choice. I eat well, and not by choice, either."

The Wolf smiled, then said, "It sounds like you don't expect to be here for your full sentence."

Palumbo coughed out a laugh. "That's a good bet. Three life sentences served concurrently? The discipline's in my nature, though. The future? Who can know for sure about these things?"

"Who can know? One time I escaped from a gulag on the Arctic Circle. I told a cop in Moscow, 'I spent time in a gulag; you think you can scare me?' What else do you do in here?"

"I try to take care of my business back in New York. Sometimes I play chess with a madman down the hall. He used to be in the FBI."

'I told a cop in Moscow, "I spent time in an Arctic gulag; you think you can scare me?"'

"Kyle Craig," said the Wolf. "You think he's crazy like they say?"

"Yeah, totally. So tell me, *pakhan*, how can this alliance you suggest work? I am a man of discipline and careful planning, in spite of these humbling circumstances. From what I'm told, you're reckless. Hands-on. You involve yourself with small operations. Extortion, prostitution. Stolen cars? How can this work between us?"

The Wolf finally smiled, then shook his head. "I am hands-on, as you say. But I'm not reckless. It's all about the money, no? The bling-bling? Let me tell you a secret that no one else knows. This will surprise you and maybe prove my point."

The Wolf leaned forward. He whispered his secret, and the Italian's eyes suddenly widened with fear. With stunning quickness, the Wolf grabbed Little Gus' head. He twisted it powerfully, and the gangster's neck broke with a loud, clear snap.

"Maybe I am a little reckless," said the Wolf. Then he turned to the camera in the room. He spoke to Captain Ladove of the guards. "Oh, I forgot, no touching."

The next morning Palumbo was found dead in his cell. Nearly every bone in his body had been broken. In the Moscow underworld, this symbolic kind of murder was known as *zamochit*. It signified complete and total dominance by the attacker. The Wolf was boldly stating that he was now the godfather...

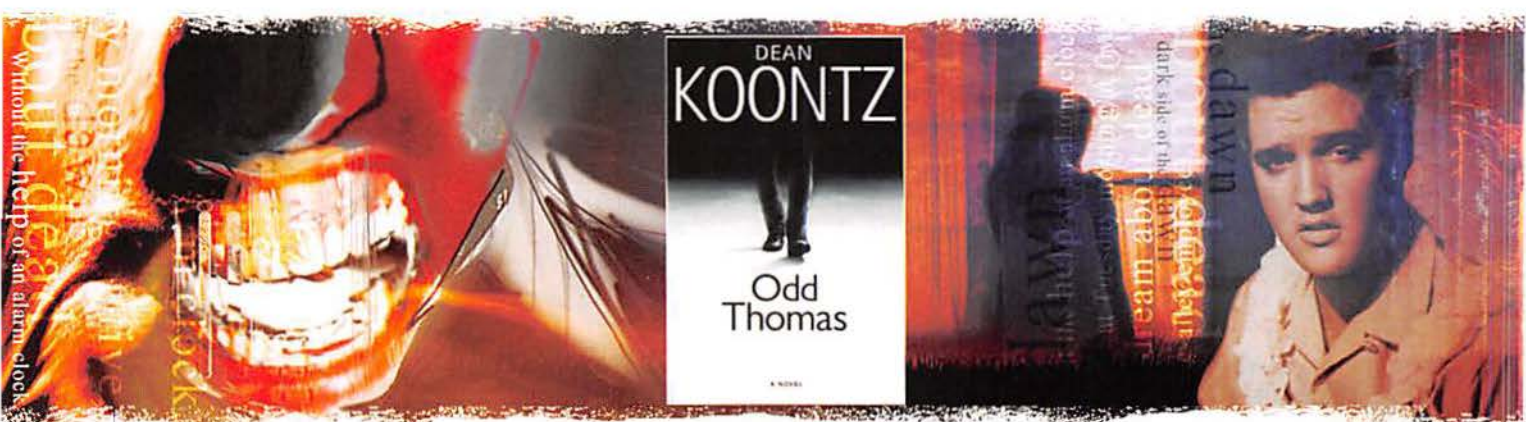
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SLAVERY TODAY?

It's a buyers' market.

Anti-Slavery International estimates there are millions of enslaved people in the world today. And it's not only a Third World problem. In 1998 alone 1,420 mostly Eastern European women were smuggled into U.K. brothels. In 1999 10 people were convicted of enslaving Mexican workers on southern Florida farms.



ODD THOMAS

A 20-year-old short-order cook in a quiet Southern California town has a supernatural ability. But is it a gift or a curse? The answer might cost him his life.

My name is Odd Thomas, though in this age when fame is the altar at which most people worship, I am not sure why you should care who I am or that I exist. I am 20 years old. To a world-wise adult, I am little more than a child. To any child, however, I'm old enough to be distrusted, to be excluded forever from the magical community of the short and beardless.

I lead an unusual life. Peculiar things happen to me that don't happen to other people with regularity, if ever. For example, I would never have written this memoir if I had not been commanded to do so by a four-hundred-pound man with six fingers on his left hand. His name is P. Oswald Boone. Everyone calls him Little Ozzie because his father, Big Ozzie, is still alive.

Little Ozzie has a cat named Terrible Chester. He loves that cat. In fact, if Terrible Chester were to use up his ninth life under the wheels of a Peterbilt, I am afraid that Little Ozzie's big heart would not survive the loss.

For reasons that will become obvious, this manuscript cannot be published during my lifetime, and my effort will not be repaid with royalties when I'm alive. Little Ozzie suggests that I should leave my literary estate to the loving maintenance of Terrible Chester, who, according to him, will outlive all of us.

Anyway, I'm getting ahead of my story. Little Ozzie and Terrible Chester do not enter the picture until after the cow explodes.

This story began on a Tuesday.

For you, that's the day after Monday. For me, it's a day that, like the other six, brims with the potential for mystery, adventure, and terror.

You should not take this to mean that my life is romantic and magical. Too much mystery is merely an annoyance. Too much adventure is exhausting. And a little terror goes a long way.

Without the help of an alarm clock, I woke that Tuesday morning at five, from a dream about dead bowling-alley employees.

I never set the alarm because my internal clock is so reliable. If I wish to wake promptly at five, then before going to bed I tell myself three times that I must be awake sharply at 4:45. While reliable, my internal alarm clock for some reason runs fifteen minutes slow. I learned this years ago and have adjusted to the problem.

Pleased to be alive that Tuesday morning, on the dark side of the dawn, I switched on my nightstand lamp and surveyed the chamber that served as my bedroom, living room, kitchen, and dining room. I never get out of bed until I know who, if anyone, is waiting for me.

If visitors either benign or malevolent had spent part of the night

watching me sleep, they had not lingered for a breakfast chat. Only Elvis was there; the life-size cardboard figure, part of a theater-lobby display promoting *Blue Hawaii*, was where I'd left it. Occasionally, it moves—or is moved—during the night.

My real name actually is Odd.

According to my mother, this is an uncorrected birth-certificate error. Sometimes she says they intended to name me Todd. Other times she says it was Dobb, after a Czechoslovakian uncle.

My father insists that they always intended to name me Odd, although he won't tell me why. He notes that I don't have a Czechoslovakian uncle.

I find it easier to live with the name Odd than to contest it. By the time I was old enough to realize that it was an unusual name, I had grown comfortable with it.

Saying good-bye to Elvis with the words "Taking care of business" in a lousy imitation of his voice, I set off for work at the Pico Mundo Grille.

The town of Pico Mundo is in that part of Southern California where you can never forget that in spite of all the water imported by the state aqueduct system, the true condition of the territory is desert. In March we bake. In August, which this is, we broil.

Occasionally, when excavating for a new subdivision of tract homes on the outskirts of town, developers had struck rich veins of seashells in their deeper diggings. Once upon an ancient age, waves lapped these shores.

If you put one of those shells to your ear, you will not hear the surf breaking but only a dry mournful wind, as if the shell had forgotten its origins.

At the foot of the exterior steps that led down from my small apartment, in the early sun, Penny Kallisto waited like a shell on a shore. She wore red sneakers, white shorts, and a sleeveless white blouse.

Ordinarily, Penny had none of that preadolescent despair to which some kids prove so susceptible these days. She was an ebullient twelve-year-old, outgoing and quick to laugh.

This morning, however, she looked solemn. Her blue eyes darkened as does the sea under the passage of a cloud.

Without a word, Penny turned away from the stairs. She walked toward the front of the property.

Afraid of losing her, I hurried down the last of the steps and followed the girl. She stood at the curb, gazing toward the west end of Marigold Lane.

Evil was coming. I wondered whose face it would be wearing. Not a whisper of air moved through the trees. The morning lay as

'I woke that morning at five, from a dream about dead bowling-alley employees.'



uncannily still as dawn on Judgment Day one breath before the sky would crack open.

For half a minute, the only movement was that of a hawk gliding high above, glimpsed between laurel branches.

The hawk and I were hunters this morning.

Penny Kallisto must have sensed my fear. She took my right hand in her left.

I was grateful for this kindness. Her grip proved firm, and her hand did not feel cold. I drew courage from her strong spirit.

Because the car was idling in gear, rolling at just a few miles per hour, I didn't hear anything until I turned the corner. When I recognized the vehicle, I knew sadness equal to my fear.

This '68 Pontiac Firebird 400 had been restored with loving care. The two-door, midnight-blue convertible appeared to glide toward us with all tires a fraction of an inch off the pavement, shimmering like a mirage in the morning heat.

Harlo Landerson and I had been in the same high school class. During his junior and senior years, Harlo rebuilt this car from the axles up, until it looked as cherry as it had in the autumn of '67, when it had first stood on a showroom floor.

He devoted much time, labor and money to the Firebird because of the beauty of its design and function enchanted him. It was a labor of the heart, a passion almost spiritual in its purity and intensity.

I sometimes thought the Pontiac figured so large in Harlo's life because he had no one he could give the love that he lavished on the car. His mom died when he was six. His dad was a mean drunk.

Harlo and I hadn't been buddies, just friendly. I liked the guy. He was quiet, but quiet was better than the boast and bluster with which many kids jockeyed for social position in high school.

With Penny Kallisto still at my side, I raised my left hand and waved at Harlo.

Since high school, he'd worked hard. Nine to five, he unloaded trucks at Super Food and moved stock from storeroom to shelves.

Once each week, he also delivered to every house a plastic bag full of advertising flyers and discount-coupon books. This morning, he distributed only newspapers, tossing them with a snap of the wrist, as though they were boomerangs.

Harlo was working the far side of the street. When he reached the house opposite me, he braked the coasting Pontiac to a stop.

Penny and I crossed to the car, and Harlo said, "Good mornin', Odd. How're you this fine day?"

"Bleak," I replied. "Sad. Confused."

He frowned with concern. "What's wrong? Anything I can do?"

"Something you've already done," I said.

Letting go of Penny's hand, I leaned into the Firebird from the passenger's side, switched off the engine, and plucked the key from the ignition.

Startled, Harlo grabbed for the keys but missed. "Hey, Odd, no foolin' around, okay? I have a tight schedule."

I never heard Penny's voice, but in the rich yet silent language of the soul, she must have spoken to me.

What I said to Harlo Landerson was the essence of what the girl revealed: "You have her blood in your pocket."

'After using the girl, you collected some of her virgin blood...'

An innocent man would have been baffled by my statement. Harlo stared at me, his eyes suddenly owlish not with wisdom but with fear. "After using the girl, you collected some of her virgin blood with the squares of felt."

Harlo shivered. His face flushed red, perhaps with shame.

Anguish thickened my voice. "You carry one of them with you at all times."

His shivers swelled into violent tremors.

My voice shook with emotion. "You like to smell it. Oh, God, Harlo. Sometimes you put it between your teeth. And bite on it."

He threw open the driver's door and fled.

I'm not the law. I'm not vigilante justice. I'm not vengeance personified. I don't really know what I am, or why.

As Harlo burst from the Pontiac, I looked down at Penny Kallisto and saw the ligature marks on her throat, which had not been visible when she first appeared to me. The depth to which the garroting cloth had scored her flesh revealed the singular fury with which he had strangled her to death.

Pity tore at me, and I went after Harlo Landerson, for whom I had no pity whatsoever.

A condensed excerpt from Chapter One of the book Odd Thomas, by Dean Koontz, to be published December 2003 by Bantam Dell Publishing, Random House Inc. © 2003, by Dean Koontz.

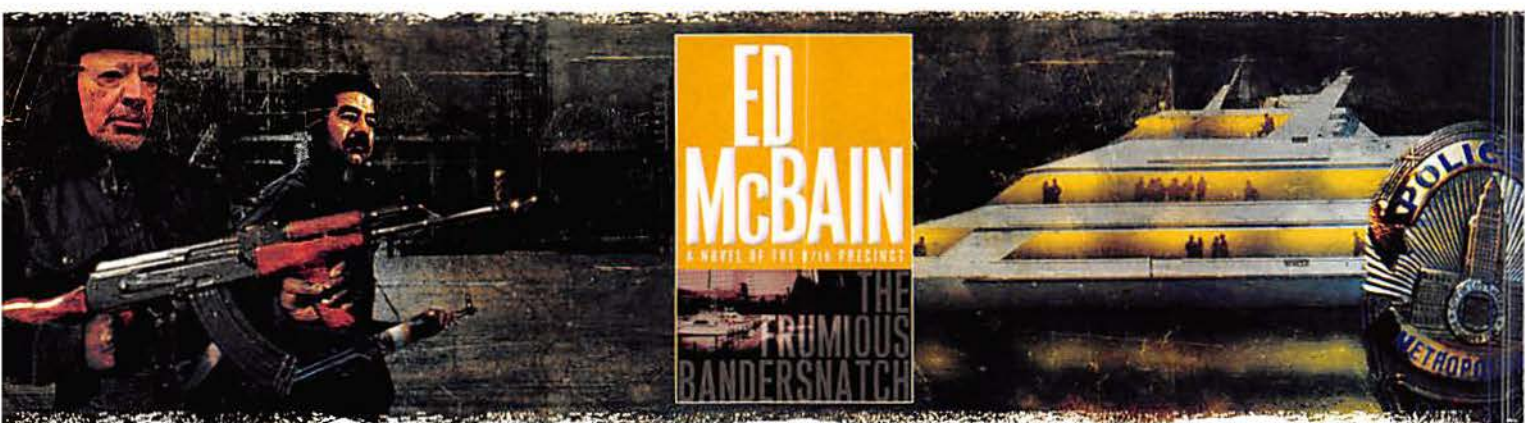
PSYCHIC SLEUTHS?

People who "see" dead people are the real criminals.



The FBI knows of no missing-person case ever solved by a psychic detective. So what's with all these reports of the miraculous powers of these psychic dicks? The magazine *Brill's Content* found media outlets rarely seek independent confirmation of psychic claims. And Martin Reiser, former director of behavioral sciences services for the LAPD, did a study that concluded psychic

detective abilities are akin to parlor tricks. One can easily guess that an individual missing for two months may have been murdered, and the killer probably buried the body. So where's the grave, in a city or the woods? And do most killers spend time digging deep graves? Our psychic powers conclude the missing person is dead, buried in the woods in a shallow grave. Truly amazing!



THE FRUMIOUS BANDERSNATCH

When officer Steve Carella shows up for the graveyard shift at the 87th Precinct on the night of a sexy hip-hop artist's launch party, he's promptly given a kidnapping case. Fame—ain't it a bitch?

She came cruising downriver like the city personified, all bright lights and big bad music, banners and flags flying from bowsprits and railings, 163 feet of sleek power and elegant design. It was costing Barney Loomis \$6,000 to charter the yacht and its staff of 20. The additional cost of catering food and drink for 112 music industry movers and shakers was close to \$12,000. Add the cost of the 10-piece orchestra and a 15-percent service charge, and the 8.25-percent city tax, and Loomis figured the launch of *Bandersnatch* would cost Bison Records something like 25 grand overall. But it would be worth 10 times that amount if the CD jumped to the top of the charts.

The boat, or the ship, or the vessel, or whatever the people at Celebrity Yacht Cruises had called it when Loomis was negotiating for the bash, had picked up the assorted glittery guests at Pier 27 West, just off the new marina complex in the renovated Overlook Zone of the city. The boat, or the ship—

Loomis liked to think of it as a launch.

"We'll charter a launch for the launch!" he'd told Tamar, and she'd clapped her hands in excitement. Well, hell, she was still only 20—she reacted like a teenager more often than not.

The official launch, then, of the new album had started at 6 p.m. with cocktails on the bridge deck of the launch—he loved that pun—where bistro tables were festooned with roses that picked up the red of the mask the beast was wearing on the album cover, and where the mahogany-topped bar seemed haphazardly strewn with giveaway CDs and tapes. The covers on each version of the album showed Tamar as skimpily dressed as she was in the video that had aired simultaneously last night on MTV, VH1, BET, and WU2. Wearing a shredded white tunic that seemed to have been torn forcefully from her legs, she struggled in the clutches of a muscular black dancer wearing an oversized red mask that made him look like some sort of fire-breathing mythical beast—the Bandersnatch of the title song—who brought her close to his gaping jaws, while she tried to fend him off, creamy white breasts tumbling virtually free of her equally tattered top.

As the launch cruised up the River Dix, passing under the bridges that connected Isola with Calm's Point, gliding past Cavanaugh Island and the exclusive Cavanaugh Club, and coming back inbound on the deep water range to head downtown again on the River Harb, a disc jockey began spinning songs from Tamar Valparaiso's debut album. The stars and the moon were bright overhead.

The music swelled.

Several brave souls ventured out onto the dance floor.

"A hit video is all about screwing," Todd Jefferson was telling Loomis. "The guys out there want to whack they castles on Britney's bellybutton, the teenybopper girls want to wrap they little boobs around Usher's dick. It's as simple as that."

Loomis tended to agree with him, but he wished he was talking about Tamar Valparaiso instead of Britney Spears. As for Usher, he didn't give a rat's ass about him or his dick.

"Hit videos are all about guys and girls in they underwears," Jefferson said. "White guys like to see leggy black girls in they sheer panties. Black dudes like to see titty white girls in they skimpy bras. All this black-white shit really grabs 'em."

Todd Jefferson was a black man himself, with a black wife, but he was purported to have a white mistress.

Loomis figured he knew whereof he spoke.

"We're hoping for a number one single with the title song on *Snatch*," Loomis said.

"By the way," Jefferson asked, "does your little girl screw somebody on this video?"

It dismayed Loomis that Jefferson hadn't even looked at the fucking thing yet. CEO of WU2, the fourth-largest video TV station in the country, he hadn't even glanced at the new video.

"Yes," Loomis said, "she screws the frumious Bandersnatch."

"Uh-huh," Jefferson said.

"This big black dude wearing a monster mask," Loomis said.

"Is that what 'Bandersnatch' means? Big black dude? 'Cause I'm a big black dude, man, and nobody ever called me no Bandersnatch before. Nor any other kind of snatch."

"No, it has nothing to do with being black."

"Then what does it have to do with?" Jefferson asked. "'Cause I have to tell you, the word 'Bandersnatch' is bewildering to me."

If the three people on the boat had been hired by central casting, they'd have been labeled the Hunk, the Pretty One, and the Nerd.

The Hunk was driving the boat.

His name was Avery Hanes.

Tall and somber looking, with curly black hair and dark brown eyes, he was muscularly built—not because he'd ever done time but simply because he worked out regularly. Like the other two, Avery was wearing black jeans, a black sweatshirt, and black running shoes. Later tonight he would put on one of the masks. But for now he was enjoying the mild May breezes that blew in off the stern of the boat, ruffling his hair, touching his face like a kiss. Avery had once worked for the telephone company and then had sold

**'White guys
want to see
black girls in
panties. Black
dudes like to
see white girls.'**





electronics at the Wiz. Then he'd got the job at Lorelei Records on St. John's Ave. The gig tonight was sort of related.

The Pretty One was Avery's girlfriend.

Some five feet, six inches tall, 24 years old, redheaded and green-eyed and freckled and lithe and lean and wearing for the job tonight black jeans and a black sweatshirt without a bra. Her name was Kellie Morgan, and she was here because a pretty face in the crowd had a way of stilling the most dire fears. She was here because her boyfriend Avery had told her this would be a piece of cake that would be over and done with by Tuesday night, and it was all planned to the minute and no one would get hurt and there'd be a quarter of a million bucks for the three of them to split when all was said and done.

The Nerd had straggly blond hair and intense blue eyes and contact lenses over those eyes. He looked like a man who might be an accountant for a small private firm, while actually he was an ex-con who'd been paroled only five and a bit more months ago after having done time for first-degree robbery, a Class B felony punishable by a prison term not to exceed 25 years. That didn't mean Calvin Robert Wilkins wasn't smart; it merely meant he'd been caught. He wasn't as smart as Avery, but then again he didn't have to be. Until just before Christmas, he'd been working as a dishwasher in a deli on Carpenter Avenue. Then he'd found the job at Lorelei Records, which was where he'd met Avery.

The boat they were on was a Rinker 27-footer powered with a 320 hp Bravo Two that could juice up to almost 43 miles per at top speed. There was an aft cabin with an oversized mattress, and the dinette seating in the lounge could convert to a double berth, but they didn't expect to be sleeping on the boat.

If everything went as planned tonight, by this time Tuesday they'd all be sleeping in their own little beddie-byes.

If everything went as planned.

Ever since 9/11, and especially since the FBI began issuing vague warnings of terrorist attacks, the police department had been on high alert for any possible threats to the city's bridges. There were 143 men and four women in the Harbor Patrol Unit, which operated a municipal navy of 20 vessels. The workhorse of the HPU was the new 36-foot launch, which could travel up to 38 miles an hour—more than twice the speed of the older vessels in the fleet. The police department had recently purchased four of these boats at a cost of \$370,000 per. To the relief of taxpayers everywhere in the city, the boats were expected to last 20 years.

Not too long ago, Sergeant Andrew McIntosh would have been wearing the same orange life vest over his blue uniform, but there wouldn't have been a Ruger Mini-14 semiautomatic rifle lying across the dash. You broke those out only when you were going on a drug raid. Those and the 12-gauge shotguns. Nowadays, with lunatics running loose all over the world, the heavy weapons were *de rigueur* for the course, as they said in old Glasgow, Scotland, from which fine city McIntosh's grandmother had migrated.

McIntosh was 52 years old, and he'd been driving boats for the HPU for 22 years now, before which he'd operated a charter fishing

boat in Calm's Point. Watching the police boats pulling into the marina, he'd wondered what the hell he was doing ferrying drunken fishermen all over the Sound. He finally asked himself, Why not give it a shot? Took the police department exam the very next week.

Back then the department was still calling itself the Isola PD, even though precincts were located in all five sections of the city. Eventually, Calm's Point, Majesta, Riverhead, and Bethtown rose up in protest, demanding equal rights. The department, figuring it would cover all the bases, began calling itself Municipal PD. Some of the older hands, however—McIntosh included—felt they had changed the name only because the acronym IPD for Isola Police Department was being translated by the ordinary citizenry to mean "I Peed," a not entirely flattering descriptive image for stalwarts of the law rushing to the rescue.

There was nothing suspicious about the 27-footer moving slowly toward the Hamilton Bridge, except that she was cruising along with just her running lights on. No lights in the cabin or anywhere else on the boat. Well, that wasn't too unusual, McIntosh supposed, but even so, he didn't want to be blamed later on if some crazy bastard ran a boat full of explosives into one of the bridge's pylons. So he hit a switch on the dash, and a red light began blinking and rotating on the prow of the launch, and he signaled to Officer Betty Knowles to throw a light onto the smaller boat ahead.

Aboard the Rinker, Avery Hanes whispered, "Let me handle this." Well, hell, he was the smart one.

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DOES KIDNAPPING PAY?

It all depends on where you get snatched.

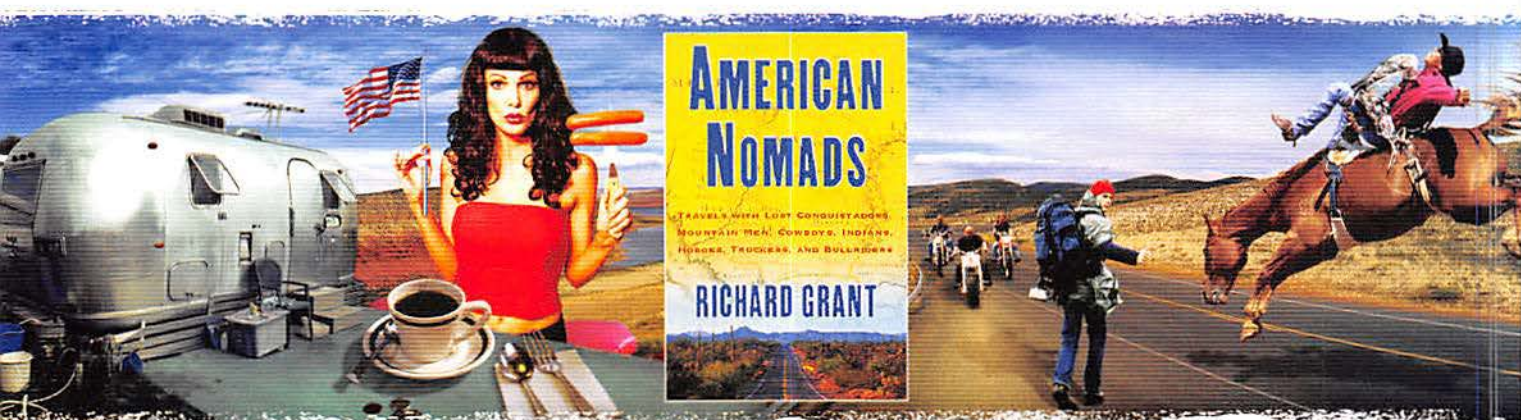


In the United States, kidnapping for ransom is a rare and decidedly unprofitable venture. Each year roughly 35 individuals are kidnapped by bumbling amateurs, 95 percent of whom are caught. Outside the U.S., it's a different story. According to the Foreign Policy Centre, profit-motivated kidnapping is a boom industry, pulling in an estimated \$500 million a year. According to British-based kidnap insurers the Hiscox Group, from 1992 to 1999 nearly 8,000 people were abducted by organized gangs and held in remote jungle camps or urban safe houses until someone coughed up the dough.

Find all 18 things we changed in this picture? Get the answers at vw.com/jetta.



The new Jetta. Worth a closer look. **Drivers wanted.** 



AMERICAN NOMADS

What do you get when you spend 15 years wandering America, never spending more than three weeks in one place, and getting to know truckers, rodeo cowboys, and tramps? A freaky dose of reality.

Notes from an all-night truck stop on the outskirts of Albuquerque. Drinking coffee in a red vinyl booth, gazing out of the window at the gas pumps, I watch the nomads come and go in the night, making their desert crossings: a gang of bikers en route to the rendezvous in Sturgis, South Dakota; six migrant workers in a rattletrap jalopy, following the ripening harvest from Texas to Montana; a vanload of teenagers, headed for the next Phish concert or Rainbow Gathering; truck drivers, traveling salesmen, rambling flea-market vendors; an itinerant preacher in a camper rig nailed together from planks of wood and scrap metal: "Rev. Dale Billings—Traveling Revival—Sinners Welcome."

From the shadowed canyons between the parked Kenworths and Peterbilts (where they drink malt liquor and denounce their enemies), bearded, furrow-faced road tramps and drifters emerge into the sodium glare, shambling across the forecourt to bum cigarettes and spare change.

Across the interstate, parked in neat, orderly rows at an electrified campground, are 40 or 50 RVs, recreational vehicles, the huge, luxurious motor homes favored by the peripatetic retirees of the Southwest. RV brand names: Wanderer, Sundowner, Sunchaser, Airstream, Nomad.

Through a Western truck stop window in the early hours of the morning, it seems like half of America is perpetually on the move: picking up and making a fresh start somewhere else, traveling for a paycheck, or just traveling to be traveling, moving for the sake of motion. Wanderlust, restlessness, itchy feet, antsy pants, white-line fever. There is more of it here than anywhere else in the industrialized world: the nagging conviction that a better life lies somewhere down the road, or on the road itself. Does it begin on the inside, or filter in from the outside? Is it nature, nurture, or disease?

Here's what the sedentary doctors have to say. Dromomania: an abnormal, obsessive desire to roam. A nomad, of course, would produce vigorous arguments to the contrary: that being sedentary is a forced, unnatural, and oppressive condition for human beings; that the desire to travel is an innate human urge, a genetic legacy perhaps, from the million years we spent as wandering hunter-gatherers. This was Bruce Chatwin's big idea, that humans have similar migratory instincts to certain birds and animals. Why is a human baby calmed by the motion of rocking and swaying? he asked. Because, for 99.9 percent of our evolutionary span, this is what human babies experienced as the natural rhythm of life, strapped to their mothers' bodies in slings or cradle boards, "rocked into contentment by the gentle swaying walk."

'Forget the white picket fence, the house in the suburbs, the two-car garage, and the rest of that crap.'

The sedentary doctor smiles a patronizing smile: A dromomaniac can always produce a good reason to roam, just as an alcoholic can always find a good reason to take another drink. And, like alcoholism, it is a disease that afflicts a disproportionate number of men. But what does the sedentary doctor know? Has he ever experienced the pure rush of freedom that comes from leaving it all behind—the debts, the ties, the possessions and responsibilities—and launching out in the wide blue yonder? Has he ever been secretly tempted?

"Truck driving is the ultimate fulfillment of the American dream." This is the bold claim of Mike Hatfield, 24, from Reno, Nevada, hauling a load of mattresses across the country, taking time out for a cup of coffee and a bowl of chili. Slim, bespectacled, well-read, cheerful—you would never pick him for a trucker.

"Forget the little house on the prairie," he says. "Forget the white picket fence, the house in the suburbs, the monthly mortgage payment, the two-car garage, and the rest of that crap. Americans dream about the road. We dream about burning

down the house and saddling up the horse, and it's been that way ever since the plains were knee-deep in buffalo shit.

"After the Indians came the cowboys and prospectors and railroad men, and they were as loose-footed and freedom-loving and prone to rambling. I'm a quarter Cheyenne Indian and three-quarters Scotch-Irish cowboy. The way I look at it, I was born to roam." **M**

Excerpted from *American Nomads* © 2003, by Richard Grant, and reprinted with the permission of the publisher, Grove Press.



THE WILD WEST?

Less dangerous than your hometown.

If you lived in 1870s Dodge City, you'd have to wait 50 years to witness a "fast-draw showdown." From 1870 to 1885, only 45 people were killed in the major cattle towns of Abilene, Ellsworth, Wichita, Dodge, and Caldwell. In fact, legendary lawman Wyatt Earp killed only one man during his entire peacekeeping career.

MADE TO CHILL



INTRODUCING DANZKA VODKA

Superior vodka imported from Denmark. Perfectly balanced, distinctively smooth and exclusively created to be served cold. Available in Original, Citrus and Grapefruit — winner, Best Flavored Vodka at the 2003 San Francisco World Spirits Competition.

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GANGSTA WRAPS

Roman Holiday \$30,000

Nero, you were born too early. Named after Milan's famous opera house for its sweeping curved design, the La Scala Jacuzzi is the most decadent bathtub ever made—at least since the fall of Rome. A floating keyboard and remote let you wirelessly surf the Web, crank tunes, or play the new *Scarface* DVD on the waterproof 42-inch plasma-screen TV. Or just relax in the 10-adjustable-jet environment and contemplate the deliciousness of your gin and juice. Now bring on the dancing Nubians. (jacuzzi.com)



Santa's favorite Xmas special, *Tony the Red-Nosed Cokehead*



KRIS KRINGLE'S GRIB!

How does the world's most notorious toy impresario plan to bling in the holidays? We score an exclusive look inside Da Claus' North Coast digs and discover it's all about the ho, ho, hos.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD MILLER



Well hung!



Fast 'n' Furious \$40

Think back to a time before adult responsibilities crushed your soul and broke your will to live. You probably owned a Hot Wheels electric racetrack, like this World Race Daredevil

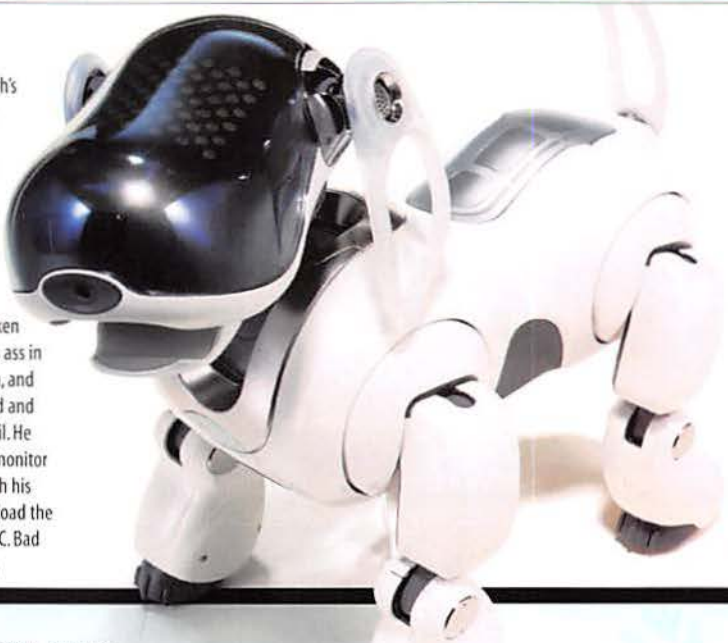
Challenge from Mattel. It ships with the Quik-Click assembly system for gravity-defying loops and works with realistic-looking mini-racers. Relive the glory days of your youth... you know, before puberty busted your face. (toysrus.com)

THE KIDS' ROOM

As these babes in toyland will tell you, choosing the right gift should be child's play.

Li'l Bow Wow \$1,600

Can he maul Jehovah's Witnesses with his serrated titanium incisors? Sorry. But the latest Sony AIBO, the ERS-7, can recognize your ugly mug in a crowded room, respond to 180 spoken commands, park his ass in a recharging station, and wirelessly download and read you your e-mail. He can also discreetly monitor the new au pair with his snout cam, then upload the snapshots to your PC. Bad doggy! (aibo.com)



Bubble Wrap \$400

You've finally talked her into dressing up like Barbarella. Don't blow it now. Live the fantasy in the Chill Out Room, an inflatable PVC pillow-pod made of 31 interconnected hexagonal pillows, and get your sci-fi freak on. The seven-foot-high geodesic hive is large enough to hold two adults or three children. Four if they're malnourished! (designobject.com)



Funny Car \$65

Thanks to a split-chassis design, the Vertigo remote-control stunt vehicle performs insane flips, twirls, and scissor kicks. Do a "special" stunt and it'll launch a psychedelic light display. Give it to an epileptic kid, clear the furniture, and enjoy the freak show. (tycorc.com)



Street Cleaner \$15

Just like a wop to bring a balloon to a water-gun fight. Teach da bum a lesson with the MAX-D 6000, Super Soaker's next-gen in water cannon technology. Fire streams of liquid fury over 35 feet, and use the rotating barrel to adjust the level of attack from wet to firehose. Just remember, if they soak one of yours, you soak five of theirs. That's the Chicago way. (supersoaker.com)



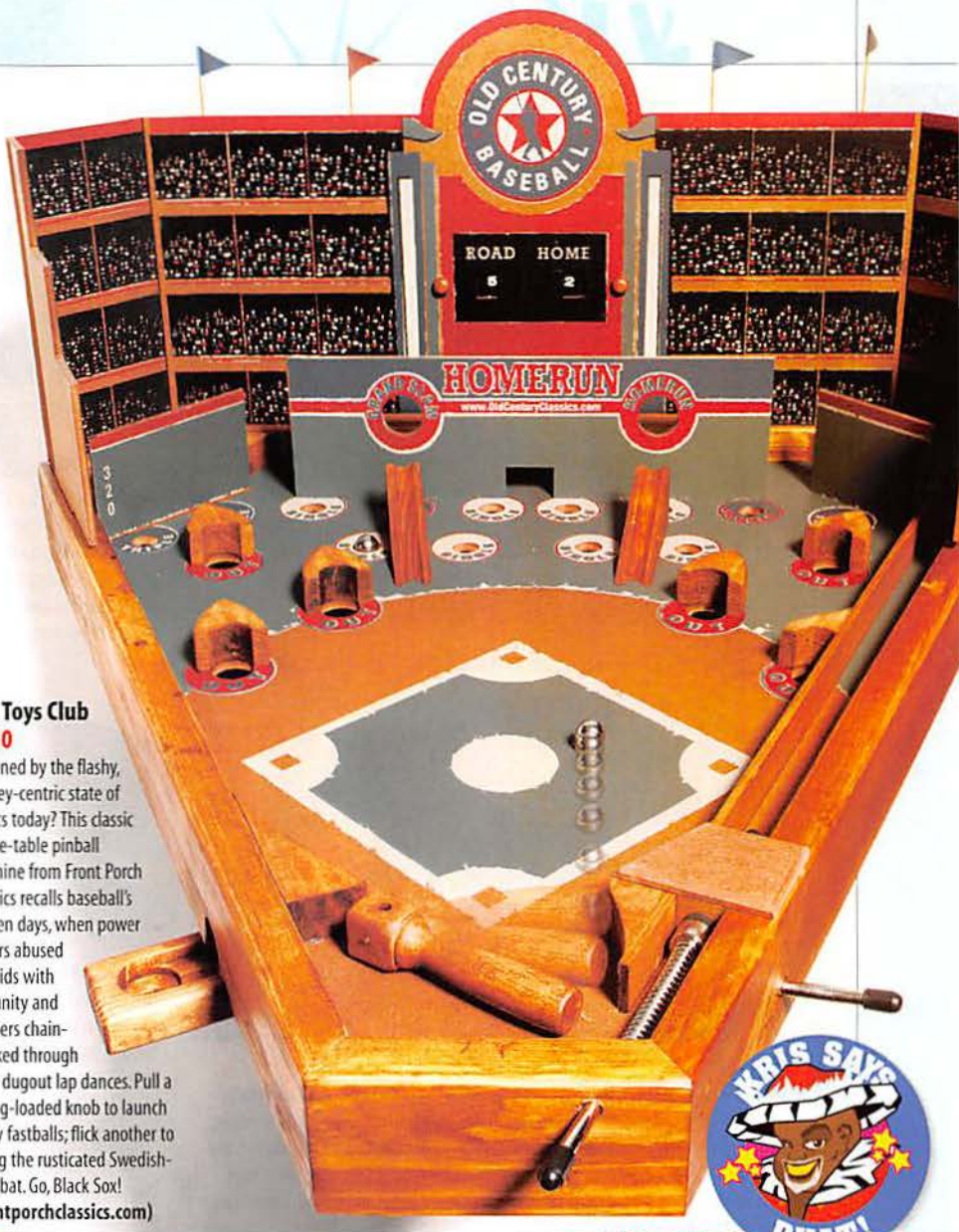
Air Strike \$13

Here's a toy that'll get an ADD child strangled before Christmas Day is done. Point the Airzooka at your victim, pull on the elasticized launcher, and bam! A fist of air to the face loosens Grandpa's sphincter. (airzooka.com)



Old Toys Club \$130

Sickened by the flashy, money-centric state of sports today? This classic coffee-table pinball machine from Front Porch Classics recalls baseball's golden days, when power hitters abused steroids with impunity and pitchers chain-smoked through their dugout lap dances. Pull a spring-loaded knob to launch nasty fastballs; flick another to swing the rusticated Swedish-pine bat. Go, Black Sox! (frontporchclassics.com)



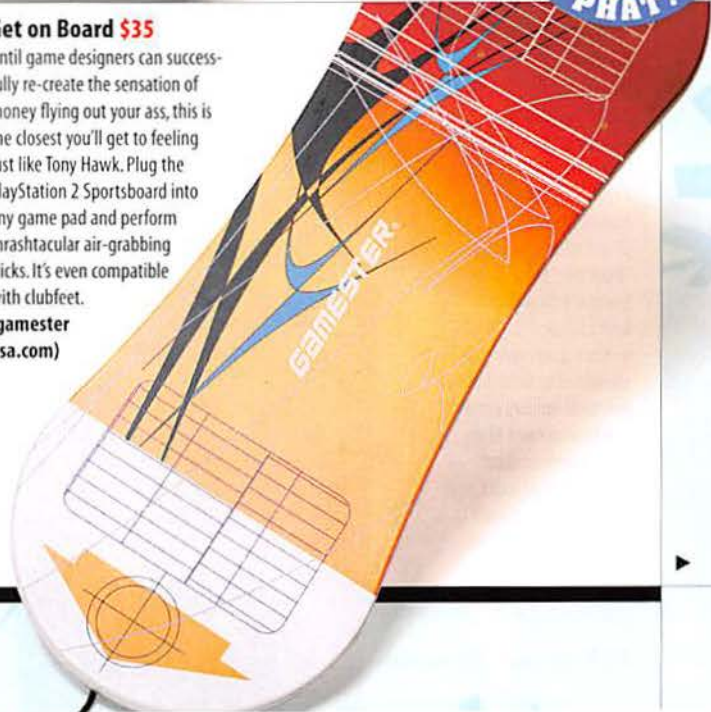
Get on Board \$35

Until game designers can successfully re-create the sensation of money flying out your ass, this is the closest you'll get to feeling just like Tony Hawk. Plug the PlayStation 2 Sportsboard into any game pad and perform thrashtacular air-grabbing tricks. It's even compatible with clubfeet. (gamesterusa.com)



Death From Above, From Below \$75

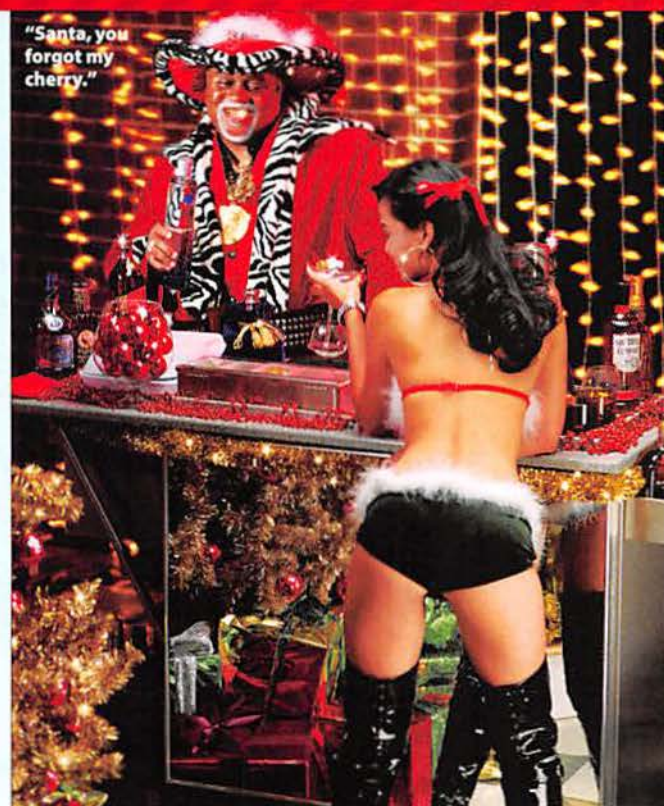
Is that squirrel burying nuts in your yard again? Send in the A.T.L.A.S. (All Terrain Land Air Striker), a remote-control ATV with a turbo stunt plane attached to its back. With a 300-foot range, the rodent won't stand a chance. (toymakers.net)





THE DEN

Santa done jacked the season's hottest AV!



"Santa, you forgot my cherry."

Alco-Hauler \$8,000

Let's face it: Having to get up to pour yourself a drink is bullshit! Enter the Bar Caddy 9BCS. With pneumatic wheels, front- and rear-mounted bottle wells, a fridge, and a keg chamber, this party favor is the most compact booze cruiser on the planet, allowing the party to move from the pool to your bedroom. All told, this baby holds more than nine cubic feet of beer and liquor, and its stainless-steel chassis is falling-drunk-resistant. (marvelindustries.com)

You're Surrounded!

\$1,300

Playing Led Zeppelin digital remasters through your dinky 20-watt desktop speakers is a crime against humanity. Show proper respect for "Black Dog" by blasting it through Bose's simple 3+2+1 media center, a space-saving two-speaker setup (with woofer) that fools auditory senses into hearing room-filling 5.1-channel surround sound. Crank up your Creed on it, though, and you'll have your license to rock revoked. (bose.com)



Bachelor Flat \$11,000

Who says flat isn't sexy? Watch *Die Another Day* on this cinematic 50 inch-set. At only 3.7-inches deep, the Fujitsu P50XHA10US boasts the highest resolution of any plasma TV (1,366x768 pixels). It also has five video inputs for jackin' in broadband components like HDTV receivers, and it ships with an optional wall support (\$399) that makes the 99-pound panel a helluva lot easier to mount than, say, the Hilton sisters. (fujitsu.com)



Rock Hopper \$200

Treat your digital tunes to stereophonic sound with the HP ew5000. This wireless receiver plays your PC's MP3s on any home entertainment system. It'll even display your collection of German *scheisse* porn MPEGs on your TV. (hp.com)

Box Scores

The year's must-have box set? Hugh Grant: *The Complete Works!* Just kiddin'. Try *James Bond Volume Two and Three*, 13 movies, spanning *From Russia With Love* to *A View to a Kill* (\$125 each); *CSI: The Complete Second Season* (\$70); and the *Scarface Deluxe Gift Set* (\$60), with commentary from Snoop Dogg and a blingin' Tony Montana money clip! (amazon.com)



Yuletide Grog

Forget the ghosts of past, present, and future. The only spirits we want to see this holiday season are (l to r): Johnnie Walker Gold (\$125, keepwalking.com); Chivas Regal Royal Salute 21-Year-Old Scotch Whiskey Blend (\$180, bevmo.com); Jameson 15-Year Pot Still Irish Whiskey (\$125, jameson.ie); and Talisker 10-Year Scotch (\$50, bevmo.com).

Coffee Klutch

If you owned your balls, you'd cover your coffee table with back issues of *Maxim*. Since you're too chicken to stand up to your woman, try these holiday hard-backs: *Mustang: Forty Years* (\$50); *An Illustrated Life of John Lennon* (\$40); and *Mythology: The DC Comics Art of Alex Ross* (\$35). (bn.com)



Throw a stylish backside 5,
impress the press, stoke your sponsor and
humble your cousin who's 7 states away.



Microsoft
game studios



Don't call it a sequel. Amped2 is here to declare itself the best freestyle experience on land, sea or air. Shred with friends from across the planet on the Xbox Live™ service and run your mouth as you go on endless runs. Compete with friends or take on some claimer through XSN Sports and get paid in praise. Over 300 indie tunes will play as you reap rewards for pulling tricks like stalls and butter with smooth style. It's your chance to ride with pros and try the new mountain sport, snowskate. The slopes are yours. How they're ripped up is up to you.



amped2

it's good to play together
xbox.com/amped2



GANGSTA WRAPS

Magic Bus \$119

Don't toss those Canned Heat records yet! Your collection has just been granted an extended life with the Vinyl Killer, a five-inch-long VW minibus that plays records as it drives around on them. The battery-operated stoner wagon picks up sound via a stylus on its undercarriage and blares tunes through a roof speaker. It may only play 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm albums, but the kitsch factor is off the charts. (funkyzilla.com)



Bling Tones \$150

We don't condone it, but if you must become a walking, talking douchebag who uses a headset with his cell phone, at least sport the wireless Motorola HS810. This Bluetooth-powered earpiece, in tandem with the Motorola V600 (\$300), answers calls, dials, and controls volume within a 32-foot range. The last time you wore a headset this cool you were working the drive-through window at White Castle, i.e., last week. (hellomoto.com)



Motor Mouth \$33

Unlike real Venus flytraps, this electric one ensnares thousands of backyard pests without ever getting full. Sugared fish meal lures your prey; motion sensors trip the plastic jaws of death. And for a finale, the flycatcher emits a satisfying "bu-u-u-rrp." (iwantoneofthose.com)

THE DECK

Where Claus spends the other 364 days of the year.



"I call this little ditty 'Jungle Bells.'"

Foxy Lady \$6,650

More famous than FDR's snapshot of Winston Churchill mooning Josef Stalin at the Yalta Conference, Gered Mankowitz' portrait of Jimi Hendrix is an instantly recognizable

rock icon. The image has been silkscreened on the body of a top-of-the-line '69 N.O.S. Fender Stratocaster in a limited edition of only 375. Not even Jimi would have burned this little heartbreaker! (icon-guitars.co.uk)

Dope Scope \$150

If there's anything more inspiring than catching a fleeting glimpse of distant nebulae, it's collecting \$5 a head from your friends for long looks at disrobing coeds. The Discovery Sky & Land Telescope makes both dreams possible. Precision-ground glass lenses with antireflective coating and two Kellner eyepieces provide the optical chops. Also included: a tripod and a padded shoulder bag... for quick getaways. (shopping.discovery.com)



Horn Dog \$20

Always excited to see you, or any rigid surface, Boner the Humping Hound attaches to the legs of unsuspecting pals and molests them with orgasmic vitality. His yelps eventually peter out, but don't worry. He's ready to go again at your command: "Boner, come." (wonderfullywacky.com)



Power all your mobile devices from one source.

SOMETIMES LESS IS A GOOD THING.

Sure, size matters. But nowadays a smaller package is where it's at. At least, it is in terms of all those different adapters needed for your electronic devices. There's one for your wireless phone. Your laptop. And even your PDA. So why not lighten your load with the Juice 70™ from RadioShack? It's the adapter that can power all your mobile devices anywhere simply by plugging into any standard wall outlet, car power socket or airline jack. Check out the Juice 70 for yourself. And show the world that guys with less can really do a lot more.

R RadioShack®
You've got questions. We've got answers.™



THE KITCHEN

Milk and a plate of cookies? Not for our doughboy...

Can you spot all 10 cups?



No Ordinary Joe \$350

You can pay through the nose for watered-down java served by a smug, knit-cap-wearing barista. Or you can brew up your own caffeinated smack to perfection every time. Simply

pop a premeasured coffee capsule into the Nespresso's robo-jaw, press a lever, and wait a few jittery seconds. Until someone introduces a caffeine catheter, this is the fastest hit you're gonna get. (nespresso.com)



Pull the Plug \$100

They call this durable die-cast metal cork killer the Rabbit because of its looks, but it screws like a bunny, too. Just push in, pull out, and presto: You've popped her cork. And then you can have some wine to celebrate! (metrokrane.com)



Toast of New York

Of course Ol' Blue Eyes loved the Big Apple; the fat bastard stuffed his face all over town. Overnight Katz's Deli pastrami (\$18 per pound) and other famous New York delicacies to any U.S. location. Then start spreading the, um, news. (newyorkfirst.com)



Tin Men \$19

Conceal your stash where the fuzz'll never find it... in the most obvious place possible! This Cheech & Chong metal box stores most anything: roach clips, Zig-Zags, Rice Krispies treats. Take it to work and watch your FBI career blossom. (funktivistuff.com)

Kaiser Blades \$214

The Germans have a real talent for carving shit up—Poland, for example. No wonder these Meridian Elité knives are so damn sharp. Forged from something called molybdenum vanadium, this three-piece set cuts through knackwurst *sehr schnell*. (surlatable.com)



CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER

GIRLFRIEND COUNTDOWN CLOCK

Out of time? Consult our chick-approved cheat sheet.

- 5 Days:** You could drop a sterling turd in a Tiffany's blue box and your old lady would swoon. Constipated? Try this silver powder compact instead. (tiffany.com, \$125)
- 4 Days:** Give her a reason to strip down to her skivvies. Buy her a Turkish robe... then stuff the pockets with assorted Kiehl's body lotions to hit this one outta the park. (hammacher.com, \$140; kiehl.com)
- 3 Days:** Send your dame a box of world-famous Payard chocolates and by nightfall you'll be melting in her mouth, not in her hand. (payard.com, \$200)
- 2 Days:** Place last-minute perfume orders at eziba.com. Tell 'em *Maxim* sent ya and they'll rush you a Venetian or Egyptian Bottle Set (\$175, \$36). Fill the baubles with her favorite scents and she'll think you spent weeks planning her gift!
- 1 Day:** Take a leisurely walk to Bloomingdale's and pony up for a gift card (\$1 to \$500). Live in Bumfuck, Idaho? Saddle your mule and mosey to the nearest Dress Barn.
- 1 Minute:** Nothing pisses her off more than a thoughtless gift—unless it happens to be this newly minted Federal Note, accepted by merchants everywhere.



Three reasons your dealer is recommending a new kind of tire:

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Traction.

15% more dry traction*



Traction.

10% more wet traction*



Traction.

10% more snow traction*

Introducing **Traction T/A**

It's taking traction to a whole new level.

More traction and control in dry, wet or snow. The new BFGoodrich® Traction T/A® tire is the only tire of its type to offer premium features like: A directional tread that helps move water out of your way. The same tread compound technology found in ultra-high performance all-season tires for extra control at your fingertips, wet or dry! And hundreds of computer-optimized "biting edges" to give you the edge when it snows. Ask your dealer about the Traction T/A tire or: Call 1-877-BFG-TIRE or visit www.bfgoodrichtires.com.

*As compared to the P225/60R16 BFGoodrich® Touring T/A® TRA tire in dry handling, wet handling and snow traction tests. 1H- and V-rated sizes.

**Great traction plus outstanding mileage:
70,000- or 60,000-mile limited warranty
depending on size and specification.**



BFGoodrich
Tires
TAKE CONTROL®



THE HOME OFFICE

Sure he loves his job. With tools like these Christmas is all in a day's work.



Why's he so jolly? He knows where all the naughty chicks live.

Play Action \$2,700

That mean-looking blue box in the photo at left is the Area-51 Extreme, the McLaren F1 of PCs. Under the hood: a smokin' Pentium 4 3.2 GHz processor and NVIDIA GeForce FX 5900 graphics card, all cooled by an exclusive airflow system to prevent catastrophic meltdowns. Like *Half-Life 2*? With this setup you'll cherish every pore on an enemy's face—before blowing his brains out in full surround sound. (alienware.com)

Shapely Shifter \$700

The PEG-UX50 is more than a pretty name. This clever PDA is an organizer, digital camera, voice recorder, video recorder, and MP3 player. It also integrates WiFi and Bluetooth technologies, letting you access e-mail or the Web on a high-res color screen from virtually anywhere. Even from inside the Champagne Room, dawg. (sonystyle.com/clie)



The Missing Rink \$20

Small enough to fit in a desk drawer, this classic ice hockey game will help you and your office mates work off unhealthy stress. Twelve supported control rods allow you to maneuver two six-man teams. For more realistic action, drop the gloves and box your opponent's ears when he scores. (kohls.com)



Wallflower \$13

This remarkable organizer arranges the year into 12 grids that allow you to glance at a page to determine what day it is, instantly! What's more, sexy photos of Pamela Anderson are on every page, so you'll actually flip through to update appointments. Don't forget: Penis enlargement surgery next Thursday. (pamelaanderson.com)



Juke of Earl \$300

Who dares challenge the great and powerful iPod? Dell's new Digital Jukebox, that's who—with a monster-size 20 GB hard disk, 16-hour battery life, and lower price tag (\$100 cheaper!). Use the cash you saved to buy downloads through Dell's new music store. How 'bout dem apples? (dell.com)



PRESENTS OF MIND

MONEY'S NO OBJECT?

For the man, woman, or child who has everything, you gotta get creative.



◀ Merry Isthmus!

No man is an island—but all men want to lord over one. Buy a few craggy acres of Nova Scotia rock (\$82,000) or a tropical paradise near the Great Barrier Reef (\$5.2 million). Airstrip included. (vladi-private-islands.de)

Deck the Halls ▶

Create a "most wanted" deck of your family for only \$99. Ha—Dad says you should be a queen! (libertyplayingcards.com)



▶ He-e-re's Johnny!

Nothing screams holiday spirit like a framed Jack Nicholson—autographed photo of everyone's favorite uxoricidal maniac (\$695). Not taking a shining to it? Choose from hundreds of autographed collectibles and memorabilia, including a vintage Elvis-signed guitar (\$30,000). (vintage429.com)



Set design and props, John Millhouser for eamgmt.com; styling, Shelli Moore; hair, Avdile Blaise; makeup, D'Andre Michaels; manicure, Joannie Moscatello, all for eamgmt.com



**Relief from shaving irritation usually comes out of a bottle.
With Braun it comes out of a shaver.**

A close shave quite often comes at the expense of red skin. Not so with the new Braun FreeGlider. By automatically dispensing a protective shaving conditioner while you shave, it glides over your face reducing soreness. In fact, the only irritating thing about it is we didn't think of it sooner.

BRAUN

designed to make a difference



THE REC ROOM

Nice rack. You'll have to blow a few bucks for a setup like this.

"C'mon, girls. Quit breaking Santa's balls."



Clean Slate \$15,700

What New York institutions inspired the luxurious Brunswick "Manhattan" billiard table? The gothic piers of the Brooklyn Bridge? The sleek, reflective slopes of Chuck Schumer's forehead? Conceived by former Herman Miller

furniture designer Dennis Foley, this nine-foot-long work of art features aircraft cable trusses, maple rails, stainless-steel legs, and trademarked SuperSpeed cushions, which make for extremely accurate rebound angles. Can't afford one? Downgrade to "da Bronx." (brunswick.com)

Heavy-Handed \$300

This "smart" dumbbell's unique locking system allows you to change weights in 2.5- and five-pound increments for a max of 52.5 pounds per handle—but only while they're in the safety-minded base unit. So you'll miss the aerobic benefit of writhing in agony from dropping a plate on your toe. It's a trade-off. (nautilus.com)



Board Stiff \$400

Snowboard companies like to yap about crap like carbon-Kevlar Stringer support and rounded sidewalls, both of which this board has. But only Sims Fader boards come in five deck designs featuring lingerie-clad porn stars like Kobe Tai. Guaranteed to extend your halfpipe. (simsnow.com)

Hoop Dreams \$150

There's more to responsible ball handling than the proper placement of your Spalding. Ever rack your nuts up against the hoop stanchion while attempting a spectacular reverse wind-mill jammy-jam? Next time shoot bricks on this portable indoor Huffo Sports Cobra hoop. It has a Slam Jam rim and safety release (for 'fros that get caught in the net) and a 10-foot S-pole design that not only increases ball play beneath the basket but will also protect your Denver nuggets from making any incidental contact. (target.com)





Special Ops \$4,000

Galaga! Pole Position! 1942! Donkey Kong! This arcade-style time machine packs every golden-age video game you've ever heard of—unless you've heard of more than 3,400—onto a 30-gig hard drive. Now more than ever, there's no reason to leave your parents' basement. (gamecabinetsinc.com)

Sled Zeppelin

\$270

Sure, it may look like an ordinary beach toy, but a Swiss inventor spent 10 years designing the Airboard's inflatable, aerodynamic hull; it's been clocked at 77 mph! Rigid enough to give you control, the urethane nylon body also cushions you against moguls. Stuff it in your bag, hike up to the summit, and your sherpa can have it inflated in about three minutes. (airboard.com)



King Pong \$25

The rules of this miniature two-foot-long beer pong set are just like they are in college: Finesse the ball into your opponent's cup. You sink it, he drinks it; if it lands in your mug, you chug. Play till there's one man standing and one man passed out on the floor with the word DICKWAD Magic-Marked onto his forehead. (wonderfullywacky.com)



Granny, you've been Punk'd

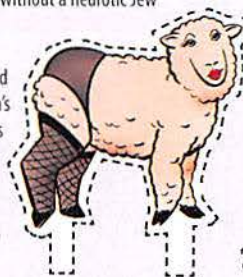
CHILDHOOD CRÛCHE

UNSTABLE ENVIRONMENT

That Nativity scene's been in the family for 100 years? Time for an overhaul.

You don't have to strangle a trespassing caroler or piss in Stepdad's holiday eggnog to ruin Christmas for the whole family. Try a subtler approach. Recast Granny's Nativity scene with these unholy paper dolls, then sit back, sip your holiday cheer, and wait for the fur to fly.

- No manger scene is complete without livestock, like this embraceable ewe in fetching fishnets.
- The three wise men are busy. Can the Three Stooges help you? "Gimme that myrrh, knucklehead!"
- Christmas isn't Christmas without a neurotic Jew like Woody Allen!
- What's your idea of heaven—harps, prayers, and a blinding light, or a Victoria's Secret model in angel wings and garters? Q.E.D.
- Santa is up in this hizzy. And with his pimpin' duds he'd be right at home inside this crib. Fo' shizzle!





Rudolph never knew about Santa's dirty little stag films



**Micro Scoper
\$1,300**

On the one hand, we absolutely fucking detest *America's Funniest Home Videos* and its ass clown host. On the other hand, we love this new digital video camera from JVC. The GR-DVP9US sports a powerful 1.33-megapixel CCD and 14 different special-effect functions. It even doubles as a Web cam and ships with exclusive JVC NightAlive technology to ensure full color shots in low light. And with a 200x zoom, you can shoot video from outside the range of your restraining order. (jvc.com)

THE BOUDOIR

He knows whether you've been naughty or nice...and has the video to prove it.

Drunk's Best Friend \$440

Normally, we wouldn't be caught dead with our faces buried in some enormous LoveSac. But this six-foot-long malleable blob is just too damned comfy. Unlike ordinary beanbag chairs, this one's filled with a shredded sponge foam that won't ever go flat. And thanks to 12 colored protective skins—it's available in twill, pleather, velvet, or suede—the LoveSac will never blow its wad, either. (lovesac.com)



Shear Bliss (\$140)

If you can get past the fact that the FreeGlider 6690 emits a gooey white discharge on your chin—and we know you can—you're in for one close shave. Designed for guys who suffer from razor burn, this electric blade combines a measured dose of emollient-rich skin conditioner with platinum-coated foils to gently tame your gorilla chin. (braun.com)



Three the Loud Way \$500

What's wrapped in latex and parties three different ways? OK, besides Mom? The Philips MZ1100, a 50-watt two-speaker microshelf system encased entirely in stylish compression-molded silicon rubber. The stereo rocks regular audio or MP3 files burned to CD, CD-R, or CD-RW. Let's see Mom pull that stunt. (philips.com)



Super Bowl \$5,000

The Tokyo market for soiled panties is about to bottom out, thanks to this Japanese throne. The Neorest comes with a remote-control bidet, a heated seat, and an electric lid that automatically opens when you're near it. We named ours Hiroki and hug it even when we aren't yakking. (totousa.com)

plane ticket for girlfriend's mom: \$360 online

birthday cake for girlfriend: \$45 online

25 candles and party plates: \$22 online



pulling off a surprise (without any surprise charges on your bill): priceless

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Vicious Cycle \$15,000

For all their yapping about wanting a guy who listens, women really love men with huge, throbbing objects between their legs... like the Kingpin. Victory Motorcycles' latest bad boy sports a 92 ci, four-stroke Freedom V-Twin engine, extrawide 18-inch Dunlop Elite wheels, and dual-density comfy foam seating to keep the road from pounding your ass. Available in black, red, blue, and purple. Ask for periwinkle and you'll be throttled. (victory-usa.com)



Wild Bore \$110

Need a good trepanning? Black & Decker's FireStorm combines 18 volts of cordless drilling with a portable AM/FM radio recharging station. Crank tunes while you work; if a song gets stuck in your head, just drill your skull! (blackanddecker.com)

Current Affair \$120

Your car dies on a stormy night... somewhere in Appalachia... mere miles from a loony bin. Do you (a) cry for Mommy, (b) walk 10 miles in the rain, or (c) revive your rent-a-wreck using the portable 12-volt Jeep Power Station, which is packed with emergency features? Along with jumper cables, it's got a twin-tube fluorescent lantern, a DC outlet for cell phones and radios, and a spotlight. If you answered anything but (c), you're just beggin' for a buggerin'. (jeep.com)



Monkey's Paw \$30

Hailed as the handyman of primates, the silverback gorilla is the natural spokesanimal for these magnetized cowhide work gloves. They hold nails, screws, even a hammer... so you can suck the opposable digit you just smashed with it. (silverbackgloves.com)



DRIVE IT HOME

ELEMENT OF SURPRISE

We've saved your gift for last!

Remember what you asked the boozy mall Santa for Christmas this year? (Besides the eight maids a milkin', you perv). Right, a spankin'-new ride. Well, make room under the tree, 'cause St. Nick (a.k.a. the charitable folks at Snapple) is giving away a \$15,000 Honda Element to one lucky bastard. The 4WD roadrunner features a boomin' 270-watt seven-speaker audio system, antilock brakes, and configurable seats that bend into more positions than a yogi. And Snapple is loading the SUV with a year's supply of Elements beverages to boot. Log on to maxim online.com to win. The dickens, you say! M



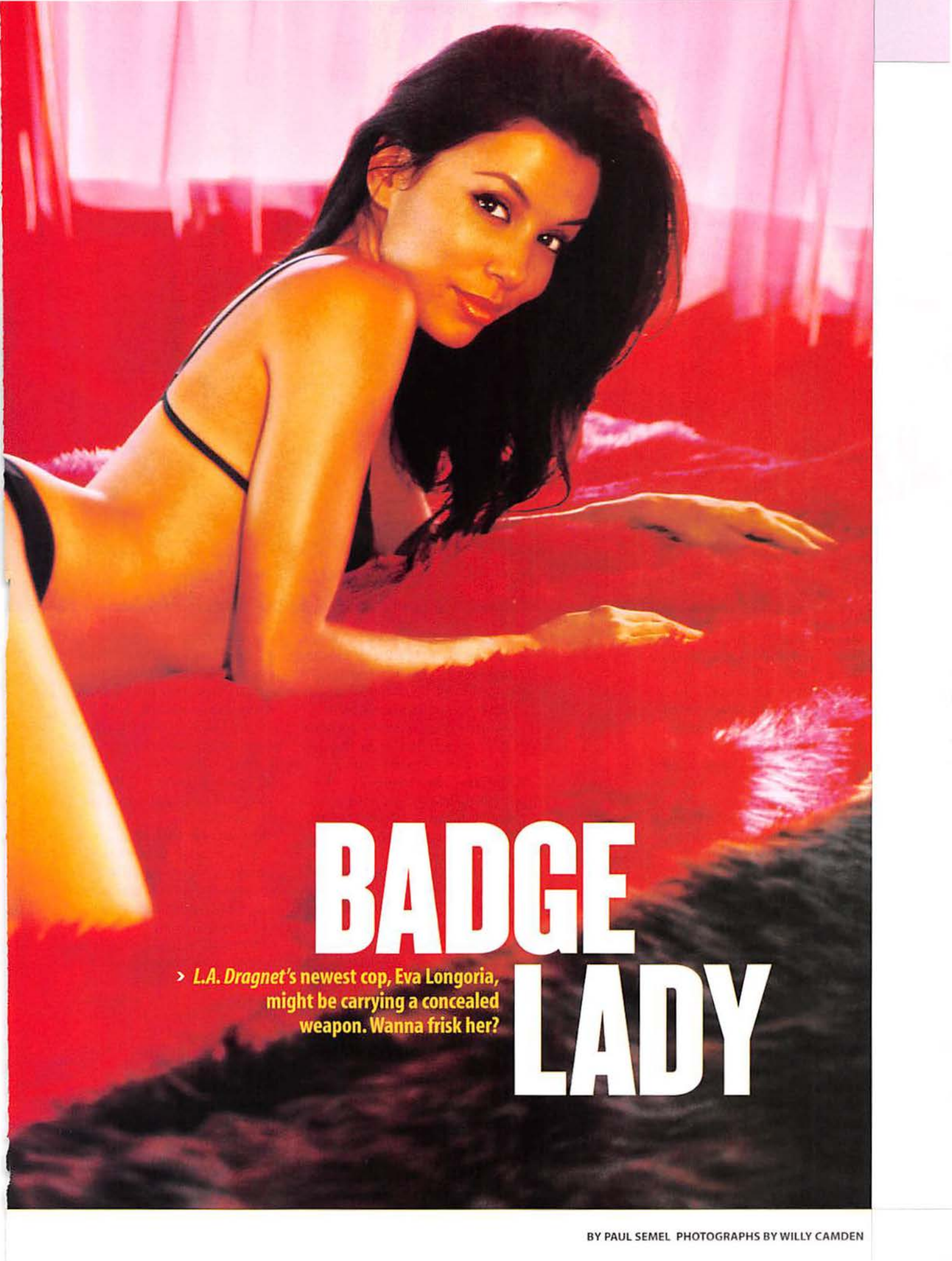


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BADGE LADY

> *L.A. Dragnet's* newest cop, Eva Longoria, might be carrying a concealed weapon. Wanna frisk her?



> **'There's something sexy about being submissive. Your guard is down, and you have to surrender.'**

The LAPD has a new recruit, and here are the facts (and just the facts): This 28-year-old Mexican-American did hard time on daytime soaps (*The Young and the Restless*) before breaking out and joining the artist formerly known as Al Bundy on ABC's gritty police drama; is a former Miss Corpus Christi; was one of *People en Español's* "25 Most Beautiful People" for 2003. Eva already has perps (and viewers) dropping to their knees and begging for mercy on the show, but we sat her down and sweated her through our own interrogation, and she sang like a bird. Here are the juicy details... if it pleases the court.

FACT: She likes to play games.

"When it comes to men, I like the cliché: tall, dark, and handsome. I find myself attracted to a man's man. People who love sports, going to games. I find it a turnoff whenever men aren't into some kind of sport. And, no, video games don't count. I dated a guy who was into video games, and I wanted to shoot myself."

FACT: She'll scam her new bosses.

"I love boxing, but I probably like football more than boxing these days. The whole team thing, the strategy, the thought process that goes behind a single play. Hey... ABC has Monday Night Football. I'm going to try and get tickets through them."

FACT: Hotness can be a burden.

"People think that if you're beautiful you can't

also be smart or a good actress. Even with *L.A. Dragnet*, they thought, at first, that I was too pretty to be a cop. I don't need the violins; I'm not whining. 'Oh, it's so hard to be beautiful,' but I do wish people would get past the looks. But it's funny, because my mother used to call me *prieta fea*, which means 'ugly dark one.' I didn't blossom until college."

FACT: She'll school you at sex.

"I wish men knew how women wanted to be touched. But I'm willing to school somebody. I've schooled all the boyfriends I've ever had, though every time I do, we end up breaking up and he goes off primed and ready to go for the next one. The thing is, you can teach, but you can't change. I met an animal trainer who told me, 'You can train a wild animal, but you can never change him. He'll always have that wild side.' So I just want to train a man; I don't want to change him."

FACT: She likes being tied up.

"For *L.A. Dragnet*, we learned how to use handcuffs from the LAPD Metro Division, but I'd never used them before, so I was so clumsy with them. Even the cops were like, 'You've never used handcuffs?' I have been tied up with silk scarves, though. There's something very sexy about being submissive. Because your guard is down, you have to totally surrender to something like that."

FACT: Nothing beats girl-on-girl action.

"I had to kiss a girl in the movie *Carlita's*

Secret, and it was the most fun I've ever had kissing somebody. If I was ever going to be with another woman, she'd have to be hot, and Maria Bravo, who played my girlfriend, she's the sexiest woman alive. I was like, 'I'm going to kiss her?' I was so excited. She's the first woman I've ever kissed, and her lips were so soft. She was one of the best kissers I've ever kissed. And I kissed a guy in the movie, too, but there was no comparison. She was much better."

FACT: People are so helpful.

"I think kissing is more personal than sex. Sometimes sex is purely physical: bam, bam, bam until you're done. So I find it hard doing love scenes. Though sometimes it's funny. On *The Young and the Restless*, we did one where I was in bed with a guy who was feeding me chocolate-covered strawberries. But the chocolate kept falling off, so we had to do, like, 20 takes. When I finally got up, I had chocolate all over my ass. Which, of course, many people offered to wipe off."

FACT: She prefers nudity.

"I wear G-strings every day, all the time. I actually don't even own a full-bottom pair of underwear. I also love lingerie, and I love high heels, but I prefer total nakedness overall. That, to me, is so much sexier." **M**

L.A. Dragnet (2003)

Eva has a degree in kinesiology from Texas A&M... whatever that is.



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> 'She was the first woman I've ever kissed, and her lips were so soft. It was one of the best kisses ever.'

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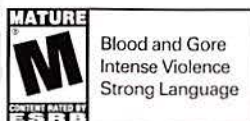
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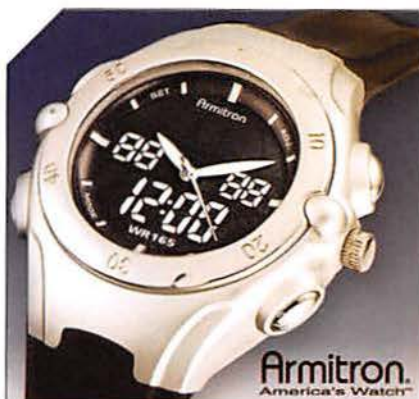
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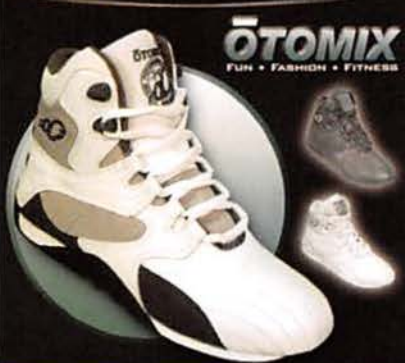


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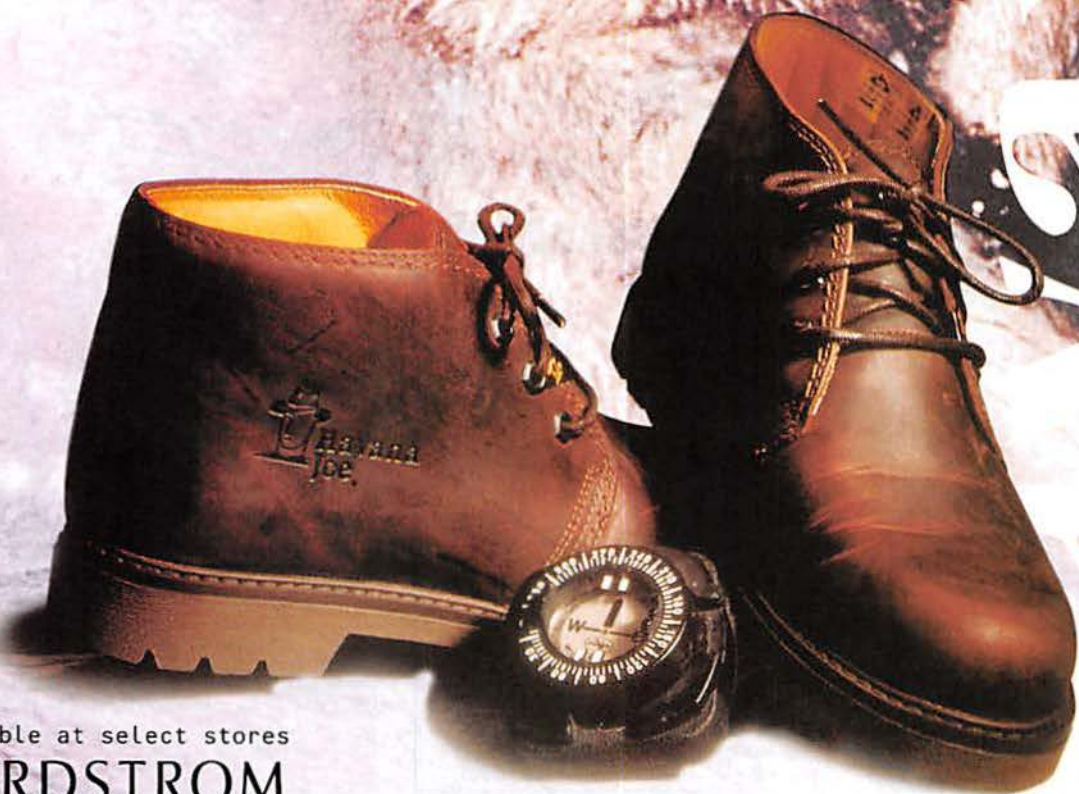
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(from left)
Hamilton jacket with
sherpa lining, \$199, and
ribbed turtleneck, \$49,
both by Club Monaco;
cargo pants, \$68, by
Express; boots, \$100, by
Aldo. Twill Windsor jacket,
\$265, by Polo by Ralph
Lauren; zip cardigan
sweater, \$80, and cargo
pants, \$60, both by
Nautica; speedway boots,
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Shearling bomber coat,
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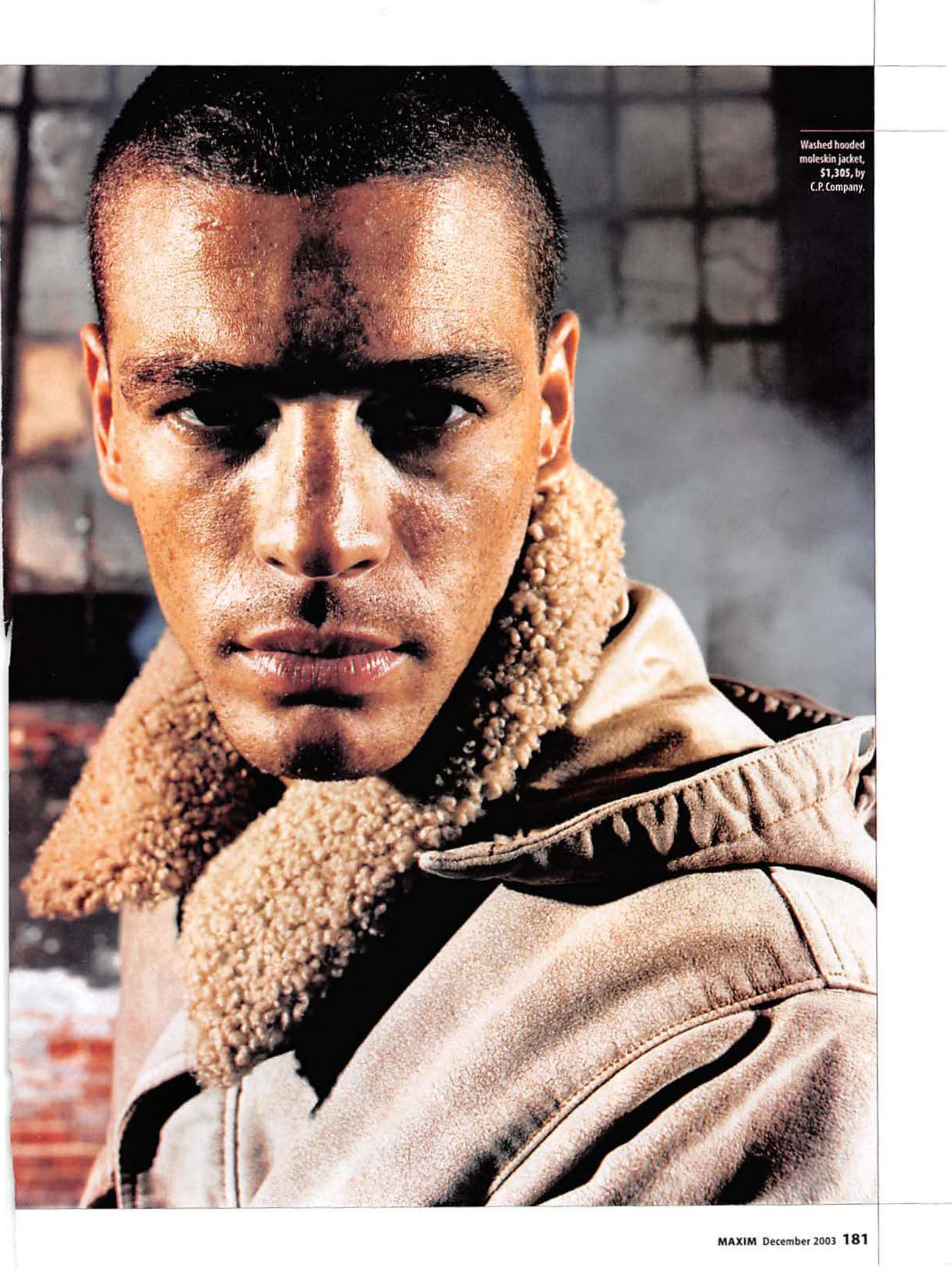


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OUTERWEAR

Flint puff jacket, \$100,
by Spiewak; cashmere
sweater, \$322, by FAL by
Jeffrey Grubb; pigment
flannel pants, \$560, by
Issey Miyake by Naoki
Takizawa; hunting suede
Colorado boots, \$680,
by Bottega Veneta.





Washed hooded
moleskin jacket,
\$1,305, by
C.P. Company.

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wool jacket, \$875,
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PlayStation 2



Violence

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(from left) Fur-trimmed parka, \$275, by Tommy Hilfiger; cashmere turtleneck, \$460, and cashmere flight pants, \$680, both by FAL by Jeffrey Grubb; boots, \$100, by Aldo. Snorkel coat, \$650, thermal shirt, \$55, and Sun Valley fatigue pants, \$165, all by Polo by Ralph Lauren; speedway boots, \$590, by Bottega Veneta.

For buying information, see page 198.

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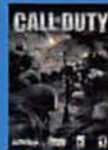


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Oakland A's Throwback fleece pants (from a set), \$175, by G-III Sports by Carl Banks



Sweatpants, \$32, by Everlast



Sweatpants (from a set), \$132, by Akademiks



Tricot track pants, \$59, by Guess?

On Track

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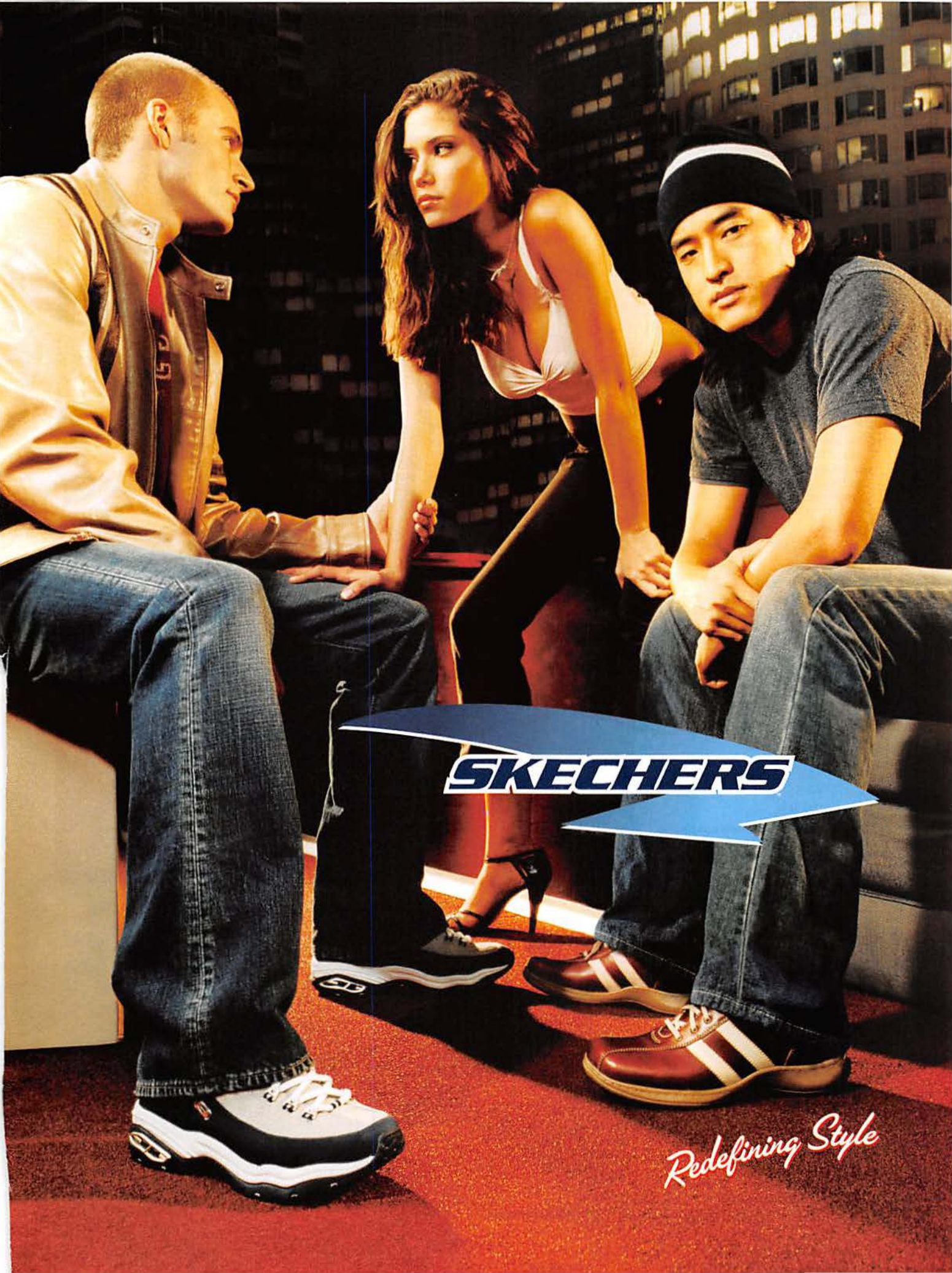


Jumpman Classic fleece pants, \$62, by Jordan



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STYLE GUIDE

From your teeth down to your feet, our assortment

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From top to bottom: SoBe's Finest; Eve in all her glory; Usher too cool to look at the camera; Maxim's Toga Girls & our cute "Little" Gladiators; Colby Jones; Eric Koston.

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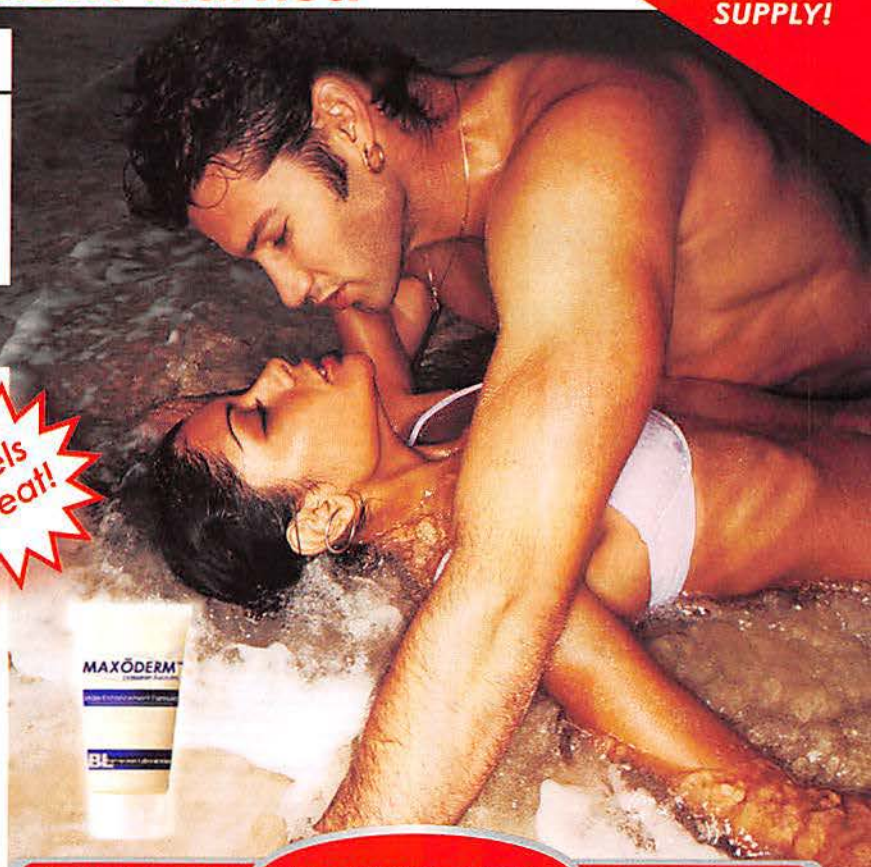
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Page 70: White knit hat by J.Lo. White fur boots by Scandinavian Ski, log on to www.skiishop.com. Bikini by Joan Vass
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Page 168: Bra by Laura Urbinati. Panties and stockings by Agent Provocateur. Shoes by Alexandra Neel, available at DivaDiva. Cuff and necklace by Stravaganza
Page 172: Bra by Nina Beni. Panties by Laura Urbinati. Shoes by Alexandra Neel, available at DivaDiva.

Statement required by 39 U.S.C. 3685 showing the ownership, management and circulation of MAXIM. Date of filing: October 1, 2003. Frequency: monthly. Publication No. 1092-9789. Annual subscription price \$17.94. 1. Location of known office of publication is Dennis Publishing, Inc. 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018-3703. 2. Location of the Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publisher is same as above. 3. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and managing editor are: Publisher: Jaime Hooper, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Editor: Keith Blanchard, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Managing Editor: Laura Silverman, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. 4. The owner is: Dennis Publishing, Inc., 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Stockholders: Dennis Holdings, 30 Cleveland Street, London, UK, W1T 4JD, Mr. Felix Dennis, 30 Cleveland Street, London, UK, W1T 4JD, Mr. Peter Godfrey, 128 Beachside Avenue, Westport, CT 06880, Magcirk, LLC, 1156 Main Street, Branford, CT 06405. 5. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: none. 6. Extent and nature of circulation.

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E. Free Distribution Outside the Mail		
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G. Total Distribution	2,545,790	2,665,817
H. Copies Not Distributed	864,632	776,747
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J. Percent Paid and/or Requested Circulation	99.40%	99.43%

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. (Signed) Stephen Colvin, President.

BUYING GUIDE

PARTY LINE

Page 177: Shirts, \$60 to \$80, by Tommy Hilfiger, at select department stores; or call 888-TOMMY4U or visit tommy.com.

INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH

Page 178-179: (from left) Jacket, \$199, and turtleneck, \$49, both by Club Monaco, at Club Monaco stores, N.Y.C.; (Dallas, Chicago, or call 888-5084; or visit clubmonaco.com). Pants, \$68, by Express, at select Express and Express Men stores; or visit expressfashion.com. Boots, \$100, by Aldo, at Aldo stores; or visit aldoshoes.com. Jacket, \$245, by Polo Ralph Lauren, at Polo Ralph Lauren stores; Macy's; Dillard's; or call 888-475-7674; or visit polo.com. Sweater, \$80, and pants, \$60, by Nautica, at Nautica stores, N.Y.C.; Lord & Taylor; Macy's; Bloomingdale's; or call 877-NAUTICA; or visit nautica.com. Boots, \$590, by Bottega Veneta, at Bottega Veneta stores; or call 877-362-1715. Coat, \$925, and jeans, \$325, both by Sean John, by special order only, visit seanjohn.com. Shirt, \$80, by Polo by Ralph Lauren, at Polo Ralph Lauren stores; Macy's; Dillard's; or call 888-475-7674; or visit polo.com. Boots, \$680, by Bottega Veneta, at Bottega Veneta stores; or call 877-362-1715.

Page 180: Jacket, \$100, by Spierkai, at Barneys New York. Fred Segal Street, Williams, San Francisco. Belmont Army Navy, Chicago. Sweater, \$322, by FAL by Jeffrey Gubb, at Neiman Marcus, or visit falny.com. Pants, \$560, by Issey Miyake, by Naoki Takizawa, at Issey Miyake store, N.Y.C.; or call 212-439-7822, or e-mail madison@issey.com.

Boots, \$680, by Bottega Veneta, at Bottega Veneta stores; or call 877-362-1715.

Page 181: Jacket, \$1,305, by C.P. Company, at C.P. Company store, N.Y.C.

Page 182: Jacket, \$895, by HUGO Hugo Boss, at HUGO store, L.A. and N.Y.C.; or call 800-HUGO-BOSS. Jacket, \$875, and pants, \$415, both by Prada Sport, at select Prada stores; or call 888-977-1900.

Page 184: (from left) Parka, \$275, by Tommy Hilfiger, at select department stores; or call 888-TOMMY4U; or visit tommy.com. Turtleneck, \$460, by FAL by Jeffrey Gubb, at Apartment Number 9; or visit falny.com. Corbis, \$680, by FAL by Jeffrey Gubb, at Guye; or visit falny.com. Boots, \$100, by Aldo, at Aldo stores; or visit aldoshoes.com. Coat, \$650, by Polo by Ralph Lauren, at Polo Ralph Lauren stores; or call 888-475-7674; or visit polo.com. Shirt, \$55, by Polo by Ralph Lauren, at Polo Ralph Lauren stores; Macy's; Dillard's; or call 888-475-7674; or visit polo.com. Pants, \$165, by Polo by Ralph Lauren, at Polo Ralph Lauren stores; and select Bloomingdale's; or call 888-475-7674; or visit polo.com. Boots, \$590, by Bottega Veneta, at Bottega Veneta stores; or call 877-362-1715.

OLD TIMERS

Page 186: (clockwise from top left) Watch, \$150, by Emporio Armani, at select Emporio Armani stores; or visit emporioarmani.com. Watch, \$2,995, by Bill Blass, at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores; select Neiman Marcus stores; Bergdorf Goodman; or call 800-222-9999. Watch, \$2,295, by Tissot, call 800-A-TISSOT. Watch, \$595, by Michele Watches.

at Bloomingdale's; and Neiman Marcus; or call 800-522-TIME; or visit michelewatches.com. Watch, \$269, by Festina, at Zales, N.Y.C. **Page 188:** (clockwise, top left) Watch, \$7,900, by TAG Heuer, at TAG Heuer; N.Y.C.; or call 866-845-SHOP Watch, \$11,700, by Zenith, at Tourneau Time Machine, N.Y.C.; or call 866-273-3467; or visit zenith-watches.com. Watch, \$9,900, by Movada, at Movada stores; or call 888-AMOVADO; or visit movada.com. Watch, \$18, 100, by Vacheron Constantin, call 877-862-7555; or visit vacheron-constantin.com. Watch, \$9,192, by Breitling, call 800-641-7143. Watch, \$8,000, by ORIS, call 914-347-6747 ext. 170; or visit oris-watch.com.

ON TRACK

Page 190: (first column, from top) Pants, \$64, by Mecca, visit meccausa.com. Track pants, \$38, by Perry Ellis America, visit perryellis.com. Sweatpants (part of set), \$175, by G.H. in Jimmy Jazz, and footcotton; or visit g-hill.com. Sweatpants (part of set), \$132, by Akademiks, at Macy's, and Bloomingdale's. Sweatpants, \$62, by Jordan, visit jordan23.com. (second column, from top) Wind pants, \$35, by American Eagle Outfitters, at American Eagle Outfitters stores; or visit ae.com. Track pants (part of set), \$154, by Rocwear, at Macy's and Bloomingdale's. Sweatpants, \$32, by Everlast, at select sporting goods and specialty stores. Track pants, \$59, by Guess?, at Guess? stores; or call 800-39-GUESS; or visit guess.com. Jogging pants, \$300, by D&G store, N.Y.C. Track pants, \$95, by Fred Perry, at Dittane, Dallas. Fred Segal, L.A. Gerry's, N.Y.C.; or visit fredperry.com.

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Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, fitness, romance, and travel.

Hot Spot

Great Sex!

by Jamie Ireland

the inside story on

Learning "The Ropes"...

This month I got a letter from a reader in Texas about a "little secret" that has made her sex life with her husband absolutely explosive. (Those Texans know their stuff, let me tell you.)

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

Last month my husband returned from a business trip in Europe, and he was hotter and hornier than ever before, with more passion than he has had for years. It was incredible. He flat wore me out! And the best part of all—he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking... men don't have multiples, but trust me he was, and his newfound pow! pow! power! stimulated me into the most intense orgasms I've ever had. So, before we knew it, we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives!

We tried tantric stuff in the past, and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely out of the ordinary. I asked my husband what had created such a dramatic change in our lovemaking and he told me he'd finally learned "the ropes."

On the last night of his business trip my husband spent an evening dining out with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was obviously still quite enamored with each other, so my husband asked their secret. The nutritionist told him their sex life was more passionate than ever. Then he pulled a small bottle from his



satchel and gave it to my husband. The bottle contained a natural supplement that the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.

My husband takes the supplement every day. The supply from the nutritionist is about to run out and we desperately want to know how we can find more. Do you know anything about "the ropes," and can you tell us how we can find it in the States?

Sincerely,

Tina C., Ft. Worth, Texas

Tina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about "the ropes" and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Ogöplex Pure Extract™. It's a daily supplement specially formulated to trigger better orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with

Ogöplex Pure Extract can help stimulate our own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term simultaneous climax!

The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as ropes because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, as some people have said, "it just keeps coming and coming and coming."

As far as finding it in the States, I know of just one importer—Böland Naturals. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-ogoplex or ogoplex.com. Ogöplex is all-natural and safe to take. All the people I've spoken with have said taking the once-daily tablet has led to the roping effect Tina described in her letter.

Aren't you glad you asked?

Jamie Ireland
Jamie Ireland



- 1** Each year the fellas pictured here convene in the desert to do what?
- a. ☐ Destroy expired U.S. Army ordnance
 - b. ☐ Secretly detonate high-grade fireworks
 - c. ☐ Meet other single pyromaniacs
 - d. ☐ Spark a record-setting bong



- 2** Lisa Snowden is commonly associated with which pop culture phenomenon?
- a. ☐ *Pop Idol* (Britain's equally lame version of *American Idol*)
 - b. ☐ The redecorating show *Rock the House*
 - c. ☐ Overdramatic interpretive plant miming

ARE YOU AS DUMB AS YOU LOOK?

Find out right now! Answers can be found at maximonline.com, or just be lazy and read 'em here next month.

- 3** Match each mini-rapper to the G who boostshizzled his/her career.



☐ Lil' Romeo



☐ Lil' Kim



☐ Lil' Bow Wow



☐ Master P



☐ Snoop Dogg



☐ Notorious B.I.G.

- 4.** Which marathon attracts the largest number of lonely, bony-assed health nuts?

- a. ☐ Flora London Marathon
- b. ☐ New York City Marathon
- c. ☐ Marine Corps Marathon

- 5.** Which NBA team has custom eight-foot-long beds in its rooms at Vegas' Palms Casino?

- a. ☐ Utah Jazz
- b. ☐ Sacramento Kings
- c. ☐ Houston Rockets

- 6.** Do you have a small penis?

- a. ☐ Shut up!



- 7.** How many pistons in a V-8 engine?

- a. ☐ 4
- b. ☐ 8
- c. ☐ 16
- d. ☐ Take my license and all that jive, I... can't...drive 55!



- 8.** According to the recent American Wedding Survey, December is the most popular month for couples to do what?

- a. ☐ Get engaged
- b. ☐ Explore the anal frontier
- c. ☐ Break up
- d. ☐ Pull a murder-suicide

- 9.** What is the weight of the U.S. Army's standard-issue M16, loaded?

- a. ☐ 8.8 pounds
- b. ☐ 15.8 pounds
- c. ☐ 25.8 pounds

- 10.** What is the fakest thing (in a good way) a girl can do to try to impress you?

- a. ☐ Get breast implants (Yes!)
- b. ☐ Dirty-dance with her female friends (Yes!)
- c. ☐ Cut the line for the men's room even though the line for the ladies' isn't all that long (Yes!)
- d. ☐ Orgasm (Let's see... Yes!)



- 11** What's a gold star lesbian, Mary?
- a. ☐ One who's never done a guy
 - b. ☐ One who's done it on film
 - c. ☐ One who goes gay after dating you

- 12.** Researchers at Ohio University say 30 percent of people ages 25 to 34 have what?

- a. ☐ A sexually transmitted disease
- b. ☐ A dog
- c. ☐ A tattoo
- d. ☐ Banged your granny (twice)

- 13.** Which one of the following movies have you probably seen most often?

- a. ☐ *Star Wars*
- b. ☐ *Office Space*
- c. ☐ *Trading Places*
- d. ☐ *Traci, I Love You*

Want to learn more startling, useless trivia?

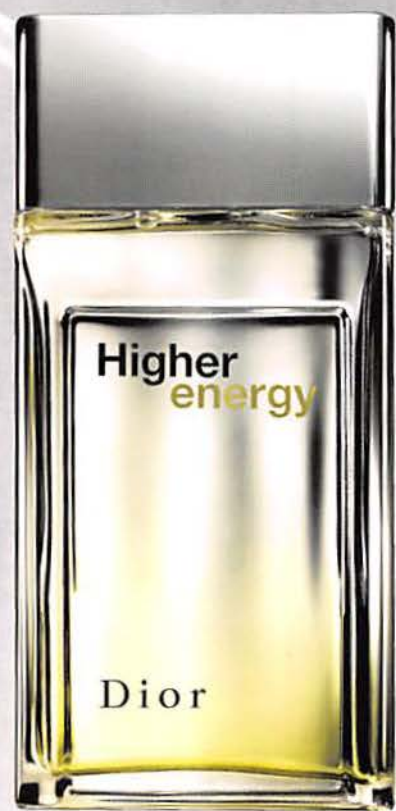
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Last month's answers: 1. b 2. b 3. 1-b, 2-c, 3-a 4. a, c 5. c 6. c 7. a 8. c 9. b 10. a 11. c 12. a

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